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# THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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APRIL, 1895.

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## ART. I.—DEAN CHURCH.

*Life and Letters of Dean Church.* Edited by his daughter, MARY C. CHURCH. With a Preface by the DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

THE title of this volume is almost a misnomer. It is not in reality a biography of Dean Church. Miss Church has to say in the very first sentence of her "Notice," which, so far as she is concerned, stands instead of a preface, that the volume is rather a book of letters than in any sense a complete biography; and this statement is strictly true. The volume consists of three groups of letters, with a slight introductory sketch to each group, and of the letters a considerable section consists of a series written during a visit to Greece in 1847, and which, though bright and interesting, are altogether separate in character from the life of Dean Church, whether as an Oxford Anglican at the University and in his parish, or as Dean of St. Paul's during the last nineteen years of his life. The other letters are very interesting, but are far from furnishing the materials of a biography. How imperfect the volume is as a biography may be gathered from one fact. For some years, during his life as a parochial clergyman, Church was examin-  
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ing chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury. That fact comes out incidentally in connection with a letter written to Mrs. Church, which describes "a confirmation at Portland Convict Prison, at which Mr. Church, as chaplain to the Bishop of Salisbury, was present." That is all the volume contains relating to the chaplaincy.

The letters written by Church to his various correspondents during his residence at Whatley, his country parish, and during the later years of his life as Dean of St. Paul's, however interesting so far as they go, contain little in the way of detailed statement or discussion, and their interest is perhaps rather in the way of personal criticism than anything else. Some of the letters written by him during his residence at Oxford, between 1839 and 1845, are historically valuable. But, taking them altogether, the letters by no means contain the treasures of information or of instructive and masterly criticism on the course of events in the English Church which might have been expected in the correspondence of Dean Church. Church, in fact, was at no time a leader; he was an Oxford Anglican, but of dispassionate spirit, and cautiously critical as to every move in Church matters; nor was he merely cautious as a critic; he was exceedingly cautious in the disclosure to others of his own critical judgment. So far as his influence went, it was that of a moderator. Men attributed great weight to his judgments, but he seldom made any distinct utterance about any question of difficulty. Nor was his correspondence extensive; he was a retiring and, for most of his life, a secluded man. His influence was negative rather than positive. Where he did not obviously approve, others halted; his judgments were matters of inference rather than of knowledge. It is no wonder, accordingly, that this volume has been coldly received even by those critics with whom the Dean himself was most strictly associated during his life.

This result, so far as Dean Church's character is concerned, is due, no doubt, in part to the fact that he was by parentage and early associations rather cosmopolitan than English, and was by descent of Quaker lineage. There was no fibre of Anglican ancestry in all his family connections; and if he was

an English patriot, that fact was scarcely due to the accidents which marked his birth and early life. His father was an Irish Quaker, born at Cork, his mother a Yorkshire Quakeress. He himself was born at Lisbon, in the year 1815, his mother being a member of an Anglo-German family, which had been long resident in Lisbon. The family afterwards settled in Florence, where eight years of his early boyhood were spent. His first school was an English preparatory school at Leghorn. Nor was it till 1828, the year of his father's death, that his mother and the family settled in England as their future home, their place of residence being Bath. Not only was his father, though always a loyal English subject, thus completely separated from England and English society, but his uncle, who, notwithstanding his Quaker parentage, had embraced the military profession, spent the best part of his life, if not as a soldier of fortune, at any rate as a military officer employed in more than one foreign service. Besides other fields of service, General Church served in the army of the King of Naples, and was for some years Viceroy of the two provinces of Apulia. Afterwards for many years he held a high military position in the kingdom of Greece. The ties of friendship were close between Church and his uncle, whom he visited in Greece. All these circumstances taken together may well have had a powerful influence in creating that condition of detachment from party feeling, which, notwithstanding his intimate friendship with Newman, and his general tone of Oxford Anglicanism, was a marked feature in the character of Dean Church.

When Mrs. Church came as a widow to England in 1828, she had scarcely a friend to whom she could turn for counsel or aid. Though left in comparatively easy circumstances, her means were not such as allowed her to carry out her husband's views fully in the education of her son. Hence, instead of being sent to Winchester, Church was sent to a good plain, classical school, conducted on strict Evangelical principles, at Redlands, near Clifton. The teaching here was careful and accurate, and Church was well prepared for entering the University, Oxford being his destination. The strong Protestant Evangelical tone of the school would appear to have produced

something like a reaction or distaste on the part of the young scholar. He did not take strongly to Calvinistic views. Reserved, serious, studious, he was already shaping in his quiet way for the career of a scholar, and was beginning to collect books from the famous secondhand book-stores at Bristol. In 1833 he proceeded to Oxford, Wadham, as the Evangelical College, at that time, of the University, being selected for him by his mother, or his mother's advisers. Symons, at that time Tutor, afterwards Master, of Wadham, it may be mentioned, though it is not referred to in the volume, had connections, or at least acquaintances, in Bristol and its neighbourhood. The only special preparation Church had for Oxford as a school of Christian thought, with its distinctive Church tendencies, was the knowledge he had gained, not without due cautions from his friends, of Keble's *Christian Year*. Surely never did a youth enter Oxford more absolutely alone. He had no patron or friend, no traditional University connection or knowledge, no great school training; he had gained no scholarship, or introductory honour; the only two names he had heard of as eminent or influential at Oxford were Michell, Tutor of Lincoln College, and Charles Marriott, of whom he had heard as very clever, but evangelically more or less unsound.

His mother's second marriage, in the year he went to Oxford, to Mr. Crockat, a widower with a grown-up family, was the means, however, of providing him with one important link of connection with his University, a link, too, with the New High Anglican School, which was now taking definite form in its first stage of development. In 1834, George Moberly, at that time Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, afterwards Head Master of Winchester, and finally Bishop of Salisbury, married a step-sister of the undergraduate, one of Mr. Crockat's daughters. Moberly was through life a decided and staunch High Churchman, but as the Senior Tutor of Balliol he was much more, and had contracted ties of personal friendship with many of the leading spirits among the rising young men in the University, including among them such men as Tait and Stanley. His family connection with Moberly, therefore, could not but widen Church's range of acquaintance, though it could hardly

have been the special means of bringing him under the close personal influence of Newman. Still Moberly's relative and friend, though placed at the centre of Evangelical feeling and influence in the University, would be free to seek and find associates in any direction where intellect and religious earnestness stood out in combination. It is no wonder, accordingly, that he was attracted to Newman, who was by this time recognised as the leading mind, and the most influential personality among the new and intense school of Anglican devotees who claimed Keble for their special guide and patron.\*

The year that Church entered Oxford was the very year that Newman and Froude returned from the Continent, full of the convictions and fateful purposes which gave a definite commencement and aim to the "Oxford Movement," of which Church was to write, in supplement to Newman's own *Apologia*, the fullest and most careful history. It was the year when Newman began to issue those Tracts, the earliest of which, mostly written by himself, were published in swift succession during the later months of 1833, and in the course of 1834, till by the end of 1834, when the first volume was published with Newman's striking advertisement, there were forty-six Tracts to bind up together.

What took hold of young Church, however, who, in 1834-5, was nearly twenty years of age, was not the Tracts. These were adapted to strike the convictions and consciences of trained and hereditary Anglicans, especially High Church clergymen, rather than a cosmopolitan youth like Church, with no hereditary Anglican convictions, with no High Church associations. The first and main attraction was Newman's preaching at St. Mary's, of which, in his volume on *The Oxford*

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\* How definite and unique was Keble's relation, how supreme his position, in regard to the whole Tractarian School, to the Newman circle, first of all, but also to the Ritualistic section in its later development, at least according to the claims and pretensions of that section, is indicated in a notable passage of a letter from Church to his friend, the Rev. W. J. Copeland, in which he gives a description of Keble's funeral at Hursley in 1866. "It was a strange gathering. There was a meeting of old currents and new. Besides the people I used to think of with Keble, there was a crowd of younger men, who, no doubt, have as much right in him as we have, in their way—Mackonochie, Lowder, and that sort. Excellent good fellows, but who, one could not help being conscious, looked upon us as rather *dark* people, who don't grow beards and do other proper things."

*Movement*, he has given so definite and striking a description :

"None but those who remember them can adequately estimate the effect of Mr. Newman's four o'clock sermons at St. Mary's. The world knows them, has heard a great deal about them, has passed its various judgments on them. But it hardly realises that without those sermons the movement might never have gone on, certainly would never have been what it was. Even people who heard them continually, and felt them to be different from any other sermons, hardly estimated their real power, or knew at the time the influence which the sermons were having upon them. Plain, direct, unornamented, clothed in English that was only pure and lucid, free from any faults of taste, strong in their flexibility and perfect command both of language and thought, they were the expression of a piercing and large insight into character and conscience and motives, of a sympathy at once most tender and most stern with the tempted and the wavering, of an absolute and burning faith in God and His counsels, in His love, in His judgments, in the awful glory of His generosity and His magnificence . . . .

"Since 1828 this preaching had been going on at St. Mary's, growing in purpose and directness as the years went on, though it could hardly be more intense than in some of its earliest examples. While men were reading and talking about the Tracts, they were hearing the sermons; and in the sermons they heard the living meaning, and reason, and bearing of the Tracts, their ethical affinities, their moral standard. The sermons created a moral atmosphere, in which men judged the questions in debate."

Such preaching was the power which gave Newman his ascendancy in the University itself. It was a calamity for him, and still more for the English Church, that this great preacher was not a sound and broad thinker. His insight was subtle and piercing, but his theological faculty was deficient in depth and breadth. His logical faculty was keen, but limited in scope—it was a microscopical faculty; metaphysically he was utterly untrained, although he had some of the natural gifts, which, with true philosophical training, might have made him a fine and deep metaphysician. Above all, like all his school, he had only studied history in patches and parcels, and speaking generally and broadly, as is shown in many of his writings, but especially his Lectures, was singularly one-sided and imperfectly informed as to the course of history since the time of Christ. It was one of the points, which, as we had occasion to note in a former article, safeguarded Dean Church to a considerable extent from the influence of Newman's example, that Church



himself was well-informed as to the history of the Christian centuries, and in particular of the Middle Ages, and had a fine broad faculty of historic insight and induction. Newman was mastered by a few ideas, by assumptions into which he had been early led, and which were never corrected by a large and exact historical induction, any more than defined by the searching and far-sighted logic of the true and deep philosopher. It is easy, nevertheless, to understand the fascination and power, which such preaching as Newman's exercised over a quick and susceptible spirit, a spirit serious, earnest, and religious, in the University of Oxford, where no large-souled, spiritual illumination, at once evangelical and generously free, had in recent times set forth the truth in a spirit akin to that of Julius Hare, at Cambridge among contemporaries, or of Bishop Lightfoot, or Magee, or Alexander, of our own time. The intellectual defects of Newman may, perhaps, be not unfitly indicated by a comparison between his teaching, his early brilliancy, and his seductive subtlety, distilled from a comparatively narrow and personal range of experience, and the much more profoundly and philosophically thought-out sermons and treatises of his slow-ripening brother-in-law, James Mozley.

It was not, however, till Church had taken his degree (a first class) in 1836, and by so doing was emancipated from the surrounding influences of Wadham College, that he became a friend and follower of Newman, although Newman, with his quick insight and sympathy, had probably fixed his eye upon the accomplished and susceptible young scholar whilst he was still at Wadham. We find from one of Church's letters to his mother, that in July 1835, he dined at Oriel College and was introduced to Newman and Keble. This, there can be no doubt, was a red-letter day in the life of the narrowly and Calvinistically trained young scholar, and had its influence upon his future course of development. In 1836, being free to follow his own preferences, Church became a regular attendant at St. Mary's, and the spell of the great preacher was fastened upon him. It was, however, a moral and spiritual, rather than an ecclesiastical hold, by which he was bound to Newman. He was no Froude or Ward, and never shared their spirit, their restlessness, or their ambitions. He



was fascinated and annexed by Newman, as his friend, and the awakened and sympathetic follower of his earnest and devotional spirit, rather than convinced and subdued by his ecclesiastical dogmas. These, indeed, he embraced with some degree of adhesion, and regarded with much respect, but it was not in Church at any time of his life to hold rigid or bigoted views as to doctrinaire questions of ecclesiastical organisation or polity.

With his fine instinct for selecting appropriate instruments for his work, Newman soon found a not uncongenial occupation for his young friend. In 1837 he secured his services in the work of patristic translation, Church undertaking to do Cyril of Jerusalem, the second of the series of translations from the Fathers, which Newman edited and prepared for the press.

In 1838, as was to have been expected, a vacant fellowship at Newman's own College was assigned to Church, who was spoken of as Newman's candidate, but was also recognised by all as an accomplished scholar, and a man of high *morale* and attractive character, who would be an acquisition even to the society of Oriel. From this time, in a quiet way, he took his place in the inner circle of Newman's adherents, though, as we have intimated, the contrast was great, no contrast indeed could well be greater, between his character and manners and those of Hurrell Froude, who had been Newman's intimate and colleague till his death a few years before, or those of Ward, who may almost be said to have taken Froude's place as Newman's colleague and prompter during the later years of Newman's residence at Oxford, and who doubtless exercised more influence upon the Tractarian leader than any other man up to the period when, by a few months, he anticipated Newman in his secession to Rome. Church was self-controlled and reserved, opposed always to precipitate or violent counsels, and after 1840 began to find himself no longer in full sympathy with Newman's ecclesiastical tendencies. It would seem from Church's own history of the Oxford Movement that the publication in February 1841, of Tract 90, suggested to him doubts and misgivings as to his leader's advance and its results. Nevertheless, in the years following, down to the catastrophe of 1845, the intimacy of Church with Newman

seems to have continued unbroken, as is shown by Cardinal Newman's dedication to Dean Church in 1871 of a new edition of his University sermons, in which he speaks of Church as "One of those dear friends, resident in Oxford, who, in those trying five years from 1841-45 did so much to comfort and uphold me by their patient and tender kindness," and as one to whom he "opened his anxieties and plans as events successively elicited them." The one really valuable addition given in this volume to the evidence as to the effect produced by the publication of Tract 90, is a long letter on the subject to Frederick Rogers, Fellow of Oriel, afterwards Lord Blachford, which seems to have been written almost on behalf of Newman, and which was at any rate written with his knowledge, Newman adding to it a P.S., which begins "Church has told you the scrape I got into." In this letter it is stated that Pusey scarcely agreed with Newman's view as expressed in Tract 90, and much regretted its publication; a statement, however, which it is not easy to reconcile with Pusey's published defence of the Tract at a later period. Of the well-known part which Church took in 1844 as Proctor, in vetoing the censure of Tract 90 which the Hebdomadal Board had submitted to the Convocation and the University, and which but for that veto would undoubtedly have been passed by a considerable majority, there is no need for us to speak, only we may quote, as indicating the special character of Dean Church, and the sort of personal influence he exercised, what Canon Buckle, at that time a Junior Fellow of Oriel, says as to the veto given by Church: "A most daring act without question, coming from a very quiet man." "It was the Dean's way," he writes, "then as always, to be an invisible force, not conspicuously acting or speaking himself, but influencing others who did speak and act."

It is time, however, for us to leave the period of Dean Church's university life, and come to the larger ground of his later life and influence, more or less touched upon, though always in a fragmentary way, in the after part of the volume before us, and illustrated by some of his letters. Of the three nearly equal portions of his life after his leaving the Redlands School, the first, of eighteen years, was spent at the university,

the second, of nineteen years, at Whatley Rectory, and the third, of the same length, at the Deanery of St. Paul's. Much the greater part of the space occupied in this volume by the years during which he held his Fellowship at Oxford is given to foreign travel, about seventy pages of small type, more than one-fifth of the contents of the volume, being occupied with this correspondence. It does not concern our purpose to make any further reference to these letters relating to Europe, and especially Greece, in 1847, interesting though they are in themselves. We may, however, note that during his university residence he read widely on theological as well as historical subjects; he wrote regularly for such periodicals as the *British Critic* and the *Christian Remembrancer*, and he took an active part in the establishment of the *Guardian* newspaper, to which he was a large contributor during the remainder of his life, especially in the review department. To that department he contributed articles not only relating to history, both ecclesiastical and secular, which was his chief department, but sometimes also to theology and occasionally to science. His articles on the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" and on "Le Verrier's Discovery of Neptune" attracted at the time much attention, and helped to give the *Guardian* the high position as a literary journal which it has always since maintained. These contributions also showed the wide range and the intellectual impartiality of Church's historical and general scholarship, and his large and liberal scientific sympathies. It may be added that his work in the *Guardian*, taken in connection with his friendship for Newman, and his conduct as Proctor in the matter of the veto, may be presumed, as several passages in this volume indicate, to have secured for Church the special friendship and regard of Mr. Gladstone, a friendship not brought to an end even when, by a remarkable leading article in the *Guardian* entitled "Our Lost Leader," Dean Church for himself, and for the journal which he represented, regretfully but decidedly parted company with Mr. Gladstone on the Irish Home Rule Question.

In 1850 Church became engaged to Miss Bennett, the daughter of a Somersetshire squire and parson, and the niece of Dr. Moberly, and in 1852, having been up to that period

only in deacon's orders, he was offered, and he accepted, the living of Whatley in Somersetshire, in which parish he took up his abode in the following January, having been ordained priest at the Christmas ordination, 1852. He was married in July 1853. To quit Oxford for a small and obscure country parish was at first a terrible trial, but before long he became more than reconciled to his country seclusion, where he continued his literary work, adding the *Saturday Review* to the other journals for which he wrote, where his family grew up around him, where his delight in the country deepened and increased from year to year, where he indulged his taste for natural history, and especially for botany, and where, in an exemplary manner, and in a loving and unsectarian spirit, he fulfilled, as his parish sermons of themselves are a sufficient indication, the duties of his pastoral and parochial ministry.

During the whole period of his life at Whatley, Gladstone continued to be his intimate and frequent correspondent, referring to Church for counsel on many important occasions, and sought to lift him out of his parochial retirement. On one occasion he offered him a Canonry of Worcester, but after full consideration Church refused. He intimated to him his desire to make him a bishop, and even to promote him to the highest place among the bishops. This, however, was far beyond the limits Church recognised as appropriate to himself whether as respected his aspirations or his capacity. Eventually, however, in 1871, Mr. Gladstone prevailed upon him to accept the Deanery of St. Paul's.

The correspondence published in this volume is enriched with more letters, and fuller and freer letters, on a greater variety of subjects, to an American friend, a Christian man of science, Dr. Asa Gray, than to any other correspondent. Church corresponded with him, receiving two visits also from him during the period, for about five-and-thirty years, and the letters yield a fuller view of Church's character than any other sources of information. It is interesting to note how, in 1865, after twenty years' intimate knowledge of Gladstone, Church wrote to his American friend about the great political leader. After the death of Palmerston, Church says:

"The great interest is to see how Gladstone will comport himself.

It is an awful time for him. The 'heart of all Israel is towards him.' He is very great and very noble. But he is hated as much as, or more than, he is loved. He is fierce sometimes, and wrathful, and easily irritated; he wants knowledge of men, and speaks rashly. And I look on with some trembling to see what will come of his first attempt to lead the Commons and prove himself fit to lead England."

Three years later he writes to much the same effect to the same correspondent, adding: "But they love him much less in the House than they do out of doors." In 1870, to the same correspondent, he says, "Gladstone's weak point is what is most amiable in him, his strong vein of sentiment. It is the spring of what is noblest about his impulses; but it is a perilous quality too." Meantime Canon Scott Holland tells us that "Mr. Gladstone turned to Dean Church, as to no one else, for advice on Church affairs, for a verdict on men and books." And though Dean Church parted company with Gladstone as a politician on more than one important question, and especially on the question of Home Rule, his personal esteem for the statesman continued unbroken.

Dr. Barrett, the eminent Nonconformist minister, who was a personal friend of Dean Church, relates the following incident:

"During Mr. Gladstone's last tenure of office as Prime Minister, a clergyman, whose only opportunity of knowing Mr. Gladstone had been through the not too trustworthy descriptions of hostile critics, happened to say in the presence of the Dean that he believed Mr. Gladstone was a thoroughly insincere man. The Dean was sitting in his chair when the remark was made, but he instantly rose, his face even paler than it usually was, and he said, evidently with the strongest suppression of personal feeling: 'Insincere! Sir, I tell you that to my knowledge Mr. Gladstone goes from communion with God to the great affairs of State.'"

To Dr. Gray, Church wrote freely about the Church of England and the probability of disestablishment—wrote as he would, perhaps, scarcely have written to an English friend. All his references show the singularly dispassionate tone of his mind, but we have no space left for much quotation. One sentence must suffice. Writing in 1870, he says: "No doubt the time must come. But I wish we could wait till there was less fierceness" (of Church parties) "like that called forth by

Temple's appointment; till Churchmen were more large-minded and Dissent less vulgar and bigoted." He says also at an earlier date to the same correspondent, in reference to the controversy arising out of Dr. Temple's appointment to the See of London :

"The outcry against Temple is, I think, most unjust, and, in its violence, very discreditable. Temple, as you say, is certainly not in the same boat even with Stanley. I believe he will make one of our best bishops. We have not so many great names on the religious side that we can afford to see a man like Pusey, who is a man after all to rank with religious leaders of a high mark in all ages, casting away all the lessons of a lifetime, and countenancing the worst violence of a zealot like . . . . We shall smart for all this. Mere disestablishment will be the least of the mischiefs."

This was in 1869, before he was Dean of St. Paul's. We may note in passing that some four years later, as Dean, in a letter to Dr. Pusey, he gives his reasons for declining to sign Pusey's Declaration as to Confession.

On the whole, the letters contain less of importance than might have been expected. They disappoint just where the letters of a Churchman so accomplished, so much trusted, and occupying so eminent a position, might have been expected to furnish ideas or information of special moment. This is the general effect and result, although they leave in the mind of the reader a high idea of the character and capacity of the writer. Perhaps in itself, at least intellectually and as an index of the writer's character, a long letter on Browning is that which is most deeply suggestive and interesting. It is addressed to Mr. Stanley Withers, and explains how he was induced to make a complete study of Browning's poetry, including even *Sordello*, and what after that complete study was his final judgment of the poet. The letter is a gem. But it would be beside this article to quote it or some other miscellaneous *morceaux* which enrich the correspondence.

The most interesting tribute to the character and qualities of Dean Church is one given by Dr. Barrett, from which we have already made a brief quotation. This tribute is still more interesting, because of the testimony which it includes to the value of the Dean's writings from one who, though his name is not mentioned, will be generally recognised from Dr. Barrett's



description of him, as "one of the greatest of living preacher among Congregationalists, and himself one of the ablest theologians of this age," and who told Dr. Barrett that in Dean Church's volume on *The Gifts of Civilisation* there was one sermon which he had already read through six times.\*

Canon Scott Holland has tried to supply, in part, one of the deficiencies of this volume by a sort of effusion—or, let us say, by a kind of essay between a description, a dissertation, and a eulogy—in which, having been his colleague at St. Paul's, he endeavours to set forth the characteristics and merits of the Dean. According to his view, austerity and sympathy in combination formed a leading and distinctive characteristic of Dean Church. This no doubt was true, and was worth saying. But it is certain that the severe taste of the Dean would not have been satisfied by this essay of the Canon's. It is pretentious but not distinct, or succinct, or satisfactory. It is over-coloured, and full of a sort of violent emphasis. All that it amounts to might have been much more shortly and simply put. It shows, however, in many words, what we intimated at the beginning of this article, that the Dean's influence was negative rather than positive, that his judgments were inferred rather than expressed, and that, though he was no doubt a moderator, he was hardly the leader or the inspiring life of the Chapter of St. Paul's. It was not in his dispassionate temper to wield, or actively and sensibly to guide, the forces of the capitular body of which he was the responsible head. He was too free, too independent, too little of a party-man, and, with all his dignity, too retiring for such work. Nevertheless, his will, when he thought it his duty to intimate it, was law; and no one could trifle with one who lived habitually in a sphere of thought and feeling so high, so tranquil, so aloof from inferior passions or aims. The time has perhaps not yet come for a frank and adequate biography to be written of Dean Church.

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\* While these pages are passing through the press we receive the sorrowful intelligence of the death of Dr. Dale, the excellent and able minister referred to in the text.



## ART. II.—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

*Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth.* Edited by A. J. C. HARE.  
London : Edward Arnold.

“**A**S a woman,” said Miss Edgeworth once, when asked to write a biographical preface to her novels, “my life, wholly domestic, can offer nothing of interest to the public.” Yet, as we lay down the two volumes of her collected letters, edited, with all his wonted taste and judgment, by Mr. Augustus Hare, one feels that it is precisely as a woman, and in her private and domestic capacity, that Maria Edgeworth appeals most strongly to this generation. She was a pioneer, both in literature and in education; and in both fields she has had the usual fate of pioneers—that, namely, of being outstripped and superseded by those to whom she showed the way of success. Her novels of manners will always be worth reading, for their strong sense and shrewd, observant humour; but they lack just that touch of creative genius which defies the touch of time, and which gives the dateless stamp of immortality to Miss Austen’s characters. The Irish tales, in which her genius found its fullest expression, have been overshadowed by the stupendous achievement of Scott; and her noblest title to remembrance as a writer with future generations will probably be that passage in the general introduction to the “*Waverley Novels*,” which gives, as one determining cause of their inception, the author’s wish to do for Scotland a service akin to that which Miss Edgeworth had rendered to her own country by her sketches of national manners and character.

As an educator she was equally a striker-out of new paths, in which thousands have followed, and some, perhaps, surpassed her. The educational principles which were looked upon almost as revolutionary innovations, when Maria and her father published the *Parents’ Assistant*, are now the commonplaces of every Normal College lecture-room. But those who reap the fruits of a rational and scientific system of education in our time are bound to remember what they owe, not only to reformers like Pestalozzi and David Stowe, but also to those

who, like the Edgeworths, introduced, improved, and popularised their system among us.

But there is one art in which her achievements will never grow obsolete, and in which her example will always, one may hope, be fruitful of good. We are all set to study the art of living, although many of us never master its principles till the time for applying them is past. And as a mistress in this art Maria Edgeworth, such as these volumes reveal her, stands out, a memorable instance of a woman, most wise and yet most womanly, whom fame could not spoil, nor the engrossing nature of her own pursuits absorb; and who, when placed in circumstances where the most delicate tact, the most skilful "management" might well have gone astray, came off conqueror by simply following the dictates of her own sincere, unselfish, and magnanimous nature. Her life was devoted to her father while he lived, and after that to the care of his children by his four successive wives. She was the bond of peace and union in that heterogeneous household. She gave up a man whom she loved with all the warmth of her generous heart rather than leave her home duties undone and her home place unfilled. She had her reward, it is true, in the untiring gratitude and affection of those to whom she had thus sacrificed herself; but, had it been otherwise, she would have done the same. "Her whole life of eighty-five years," says her biographer, "had been an aspiration after good."

No estimate of Miss Edgeworth's life would be complete that did not take into account the extraordinary personality of that father who was also her partner, literary adviser, and most intimate friend throughout the greater part of her life. Richard Lovell Edgeworth was descended from one Roger Edgeworth, a monk, who took advantage of the religious changes under Henry VIII. to marry and found a family. One of his sons, under Elizabeth, obtained a grant of land in Ireland, and settled down at Edgeworthstown, in Longford County. Energy of mind and body, and no inconsiderable dash of eccentricity, seem always to have distinguished the Edgeworths. It is useless, one fears, to recommend the *Memoirs* of Richard Lovell Edgeworth to a generation which has neither taste nor time for "browsing in libraries"; but any one who

has ever happened to meet with that most entertaining book must remember the picturesque stories of headlong pleasure and reckless enterprise with which he adorns the branches of his genealogical tree. The book is interesting, not merely for its vivid portrayal of a vanished state of society, but for the light it throws on the very curious character of its author. A more perfect portrait of the genial egotist, of the amiable busybody, of the self-satisfied utilitarian, confining his views to the limits of his own kitchen-garden, and then calmly pronouncing, "Whatever is, is best," can scarcely be imagined. He tells a story of himself that illustrates the strength and weakness of his character better than any elaborate analysis. While quite a youth, at Paris, he was constantly solicited to gamble—a practice of which he disapproved. Not wishing, however, to earn the stigma of "Puritan" or "Methodist" by refusing, he settled within himself the sum which he could afford to lose at play; and, when that limit was reached, declined to continue. This line of conduct won him considerable applause for his strength of mind; and his daughter, in particular, so admired it that she attributed it to the hero in one of her novels. It may, perhaps, be true that it requires more power of will to stop in a dangerous course than to refuse to enter upon it. Still, one cannot but feel that Mr. Edgeworth's prudence in this instance was entirely selfish. Complete abstention from an evil practice may help those who are likely to be led astray; guarded indulgence never does.

The same impression of innate self-regard and self-esteem, however corrected by a natural uprightness and amiability of temper, is left by his own account of his first marriage. After six months at Trinity College, passed very much in the style of Lever's heroes in *Charles O'Malley*, young Lovell Edgeworth was entered at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. His father had given him an introduction to an old friend in the neighbourhood, who frankly stated that he had four attractive daughters at home, and that, if Mr. Edgeworth, senior, wished the acquaintance for his son, he must be prepared to take the consequences. The warning was disregarded, and before the precocious youth was twenty he had wooed and won Miss Anna Maria Elers, and fled with

her to Gretna Green. Reflection came, as usual, too late. "I soon felt," he says in his *Memoirs*, "the inconvenience of an early and hasty marriage, but, though I heartily repented my folly, I determined to bear with firmness and temper the evils I had brought on myself." He does not seem to have felt it any part of his duty to conceal from his wife that she had disappointed him. Mrs. Edgeworth was left very much to herself, while her volatile husband was building bridges at Lyons, or making one in the circle of wits and blue-stockings who gathered round Dr. Darwin and the once celebrated Anna Seward at Lichfield. Here he met a friend of Miss Seward's, Honora Sneyd, in whom he saw "for the first time in his life a woman that equalled the picture of perfection existing in his imagination." As soon as he realised the state of his own feelings, he did the only honourable thing possible in removing himself from the scene of temptation. Taking with him his son, whom he had determined to educate on the system of Rousseau, he made his escape to Lyons, where he settled down for two years. His wife, neglected and unloved, remained meanwhile with her own relatives in England—"a kind and excellent, but a very sad woman."

She died in 1773 after the birth of her daughter Anna. Mr. Edgeworth, on hearing of his release, rushed over to England, offered himself to Honora Sneyd, and was accepted.

Maria Edgeworth, the eldest child of this unfortunate first marriage, was born in 1767, at the house of her grandfather, Mr. Elers, in Oxfordshire, where she spent her time with occasional interludes of visiting her aunts in London, till her father's second marriage. The somewhat precipitate way in which Honora Sneyd accepted Mr. Edgeworth's addresses, would hardly prepare one for the admirable manner in which she fulfilled her duties to his children. She was not only beautiful and gifted, but high-principled and thoughtful, with a gently resolute hand on the reins of discipline. It was to her that Maria owed those habits of order and method which no doubt did much to control, in her case, the somewhat scatter-brained vivacity of the Edgeworth temperament:

"It is very agreeable to me," Honora writes to her little step-daughter, "to think of conversing with you as my equal in every

respect but age, and of my making that inequality of use to you by giving you the advantage of the experience I have had, and the observations I have been able to make, as these are parts of knowledge which nothing but time can bestow."

The second Mrs. Edgeworth died of consumption in 1780, leaving two children. Mr. Edgeworth's grief was intense; but it did not prevent his forming another matrimonial connection within eight months of her death.

"Nothing," wrote Mr. Edgeworth, "is more erroneous than the common belief that a man who has lived in the greatest happiness with one wife will be the most averse to take another. On the contrary, the loss of happiness which he feels when he loses her, necessarily urges him to endeavour to be placed again in the situation which constituted his former felicity. I felt that Honora had judged wisely and from a thorough knowledge of my character, when she advised me to marry again as soon as I could meet with a woman who would make a good mother to my children and an agreeable companion to me. She had formed an idea that her sister Elizabeth was better suited to me than any other woman, and thought I was equally suited to her. But, of all Honora's sisters, I had seen the least of Elizabeth."

The wisdom of Honora Edgeworth's prevision was justified by events. Elizabeth Sneyd made him a faithful and affectionate wife, and his children, the kindest and wisest of stepmothers. She had nine children of her own, and when Maria returned from the London boarding-school, where her narrative talent, like Sir Walter Scott's, had found its first field in telling stories to her schoolmates, she found ample scope for the innate motherliness that was in her, as in all good women, in teaching, tending, and playing with her little brothers and sisters. One of the children, Henry, was handed over to her as her special charge.

Mr. Edgeworth, it will be remembered, had made trial of Rousseau's system in educating his eldest son, with very dubious results. Warned by that experience, and possibly also by the example of his friend, Mr. Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, who moved about the world like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theories of Émile, Mr. Edgeworth now allowed his common sense full play in modifying and adapting the principles of the French reformer. But he took care to preserve all that was valuable in the teaching of Rousseau, the interpretation of

the unknown by the known, the training of reason and observation by contact with actual fact, the discipline of consequences, the knowledge of things in themselves, as opposed to the *memoriter* repetition of a text-book. His younger children were "not so much taught as trained how to teach themselves." They had all the liberty that may safely be allowed when there is the consciousness of a firm governing-will in the background. "I do not think," said Mr. Edgeworth, "that one tear per month is shed in this house, nor the voice of reproof heard, nor the hand of restraint felt."

From the time that she left school, Maria became her father's partner in his educational work. She was sometimes left in sole charge of the large family at Edgeworthstown, where she used to write out stories on a slate and read them to her brothers and sisters in the evenings. Many of these tales were afterwards published in the *Parents' Assistant*. She had all the docility of true genius. When her father was at home, she submitted all her work to his criticism, and was invariably guided by his judgment, which, it may be said in passing, was by no means equal to her own.

In 1796, the *Parents' Assistant* was published. The forbidding title of the little volume, suggested by Mr. Edgeworth, would hardly prepare one for the happy mingling of gaiety, pathos, and good sense which there was nothing to approach in the children's literature of the time. Speaking of "Simple Susan," one of the stories in the Collections, Sir Walter Scott said that "when the little boy brings back the heroine's lamb, there is nothing for it but to put down the book and cry." Whether children still cry over "Simple Susan" we do not know. Probably not. But we trust our old friend "Rosamond," with her engaging faultiness and ingenuous blunders, may still have a niche on the nursery-shelves of the rising generation.

Maria's success was saddened by the death of her beloved and excellent stepmother, Elizabeth Edgeworth. She was sincerely lamented by her husband, who immediately proceeded to evince, in his peculiar fashion, his sense of the blessing he had lost, by endeavouring to replace it. In this quest he was more fortunate than might have been expected. Miss Beaufort,



nis fourth wife, the daughter of an Irish clergyman, was a cultivated, sensible, and affectionate woman. "In her," says the biographer, "even more than in her predecessors, he gave to his children a wise and kind mother, and a most entirely devoted friend."

Maria Edgeworth was, at this time, over thirty years of age, and might well have considered herself competent to the charge of her father's household. If we wish rightly to estimate the part she acted, we have only to consider what shipwreck many a well-meaning woman, without her unselfishness or magnanimity, might have made of the situation.

The fourth Mrs. Edgeworth, in a memoir of her step-daughter, written for private circulation, characterises her conduct as it deserves :

"We reached Edgeworthstown late in the evening," she says, describing her first home-coming. "The family, at that time, consisted of the two Miss Sneyds, Maria, Emmeline, Bessy, Charlotte (Lovell was then at Edinburgh), Henry Sneyd, Honora, and William. Sneyd was not twelve years old, and the other two were much younger. . . . All received me with the most unaffected cordiality, but from Maria it was something more. . . . She made me at once her most intimate friend ; and in all the serious concerns of life and in every trifle of the day, treated me with the most generous confidence."

The *savoir vivre* of Maria Edgeworth was no mere matter of instinct with her. It was reasoned and reflective as appears in the following extract from a letter to her future step-mother :

"You call yourself, dear Miss Beaufort, my friend and companion. I hope you will never have reason to repent beginning in this style towards me. I think you will not find me encroach upon you. . . . I do not know if I most hate or despise the temper that takes an ell where an inch is given. . . . I think that there is a great deal of difference between that species of ceremony which exists with acquaintance and that which should always exist with the best of friends ; the one prevents the growth of affection, the other preserves it in youth and age. Many foolish people make fine plantations and forget to fence them ; so the young trees are destroyed by the young cattle, and the bark of the forest trees is sometimes injured. You need not, my dear Miss Beaufort, fence yourself round with very strong palings in this family, where all have been early accustomed to mind their boundaries."



In these wise words, we seem to see the secret of Miss Edgeworth's success in her domestic relations. So keen an observer could not have failed to note how often the warmest affection between relatives or friends is made a mutual misery for want of just this "minding of boundaries," this courteous and delicate respect for the individuality of our nearest and dearest. How often had she not seen the mischief done by the meddlesome curiosity, the unnecessary criticism, the petty exactingness and interference, which many people regard as a sort of right appertaining to relationship.

Perhaps no popular delusion has ever caused more misery than the notion that home is a place where one may, so to speak, "let oneself go"—cast off the courtesies that public opinion demands towards the outer world, and relapse into a sort of "dressing-gown and slippers" attitude towards those about one; as if the need of self-restraint and respect for others were not all the greater when the barriers of convention were removed. One might almost regret that Miss Edgeworth could not have read the beautiful lines in which Mr. Coventry Patmore has expressed the principle that guided her own home-life:

"Let Love make home a gracious Court,  
There let the world's rude hasty ways  
Be fashioned to a loftier port,  
And learn to bow and stand at gaze.

This makes that pleasures do not cloy,  
And dignifies our mortal strife  
With calmness and considerate joy,  
Befitting our immortal life."

At the time when Mr. Edgeworth and his bride left Dublin for Edgeworthstown, on May 31st, 1798, the rebellion had already broken out in many parts of Ireland. Mr. Edgeworth as a Protestant landlord was of course obnoxious to the insurgents; and his freedom from bigotry and studied fairness to his tenants made him hardly less unpopular with the extreme Orange faction. So that he met with the usual fate of the moderate man in a time of civil strife, and came in for the displeasure of both parties. At the beginning of September, the rebels were said to be in the neighbourhood, and the whole

family fled from Edgeworthstown to Longford. They were near the town when Mr. Edgeworth suddenly remembered that he had left on his study table a list of those of his tenants who had joined the local Yeomanry Corps in defence of Government. Fearful of the consequences that might ensue to the poor fellows if the list fell into the hands of the insurgents, he rode back to Edgeworthstown, at the risk of his life, to destroy the paper. Fortunately, the enemy had not yet appeared, and he was able to rejoin his family in safety.

A few days afterwards the Longford mob, instigated by a crazy sergeant, attacked Mr. Edgeworth in the street as a sympathiser with the rebels. They were fortunately dispersed by some soldiers who were billeted in the town. The rebels having been defeated and dispersed by General Lake, at Ballinamuck, near Granard, the Edgeworths were enabled to return to their home, which they found just as they had left it. The rebels had halted at the gate and threatened to enter, but they were prevented by a man whom none of the family remembered. It turned out, however, that the housekeeper had once relieved his wife when in great distress; so that to a dependant's act of kindness the Edgeworths owed the preservation of their property.

After this chronicle of "alarums and excursions" it is somewhat of a surprise to find Maria calmly settled down to her usual pursuits, keeping the accounts of her father's estate and "writing a little story on the evils of procrastination," "*Practical Education*. By Richard and Maria Edgeworth," was published in 1789. This was the first-fruits of that literary partnership which Maria described as "the joy and pride of her life." From her early girlhood Maria had assisted Mr. Edgeworth in the management of his estate. Her warm and generous sympathy fastened at once on the loveable traits of her Irish tenants and her amusement at their foibles and follies had not a tinge of supercilious bitterness in it. There is a wealth of experience in the words she puts into the mouth of her Irish car-driver, in *The Absentee*:

"For he knows the nature of us, Paddy, and how we love a joke in our hearts; and by the same token will, for that reason, do what he pleases with us, and more, maybe, than a man twice as good, that never would smile on us."

Of this experience, *Castle Rackrent* was the first-fruit. It purports to be the history of an Irish family as told by "Old Thady," the steward. It is an admirably sustained piece of work, grim, humorous, pathetic, and in keeping from first to last. *Belinda*, a tale of London society, appeared soon after and confirmed her reputation as a writer.

In 1802, during the brief truce that intervened during the first and second act of the Napoleonic war, English society rushed upon Paris, and the Edgeworths went with the stream. No letters in our Collection are more sparkling than those which describe the visit which was to prove so momentous an epoch in Maria's life. Her family had a special claim upon the remnant of the Royalist party, for they counted kindred with that brave priest who had attended Louis XVI. upon the scaffold. Moreover, several of Maria's works had now been translated into French and formed her passport to the best Parisian society irrespective of creed or party. One would gladly, if space permitted, quote at length from her kindly, shrewd comments on men and things. She attended Mme. Récamier's famous *soirées*; and, at the other end of the social scale, hunted up Madame de Genlis in her miserable lodgings at the Arsenal; Lally Tollendal, Boissy d'Anglas, the Abbé Morellet, Dumont, the translator of Bentham, and a score besides of *savants* and scholars flit across her pages. But all the while one realises that her greatest pleasure is not so much in the attention which her gifts excite, or in converse with all that was courtly, witty, and refined in French society, as in the social triumphs of her young half-sisters. She stores up every compliment that is paid them, and records their success with a pride and gratification that she never thought of feeling on her own account.

It was in Paris that the one brief romance of her life was played out. A certain M. Edclerantz, holding high official position at the Swedish Court, had met her several times in the course of that winter. He was a man of intellect and character, reserved in manner, but capable of passionate attachment. "I have never felt anything for him," Maria wrote when she had decided on refusing his offer, "but esteem and gratitude." Her stepmother, however, gauged her feelings, then and after-

wards, more accurately than she herself, in the tumult of half-awakened, unacknowledged passion, was able to do :

"Maria," says Mrs. Edgeworth, "was mistaken as to her own feelings. She refused M. Edelcrantz, but she felt much more for him than esteem and gratitude. She was exceedingly in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself; but she saw too plainly what it would be for us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting from us. She decided rightly for her own future happiness and for that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. While we were at Paris, I remember that in a shop, where Charlotte and I were making some purchases, Maria sat apart, absorbed in thought and so deep in reverie, that when her father came in and stood opposite to her she did not see him till he spoke to her, when she started and burst into tears. She was grieved by his look of tender anxiety, and she afterwards exerted herself to join in society, and to take advantage of all that was agreeable during our stay in France and on our journey home; but it was often a most painful effort to her. And even after her return to Edgeworthstown, it was long before she recovered the elasticity of her mind."

The moral of this little episode is admirably summed up by Mrs. Edgeworth as follows :

"I think it right to mention these facts, because I know that the lessons of self-command which she inculcates in her works were really acted upon in her own life, and that the resolution with which she devoted herself to her father and her family, and the industry with which she laboured at the writings which she thought were to the advantage of her fellow-creatures, were from the exertion of the highest principle. Her precepts were not the maxims of cold-hearted prudence, but the result of her own experience in strong and romantic feeling."

The wound healed at last, as such wounds do, though up to the end of her life she could not so much as come across the word Sweden in a book or newspaper without an overpowering emotion that dimmed her sight and choked her utterance. Several years of quiet work at Edgeworthstown intervened between the two great crises of her life. Her pretty step-sisters married one by one, and went away to homes of their own, while every now and then a swarm of nephews and nieces would descend upon the ancestral nest. Mr. Edgeworth, after the accomplishment of the Union, to which he objected on the ground that it was of no use "to do Ireland good against her will," had given up public life; but he found

enough to occupy him in attending to his estates, supervising his daughter's literary work, and fitting up his house with eccentric contrivances of his own invention—electric bells that would not ring, and locks that his visitors dared not make use of for fear of being fastened up in their rooms. "How I do enjoy my existence!" he sometimes said. But towards 1817 it became evident that the hour of rest for that strenuous spirit was drawing near. To cheer her father in his fatal illness, Maria began the story of *Ormond*. The high-water mark of her art is touched in the character of King Corny, the generous, high-minded, gay, shiftless, improvident Irish squire, so skilfully contrasted with the smooth, plausible intriguer, Sir Ulich O'Shane. Yet these opening chapters, sparkling with wit and gaiety, were written with tear-dimmed eyes and trembling hand, in the clutch of a great grief. She had her reward, however, for the effort that the work cost her, in the pleasure which, up to the very last, it gave to her father. He died on the 13th of June, 1817, in his seventy-second year, and when the faithful daughter and companion of so many years saw his remains lowered into their last resting-place, it must have seemed to her as if the best part of her life went with them. Once again, she had to take up the burden of a bruised and maimed existence: once again, she "made her peace with life."

Her eyes had suffered severely from the strain that she had put upon them in writing *Ormond*, and for some time she was unable to do any literary work. As soon as possible, she proceeded, according to her father's dying wish, to edit the *Memoirs* which he had left. That and the care of the estates, which the new master of Edgeworthstown was soon glad to hand over to her, gave her the best medicine for her grief, occupation. She was happy in her friends, among whom she numbered Madame de Broglie, the daughter of Madame de Staël. During a visit to the Continent in 1820, she spent some time at Coppet:

"We came here yesterday, and here we are in the very apartments occupied by M. Necker, opening into what is now the library, but what was once that theatre on which Madame de Staël used to act her own *Corinne*. Yesterday evening, when Madame de Broglie had placed me near the oldest friend of the family, M. de Bonstettin, he whispered to me, 'You are now in the exact spot, in the very chair,

where Madame de Staël used to sit!’ Her friends were excessively attached to her. This old man talked of her with tears in his eyes, and with all the sudden change of countenance and twitchings of the muscles which mark strong, uncontrollable feeling. . . . The respect paid to her memory by her son and daughter, and by M. de Broglie is touching. The little Rocco, seven years of age, is an odd, cold, prudent, old-man sort of a child, as unlike as possible to the son you would have expected from such parents. M. de Staël has promised to show me Gibbon’s love-letters to his grandmother, ending regularly with, ‘Je suis, mademoiselle, avec les sentiments qui font le désespoir de ma vie, &c.’”

The most famous of all her literary friendships was that with Sir Walter Scott; and certainly two people more formed to appreciate each other never met in this world. There was in both an unusual capacity for high and romantic feeling resting on a firm basis of experience and common sense; both had the homely wisdom, the large-hearted generosity, the value for intrinsic worth as opposed to superficial or class distinction, which form the best preservative against jealousy, irritability, vanity, and all the other faults that are charged to the literary temperament. There are no brighter pages in Lockhart’s delightful memoir of Scott than those that describe his visit to Edgeworthstown in 1825.

“More delightful conversation,” wrote Maria, “I have seldom in my life heard than we have been blest with these three days. What a touch of sorrow must mingle with the pleasures of all who have had great losses! Lovell, my mother, and I, at twelve o’clock at night, joined in exclaiming, ‘How delightful! Oh, that he had lived to see and hear this!’”

Twenty-five years later we find her telling Mr. Ticknor how, in imagination, she could still meet Sir Walter—“with all his benign, calm expression of countenance, his eye of genius, and his mouth of humour, his own self I see, feeling, thinking, and about to act.”

Mr. Ticknor himself then describes his friend and correspondent as she appeared towards the close of her life:

“A small, spare lady of about sixty-seven, with extremely frank and kind manners, and who always looks straight into your face with a pair of mild, deep, grey eyes whenever she speaks to you. Her conversation, always ready, is as full of vivacity and variety as I can imagine. It is also no less full of good nature. . . . In her



intercourse with her family she is quite delightful, referring constantly to Mrs. Edgeworth, who seems to be the authority for all matters of fact, and most kindly repeating jokes to her infirm aunt, Miss Sneyd, who cannot hear them, and who seems to have for her the most unbounded affection and admiration."

Sydney Smith once remarked of Miss Edgeworth that, "though she did not say witty things, there was such a perfume of wit running through her conversation, as made it very brilliant."

She was at this time the real owner of Edgeworthstown. Her brother Lovell's pecuniary embarrassments had compelled him to part with the property, and Maria gladly devoted her literary profits to keeping it in the old name. She stipulated, however, that Lovell should remain the ostensible owner, and that she should continue in the background as before.

"Though so exceedingly enjoying," wrote Mrs. Edgeworth, "the intercourse of all the great minds she had known, she more enjoyed her domestic life with her nearest relations, when her spirits never flagged, and her wit and wisdom, which were never for show, were called forth by every little incident of the day. When my daughters were with Maria at Paris they described to me the readiness with which she would return from the company of the greatest philosophers and wits of the day to superintend her young sisters' dress, or arrange some party of pleasure for them. We often wondered what her admirers would say, after all the profound remarks and brilliant witticisms they have listened to, if they heard her delightful nonsense with us. Much as she was gratified by her 'success' in the society of her celebrated contemporaries, she never varied in her love for home."

She died in 1849 in the arms of her devoted step-mother and friend, after an illness of only a few hours. Not long before, in speaking of her own feelings during a dangerous illness, she had written, "I felt ready to rise tranquilly from the banquet of life, where I had been a happy guest. I confidently relied on the goodness of my Creator." Miss Edgeworth remarks, in the estimate of her father's character which she affixed to his *Memoirs*, on the unsoundness of that view of human nature which Rousseau and the Encyclopædists had taught him, and from which he never completely freed himself; a view which regards all wrong-doing as a mere error of judgment, assuming that virtue is always so much more prudent



and profitable than vice, that men need only to be taught to look at it in that light and self-interest will induce them to shape their conduct accordingly. But in her own earlier works there are traces of the same way of thinking. It is hard not to be on Godfrey's side in the last chapter of *Rosamond*, where he tells his sister that her plan of balancing the advantages of different actions, so much present pleasure against so much future profit, has a good deal of selfish calculation in it; and, though *Rosamond* turns the tables on him with a practical proof of generosity, that only shows that she, like the nature that conceived her, was better than the theory in which she had been trained.

There was, indeed, far more of Irish impulsiveness and uncalculating warmth of affection in Miss Edgeworth than a casual reader of her books would be likely to imagine. She had enough of those qualities to give her a perfect right to satirise, as she did with such admirable truth and point, the false notions of generosity and open-handedness which landed so many of the Irish gentry of her day in hopeless and degrading poverty. The essential meanness of a lavish ostentation of hospitality or generosity, while tenants and tradesmen are ruined to sustain the reputation of "a good fellow," has never been more trenchantly exposed than by her.

In spite of the truth and vigour of her social satire, her novels are now but little read—a fact, we think, which is largely owing to the want of real depth and seriousness in her criticism of life. She might—one might almost say she would—have been capable of far greater things had her father not infected her with that shallow optimism on which no work of enduring greatness can ever be based. "Virtue brings happiness" was Mr. Edgeworth's motto. By "happiness" he understood a comfortable home, a balance at your banker's, and an admiring circle of friends; and he argued that to show these things to be the inevitable concomitants of virtue was a sure way to bring about the perfection of the race. Consequently, in Miss Edgeworth's books we know from the beginning that the Idle Apprentice will be hung and the good one marry his master's daughter; that the liar will be exposed, the tyrant cast down, and persecuted worth emerge

from its temporary cloud, and "live happily ever after." There is no suggestion in her books of the haunting riddles of life, of the great mystery of sorrow, no record of those triumphs and defeats in the sphere of the inner life which make all mere vicissitudes of earthly fortune look paltry in comparison. We look in vain through all her volumes for any note that harmonises with those magnificent lines of Wordsworth :

"Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight,  
And miserable love, that is not pain  
To hear of, for the glory that redounds  
Therefrom to human kind and what we are."

But though one is apt to make mistakes if one attempts, like the friends of Job, to gauge a man's character by the measure of his worldly success, yet the history of a race or family will often present in unmistakable characters the logical outcome of racial vices and defects. In *Castle Rackrent* for once Miss Edgeworth got hold of a subject the tragic truth of which left no room for her didactic manipulations. The result was the only one of her writings which can challenge criticism as a work of art.

But criticism seems ungrateful face to face with this record of a beautiful life. It is good for us to read and to remember how nobly, modestly, and simply the most eminent English-woman of her generation played her part upon the stage of human affairs. Doubtless, however, it was a grievous want in her life and to her soul that of Jesus Christ as her Saviour and Lord she was strangely ignorant, even for a Unitarian. The blank, too, is felt in reading her works. The words we have already quoted as expressing her feelings during a dangerous illness remind us, in thinking of the close of that long and active career, of nothing so much as those final words of the imperial philosopher in his *Meditations*: "Retire, O soul, well satisfied: for He by whom you are dismissed is satisfied too." But Marcus Aurelius had scarcely—if he had at all—heard of Christ.

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ART. III.—THE PRESENT STATE OF THE  
PENTATEUCH CONTROVERSY.

1. *Lex Mosæica : or, The Law of Moses and the Higher Criticism.*  
With an Introduction by the late Right Rev. Lord  
A. HERVEY, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells. Edited  
by RICHARD VALPY FRENCH, D.C.L., LL.D. London :  
Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1894.
2. *An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament.*  
By S. R. DRIVER, D.D. Fifth edition. Edinburgh :  
T. & T. Clark. 1894.
3. *Kurzgefasster Kommentar : Altes Test.* Erste Abtheilung :  
Genesis—Nomeri ; Zweite Abtheilung : Deuteronomium.  
Ausgelegt von D. H. L. STRACK und D. OTTO ZÖCKLER.  
München. 1894.

MUCH has happened since the Higher Criticism of the Pentateuch and the controversy to which it has given rise was last discussed at length in the pages of this REVIEW.\* The five years that have intervened have brought some material changes in the position of the combatants, and, though the conflict is by no means ended, it is becoming easier to understand the conditions on which the ultimate issue depends, and to some extent to forecast its character. The publication of Canon Driver's *Introduction* marked a new stage in the history of opinion in this country, and all discussion since has been affected by the acceptance of a modified form of Wellhausen's views on the part of the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford. For it soon became evident that Dr. Driver did not speak for himself alone. His colleagues, Professors Cheyne and Sanday, have, the one in an unguarded, and the other in a more cautious fashion, announced their adherence to some of the main positions of Wellhausen's theories. At Cambridge, the views of Professor Robertson Smith—whose loss all scholars mourn—

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\* See LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, xxvi. and xxviii., January and July 1890.

were well known, and Professor H. E. Ryle, in moderate but unmistakable terms, has taken the same side. The writers in *Lux Mundi* spoke for a considerable section of High Churchmen, who might have been supposed to be ready to follow Pusey and Liddon to the last, but were found instead busy preparing to evacuate what they deemed to be an untenable position. Representative Nonconformist leaders, so far as they spoke at all, appeared inclined to follow suit. Principal Cave, it is true, had spoken strongly on the conservative side; but Professor Duff, of Airedale, Professors Bennett and Adeney, of New College, and Dr. Horton, whose name is deservedly influential with many, declared very decidedly for the newer views. Professor Robertson, of Glasgow, who, in his *Early Religion of Israel*, has published the ablest defence of the traditional theory that has appeared, showed himself prepared to go further with the critics than many of the older school altogether liked. Professor Bruce's *Apologetics* and many publications besides those we have mentioned—notably the *Cambridge Companion to the Bible*—have borne witness to the gradual spread of opinions concerning the Old Testament, which ten years ago would have been rejected with indignant scorn.

Meanwhile, the defenders of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and of traditional views generally, can hardly be said to have proved equal to the occasion. Bishop Ellicott's *Christus Comprobator* was little more than a pamphlet containing a few republished charges. The late Bishop of Colchester published a couple of lively but superficial articles which were afterwards embodied in a small volume. Mr. Spencer and Dr. F. Watson had also contributed to the discussion on the conservative side. But there was no systematic, sustained, and authoritative defence on the part of the great body of Anglican Churchmen and Evangelical Nonconformists who were understood still to stand by the old lines of defence. Argument especially was lacking, though denunciation was in some cases shrill and voluble. It appeared as if no David were prepared to encounter the now formidable and audacious Philistine. Within the last few weeks this deficiency has been remedied. *Lex Mosaica* is the work of some fifteen writers, belonging

chiefly to the conservative school of Biblical students in the Church of England. The late Bishop of Bath and Wells contributed an Introduction, written shortly before his death, and Dr. Wace, Principal of King's College, summarises the whole argument at the close. The intervening writers include such well-known names as Professor Sayce, Canon Rawlinson, Principal Douglas, the Rev. J. J. Lias, Dr. Stanley Leathes, Dr. Sinker, and others. They undertake amongst them to cover the whole ground of Old Testament history, and defend the thesis that the Law of Moses as it is recorded in the Pentateuch was given by Moses himself in its entirety; that there is no other period of Israelitish history at which it, or any part of it, could have been written; while any theories which would assign any portion of it to a later date than the Pentateuch seems to imply are encumbered with greater difficulties than the acceptance of the view traditionally held for so many generations by Jews and Christians alike.

The appearance of such a volume is on all accounts to be welcomed. It was quite time that such a deliverance was made. Canon Driver's manual passed some time ago into a fifth edition, and has already taken its place as a standard work. It appeared as if judgment were to be allowed to go by default, although it was certain that many remained quite unconvinced by the arguments of the critics, and the undeniably strong case against them had not been adequately presented. Biblical students will surely welcome *Lex Mosaiica*, whatever their personal views may be. For all the important but complex questions with which it deals can only be determined by full and impartial investigation, and all who are anxious that the truth, so far as it can be ascertained, should be known concerning the composition of books which for Christians are only less sacred than the writings of the New Testament, must rejoice that every possible light should be shed upon the matter from every side. It was quite necessary that the novel views on this subject which have been adopted by a section of able and respected scholars in this country, but which have by no means as yet commanded the suffrages of the Church as a whole, should be subjected to a careful, thorough, and dispassionate examination of the completest kind.

It is highly undesirable that a controversy of this sort should be conducted on the principles which admittedly regulate parliamentary discussion. It is understood that "the Queen's Government is carried on," so far as the House of Commons is concerned, by means of two great parties, the "Ins" and the "Outs," the business of the former being to defend every measure undertaken by Ministers as the most admirable, patriotic, and ably devised scheme that ever entered the brain of man ; while it is no less the business of the other to denounce every such scheme as calculated to bring the country to the verge of ruin. The two bodies of men may differ very little in principle—in modern days they often approximate closely—and it is certain that both love their country and are anxious to promote its welfare. But the sacredness of "party" must prevail. Woe to the adventurous politician who forms a "cave" or "trims" between the opposing hosts. To split up a party into "groups" is tantamount to its destruction, and the first duty of an honest man is to stand by his own side. It hardly needs saying that this is precisely how *not* to conduct a controversy on such sacred questions as are now before us. Yet the tendency to adopt it has proved well nigh irresistible. "Advanced" thinkers have tended to outstrip one another, as Radicals outbid one another for popularity. Orthodox teachers have in too many instances been prone to denounce as traitors all who were not prepared to defend to the uttermost the traditional views which were dear to them. The "mediating" school have naturally enough come in for abuse from both sides. They are neither cold nor hot, and partisans will none of them. But as in politics the only satisfactory way of ending some controversies is by a fusion of parties, so that it becomes possible to view the points at issue without party heat and violence, so assuredly is it in these vexed questions of Biblical criticism. Extremes produce extremes. It is not usually held good oarsmanship to propel the boat violently first to the right, then to the left. There are times when internecine warfare is necessary, because truth precious as life itself is imperilled. But when Christian scholars differ upon great and complex questions, it would be



well if the process of discussion were as unlike as possible to the familiar debates of party politics.

*Lex Mosaica* on the whole sets a good example in this matter. The spirit in which the greater part of it is written is excellent. We regret that there should be any exceptions to the prevailing rule. But it ought to be beneath the dignity of scholars to sneer, as do one or two of these writers, at the "so-called Higher Criticism," like any uninstructed scribbler or platform speaker. Every educated man by this time should know that "higher criticism" simply means an investigation into the literary character of a document by means of internal evidence, as the "lower criticism" means an examination into the soundness of its text; and that all the writers in *Lex Mosaica* are "higher critics" as much as their opponents. Professor Watts, of Belfast, is one of those who most frequently offend by exhibiting a narrow partisan spirit, and his scoff at "the men of the *International Theological Library*," on p. 573 is one which is more likely to damage himself than those against whom it is directed. No doubt there had been great provocation. Wellhausen's contemptuous tone was often intolerable, and the castigation he receives in this volume at the hands of Professor Stewart is well deserved. Arrogance in a discussion of this kind is not best met by meekness. It imposes upon the unwary and should be indignantly resented. But of all the contributors to *Lex Mosaica*, at the same time the ablest and the fairest, in our judgment, is Mr. Lias. His opening remarks on the way in which this discussion should be carried on are admirable. He is firm enough upon occasion; but if the spirit in which his essay is written could be maintained on both sides, controversy would be soon ended, and, while it lasted, would lose all those elements which make many good people eschew theological polemics as they would a direct temptation of the devil. We rejoice at the indication in these later stages of controversy that theological browbeating is felt to be out of place. Mr. Lias argues and does not scold. *O si sic omnes!* Meanwhile, we may hope for and try to hasten the time when, within the borders of Israel itself, "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex



Ephraim," when, as "Ian Maclaren" puts it in his charming little story, the advanced young critic and the grave conservative elder shall join their prayers together, the young man praying that we may be led to "stand in the ways and ask for the old paths"; the old man, that we may "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

We have dwelt thus fully upon the spirit in which controversy should be conducted, because, in our judgment, almost everything depends upon it. The problem is to determine the comparative probability of rival theories concerning the composition of certain Old Testament books by examination of their contents. Assumptions on either side cannot be admitted. The tacit assumption of Kuenen and Wellhausen that the supernatural must be excluded begs the question. The supposition, on the other side, that the unbroken tradition of centuries amongst Jews and Christians is virtually conclusive, cannot be allowed. Tradition has its value, and when it is contemporary and critical is invaluable. But in this case the date is questioned, and the uncritical nature of the testimony may be shown. For the purposes of argument, at all events, the attention of both sides must be confined to the documents themselves and the internal evidence they afford. Further—and this is not so easy to secure—the documents should be treated in the same way and on the same principles by both sides. The orthodox must lay on one side, so far as argument is concerned, his views on inspiration, and belief that these writings are exceptional in their character. The critic must be prepared to treat them with at least the same respect that he would give to a classical historian; not meddling with the text, unless on good ground shown; not imputing *mala fides* or pious fraud for the sake of his theory, but only upon indubitable evidence, all theories apart. It is one chief merit of *Lex Mosæica* that its writers, for the most part, approach their subject in this spirit. They meet their opponents on their own ground. This is absolutely necessary, because, if the traditional view be true, it must be possible to show its greater reasonableness, and not to meet the challenge made is to confess defeat. As Mr. Lias very wisely says:

"I have no intention of saying a word against criticism in itself, nor

of contending that it may not safely be applied to the Old Testament. It is quite possible that critical research, when properly conducted, may tend to give a yet more 'living and consistent picture' of the facts than the histories as they stand. . . . But whether this is so or not, is the very point we have to decide. Criticism is not a result, it is a process; and until the results of that process have been very carefully tested, they cannot claim to take their place among demonstrated facts. The impatience displayed by the critics, their eagerness to force upon us their conclusions before they have undergone a sufficient examination, are not only a little unreasonable in themselves, but are calculated to evoke a corresponding impatience on the other side, and to infuse a certain amount of acerbity into a controversy which should be a simple attempt to ascertain where the truth actually lies" (p. 204).

An examination conducted in this spirit, but from different points of view, is likely to be fruitful in abiding results. Warmth and eagerness are not in themselves to be deprecated, and religious men who find themselves called upon to fight as if for altar and hearth, for the trustworthiness of records so closely associated with their deepest convictions, may be pardoned if their language glows with feeling. But self-restraint brings its own reward; and victory will certainly accrue to those who are best able to account for the facts and explain the extant documents.

The field to be traversed is very extensive. Perhaps the best mode of showing within the compass of a single article the present position of the controversy is to adduce, one by one, the strong points made by the writers of *Lex Mosaiica*, which have never been adequately met by their opponents, and then to indicate how far they have failed to meet the strong points of their adversaries' case. It will be understood that many, perhaps most, of these arguments are not new. Some have been well put by Professor W. H. Green, of Princeton; others by Professor Robertson, of Glasgow; and some have been anticipated by articles in this REVIEW and other periodical publications. But the setting gives a new aspect and sometimes a new value to the stone.

I. First let it be said that facts have now abundantly demonstrated that the Mosaic age was one of considerable literary activity. Babylonia and Egypt, long before the time of Moses, were the homes, not only of culture and civilisation, but of literature. The recent discoveries at Tel-el-Amarna and else-

where show us that in Canaan, as well as in other parts of Western Asia, active official correspondence was conducted, and somewhat extensive records of it kept, for centuries before the Mosaic Age. Contemporaneous records, as Professor Sayce points out, of Sargon of Accad, and his conquests in 3800 B.C., have been found in Babylona by American explorers. "The events of the day were as fully chronicled as they would be in our own century, and the historian who desired to compile a history of the cities of Canaan would have had at his disposal more than enough of contemporaneous material. From a period earlier than that of Abraham, there were documents before him containing history of the most authentic and trustworthy kind." Egypt at the time of the Exodus was a land of books and writers, and Canaan, says Professor Sayce, was equally "a land of schools and libraries." To assume, therefore, that the tribes of Israel were wholly illiterate, a mere horde of barbarians, that Moses, or any leader of theirs, could not have recorded history or legislation for lack of ability or materials, is to run counter to contemporary testimony of indubitable character. Let it be clearly understood, however, how much archæology proves. It proves that Israel was surrounded by culture of a kind, that Babylonian and Egyptian records belonging to the time are forthcoming, and that Moses *may* have indited records belonging to his own time, and embodying earlier traditions, so that (*e.g.*) the narratives of Exodus represent his Journal and possess all the authority of an autograph. But archæologists, like theologians and critics, have their weaknesses. Professor Sayce's essay in the volume before us abounds with what "may have been" and "might have been," and he is a little apt to assume that what may have been actually was. There is no evidence that the cuneiform script was known to or used by any early Israelite, and there is a considerable gap between such records as have been discovered written upon clay tablets, containing the correspondence of Babylonian officials, and that particular narrative in good classical Hebrew, the date of which it is sought to determine. What archæology conclusively proves is that contemporaneous record of the events of the Mosaic Age is possible, and that, under the circumstances, it becomes exceedingly probable. It does not prove that

Israel was a cultured people or that these particular records are ancient. But—and this is a great antecedent gain—it does entirely away with the assumption, once commonly made by critics, that no contemporary evidence of the trustworthiness of the Pentateuch can be forthcoming, because the period was primitive, the people barbarous, and writing unknown.

II. It is certain, moreover, that the Pentateuch contains matter of very early date, such as no sane man can imagine to have *originated* in the fifth or the ninth century B.C. That is in a sense agreed on both sides, because the more moderate critics, at all events, admit that the documents which they assert were written in the eighth century were based upon, and, to some extent, embodied earlier traditions. The full force of this, however, is only appreciated when the amount of matter is taken into account which bears the marks of early, if not contemporary origin. *Lex Mosaica* professes to deal only with the Law of Moses; but it is almost impossible to confine the discussion to the date of the legislative portions, or of the Pentateuchal books. The character of the whole history is at stake, and if a large portion of the narrative, as it now stands, testifies to a detailed knowledge of ages prior to the "Jehovist," the "Elohists," and the other (supposed) narrators, it becomes a question of detail whether we have before us a narrative written about 750 B.C. embodying some early traditions, or a narrative written seven hundred years earlier, which has received later additions or undergone editorial treatment. We cannot altogether follow Canon Rawlinson in his arguments that the Levitical code is just such as we might expect from the Mosaic Age and from it alone. He traces Egyptian influence in some of the legislation, and then argues that Moses "thought it best not to touch" the question of a future life because the Egyptian belief was in many respects superstitious. He seems to think the complexity of the ritual quite suited to the nomadic life of the desert, because Egyptian ritual, in a settled country, and amidst a matured civilisation, was elaborate and detailed. And he argues at length that the Levitical code is "such a law as the later history of the people postulates and requires," though he and his colleagues are compelled to admit the almost entire neglect of its provisions for centuries afterwards. Canon

Rawlinson, however, is quite warranted in pointing to some elements in the legislation bearing a distinctly archaic stamp, which, on the hypothesis of their being inserted later, "would have been perfectly idle, otiose, without any possibility of practical application. They would be *bogus* laws intended to impose on the unwary. No object can be assigned to them except that of inducing persons to believe that the code of which they formed a part was instituted in Mosaic times, when such laws would have been quite natural and indeed necessary." We have seen, then, that the literary conditions of the Mosaic Age allowed of contemporary records, and that at least a considerable part of the Mosaic code and the Pentateuch generally is such that in any similar case its subject matter, if not its literary form, would be at once assigned to the period of which it treats.

III. It is not difficult, again, to hold up to ridicule the almost absurd complexity of the critical theory as it is propounded by some of its advocates. When it is claimed, without a particle of external evidence, that the analyst of the nineteenth century, by mere examination, can parcel out a narrative amongst a swarm of imaginary historians and subsequent emendators, editors, and redactors, assigning the beginning of a verse to one writer, the end to another, and some phrases in the middle to a third, the whole being "obviously worked over" by an editor in the interests of somebody living centuries later,—*risum teneatis amici?* For example, says Mr. Girdlestone most reasonably in discussing the period of Joshua, "There is not a shadow of a reason for making Josh. iv. 11 the work of one writer, ver. 12 the work of another, ver. 13 of a third, ver. 14 of the writer of ver. 12, ver. 15-18 of the writer of ver. 11, ver. 19 of the writer of ver. 13." So with I. Samuel: "The older story," says Mr. Lias, "consists of ch. ix., x. 1-16, ver. 27 b, xi. 1-11 and 15. The later embraces ch. viii., x. 17-27 a, xi. 12-14, and ch. xii. Moreover, we are told that 'it is not quite clear whether x. 25-27, xi. 12, 13 are also editorial additions or fragments of the second narrative.' . . . . It is sufficient to remark that this theory of 'editorial additions' or 'fragments of the second narrative' are shifts on the part of the critic in order to escape from difficulties which

arise, not out of the narrative itself, for in it they are natural enough, but out of his own theory of the genesis of the narrative." But apart from details, which of course require detailed discussion, the excessive minuteness and complexity of the critical theory, as sometimes propounded, causes it to break down under its own weight. There is no parallel to it in literary history; there is no occasion for it except to avoid difficulties of the critic's own causing; and the attempt to illustrate it in the pages of Homer or Livy, of Bede or William of Malmesbury, would simply cause it to be laughed out of court.

It does not, however, follow that compilation is unknown in the books of the Old Testament, or that it is rare. The contrary may be shown from their own pages. It is certain that "documents" have been used by Old Testament writers, that some of these freely borrow and incorporate from others; and that a measure of interweaving of authorities has taken place in some of the books. The antecedent probability is that the Pentateuch was so composed rather than that it was written continuously by one man—the probability, that is to say, when demonstrable facts as to the composition of other Old Testament books are taken into the account. Between the extreme complexity of the critical theory in its vigour and rigour on the one hand, and the extreme simplicity of supposing that Moses wrote the Pentateuch throughout with his own hand, there is room enough for the discovery of a reasonable mean.

IV. The most important point in the whole discussion is the substantial historical trustworthiness of the books as they stand. If this can be established, the authorship and date of composition of the books as we now have them become of secondary importance. If this cannot be established, confidence in the Old Testament is not so much imperilled as destroyed. Amongst those who deny the historicity of the narrative there are two classes. Some critics bring the charge of intentional falsification for a purpose, doubtless held to be good and sufficient, by those who manipulated the records. Others avoid the sharp edge of such a charge by asserting that the writers, in carrying on Moses's work, felt themselves at liberty, and were understood to be at liberty, to introduce almost any modifications or alterations in the legislation, without under-



mining the Mosaic foundation on which they were building. Each of these types of hypothesis—for each, again, has many subdivisions—is attended by difficulties of its own. For our own part, we have never been able to understand how any believer in Old Testament revelation could be content to accept Kuenen's and Wellhausen's views on this matter in any shape. If the religion of Israel is only a partially purified edition of other Semitic religions, a purely natural product, though with certain special claims to attention, there is no moral difficulty in the supposition of inventions, fictions, and falsifications, such as priests and devotees have in all ages been prone to commit in what they considered sacred interests. But it is difficult to understand how any unbiassed student can imagine, as Miss Wedgwood seems to do in her *Message of Israel*, that the moral significance of the Old Testament story is increased, if the account of the Tabernacle be a fiction and Deuteronomy were proved to be a composition of the seventh century, palmed off upon the people as an antique composition of seven centuries earlier. This moral difficulty is, however, no argument as against Wellhausen. Those who are careless about impugning the good faith of the writers must be met in another fashion. For our part, we should not hesitate to stake the whole issue upon the results of a dispassionate examination of Wellhausen's account of that part of Exodus which refers to the Tabernacle. The idea that the priests in post-exilic times fabricated the whole story of the Tabernacle for the purpose of securing respect for their (new) ritual, is one which would be laughed to scorn were it suggested on similar grounds in any other history. As Mr. French says, it implies a "literary impossibility." That after the lapse of so many centuries a long account should be drawn up descriptive of materials belonging entirely to the Wilderness state, in which there is no casual mention of any of the materials of the Temple, is exceedingly improbable. Further, it is inconsistent, as Mr. Lias points out, with subsequent allusions to the Tabernacle, even allowing to the critics the large licence they claim in removing interpolations. But if both these objections could be met, such a complete *hysteron proteron* as is implied in the fabrication of an imaginary tabernacle, com-



plete in all its furniture and fittings, in order to foist upon an undiscerning people a ritual which they might otherwise conceive to be recent, seems to us the most incredible of incredibilities.

Difficulties which have never been met, which have, indeed, never been adequately faced, attend all attempts of the critics to introduce at any stage the idea of deception, with however pious a motive. What has been said concerning the Tabernacle holds, though not with quite the same force, in regard to Deuteronomy. The treatment of that work is a *crux* for the critics. Doubtless difficulties attend all attempts to understand the exact history of what happened when the Law was "discovered" in the time of Josiah. But our point for the moment is that difficulties are heightened, not lessened, by the introduction of any measure of deception. Not only moral difficulties are increased; for the purpose of the present argument these must be disregarded. But historical difficulties become well-nigh insuperable, if unpopular reforms are supposed to have been carried in the time of Josiah by the invention of laws and history in cunning combination for the purpose of persuading the people that Moses had sanctioned legislation which no one had till that time dreamed of associating with his name. If the appeal is made to historical probability, there can be, it seems to us, no question as to the decision. Fraud was under the circumstances impossible; if it had been possible, it would not have secured the end.

All the more moderate critics—and it is with these we find it most worth while to argue—give up the idea of fraud in connection with the "finding" of the book of the Law by Hilkiah. Canon Driver and Professor Ryle date the composition of the book from 50 to 100 years before its "discovery." This view presents difficulties of its own which we cannot now enumerate. Some of them are well stated by Principal Douglas, in his essay on *The Deuteronomical Code*. He does not, however, strengthen his case by accounting for the surprise awakened by the discovery on the extraordinary supposition that "this may have been the venerable autograph of Moses, which had been lost at a time of gross apostasy and persecution, during which the Ark had wandered from its place." (!) But

it is not our present object to discuss rival hypotheses in detail, but rather to gather up results and describe the present state of the controversy. We may say then that in our judgment the critics have failed to make good the historic verisimilitude of their views, when describing the introduction at different stages of the new codes which their theories suppose. If fraud figured in the process, they are met by the gravest difficulties; if, on the other hand, new legislation introduced serious innovations without any pretence of antiquity, difficulties of another kind arise.

V. These last might not prove insuperable, were it not for another class of considerations. The date of the prophets Hosea and Amos is known, and the genuineness of the books which bear their names is generally accepted. With a few modifications of text, which are unimportant for this particular argument, the prophecies of Hosea and Amos are accepted by all critics as presenting a faithful picture of the religion of Israel in the eighth century before Christ. Some of the writers in *Lex Mosaiica* are disposed to press Hosea viii. 12 and other passages as implying express reference to the details of Mosaic legislation. But a much more satisfactory argument may be built up by a study of the prophecies as a whole. Professor James Robertson has shown at length, and Dr. Stanley Leathes repeats the argument with additions and corroborations, that the two books in question imply an antecedent history of religion very different from that which is presupposed by prevalent critical theories. These prophets were not innovators, but reformers, who appealed to an ideal from which the people had consciously fallen away; and though it would be going much too far to say that Hosea necessarily implies Exodus and Deuteronomy as literary compositions in their present form, it does imply a measure of religious belief and attainment such as the majority of modern critics seem indisposed to admit. Dr. Stanley Leathes' examination of the relation between the Law and the Prophets is very minute, and the kind of argument he employs is not always convincing. In one place he goes so far as to say: "The language of Amos is tessellated with that of the Law, as we have it, in its several books, and no subdivision of these books will suffice to rescue

us from the dilemma which manifold allusion thereto, and evidence of acquaintance therewith, forces upon us. Either this prophet was familiar with the Law, as we have received it, Deuteronomy and Priestly Code thrown in, or the unknown fabricators of those marvellous documents availed themselves of the language of Amos in such a way as to suggest that what had been fraudulently borrowed was actually a substantive part of the imaginary original." Opinions will be sure to differ concerning many of the proofs and illustrations given, of which we take one only. Dr. Stanley Leathes says: "It must not be forgotten that the theory which assigns to the Levitical ordinances an origin later than the Prophets, and supposes the discovery of the religion of Israel to be due to the prophets, is in direct violation of the great natural principle enunciated by St. Paul, 'Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.' To progress from the prophetic spiritualism to the trivialities and externals of the Levitical ceremonial would be an unnatural descent," &c. (p. 430). Such an argument is obviously worthless. St. Paul's "natural principle" has nothing to do with the history of religions. We need not pass beyond the history of Judaism itself to see an originally spiritual religion ending in the complex formalities and burdensome ritual of Phariseism. Mohammedanism furnishes another illustration, and Christianity one even more striking, of what is indeed a proverbially common history of degeneration—spirituality passing into formalism. But without committing ourselves to Professor Leathes' arguments, either in gross or in detail, and taking our stand rather upon Professor James Robertson's mode of stating the case, we hold it as proved that the religious condition of Israel in the eighth century as indicated by the extant writings of the prophets, implies much more complete religious instruction and legislation than Canon Driver and those who think with him admit, and the written prophecies go some way towards implying the previous existence of a considerable part of the Pentateuch.

VI. Another point well taken by the writers of *Lex Mosæica* is their complaint that the discrepancies discovered by the critics in history and legislation have been greatly exaggerated.

It is possible to minimise discrepancies, or even to be wholly blind to such as exist, and some of these essayists are open to the venial charge of making as little as possible of difficulties of this kind in writings which they regard as sacred. It is the safer side to err upon in dealing with historical narratives covering a [wide area, implying a vast mass of details, the whole truth about any one of which it is quite impossible now to ascertain. Still, the impression produced by some "apologists" is anything but satisfactory, and we have no desire to defend those who will strain exegesis, and multiply hypothesis beyond all reasonable probability, in order to avoid admitting any variation in historical detail within the covers of the sacred Book. But the majority of modern critics go to the other extreme. They see such discrepancies as exist through a very large magnifying-glass, and, as is well known, draw disquieting inferences from silence, when a writer affords no ground of complaint by his speech. It is impossible to illustrate in detail, but if the following principle, enunciated by Mr. Lias, could be accepted as an axiom at the outset of investigation, it would save a world of trouble: "Where difficulties occur in the Scripture narrative they are not in every case to be explained by the theory that the compiler combined in one narrative stories which are obviously contradictory, but that in many cases fuller information, such as was before the historian when he wrote, or rather when he abridged his authorities, would enable us to clear up what seems in any way perplexing." This would not entitle us at every turn to fall back upon the convenient formula, "If we knew all we could explain this apparent contradiction." But neither would the critic be entitled, at every turn convenient to him, to invent a subsequent narrator, or a redactor, or an imaginary emendator of some description who, by the hypothesis, while he had sense enough to perceive the difficulty, had not the wit, or the will, or the ability, to remove it. Take the history of David and the apparent contradiction between the accounts of his early relations with Saul. That the history has been compiled from divergent accounts is one theory, perfectly legitimate, so long as it is not unduly pressed in detail; but there are other modes of reconciling the obvious

but slight discrepancies of the narrative without pulling the whole book to pieces and parcelling it out amongst half a dozen imaginary writers, the introduction of whom in any other history would be resented as unscientific. Even the schoolmen had discovered the importance of the axiom—*Entia non multiplicanda præter necessitatem!*

VII. When the battle is more closely joined than it has ever hitherto been, some kind of agreement must be arrived at as to some of the methods freely employed by analytical critics in establishing their theories. The writers of *Lex Mosæica* very fairly challenge certain of these, as we ventured to challenge them in the pages of this REVIEW five years ago. We can only give examples. (a) Does silence on the part of historians and prophets imply ignorance of legislation concerning ritual? Silence on a cardinal topic upon which utterance might reasonably be expected, is a factor seriously to be taken into account; so much may be conceded on both sides. But how far does the silence—if completely established—of some writers of the Old Testament concerning the Levitical Code imply its non-existence? Mr. Lias says:

“The principle that the absence of evidence for the observance of ecclesiastical regulations is evidence of their non-existence must be regarded as doubtful in itself, and the attempt to support it by the wholesale excision of passages in which such allusions are found must unhesitatingly be rejected. For not only is the assertion that such regulations *were* in existence, and yet that they were not observed, continuous throughout the whole history as it stands, and repeated in every book of the Old Testament, but the application of such a canon, even in our own day, would lead to some singular results. Thus, *e.g.*, it might be contended either that the Epistle of St. James was not at this moment in existence, or that it was not acknowledged by the Christian Church as one of its canonical books, because the pew system flourishes undisturbed throughout a large portion of Christendom, although St. James in his Epistle condemns it unequivocally. The absence in the writings of the prophets of frequent reference to the history is another point to which no weight can be attached as casting doubt on the genuineness of the historical details in the Old Testament. For not only is a similar reticence observed in the Epistles in regard to the details of New Testament history, but this reticence is carried so far that an allusion to that history in II. Peter has actually been regarded by many as tending to cast doubt on the genuineness of the book in which it appears” (pp. 214, 215).

Whether these parallels hold good throughout may be questioned. But it can hardly be questioned that the demurrer put forth on this head by conservative critics against one of the fundamental principles of the analytical school has never been satisfactorily met. Till this point is settled little further advance can be made.

(b) One other critical method needs to be regulated. On what principles may the existing Massoretic text be modified or departed from? It may be said that no such principles can be laid down, that corruptions undoubtedly exist, and every case must be dealt with on its own merits. But how comes it that no modification of the existing text is permitted which might tend to remove difficulties, to harmonise discrepancies, or strengthen the narrative as it stands, while assertions innumerable are made that the text has been altered by copyists, and serious omissions or interpolations attributed to them, when it suits the theories of those who desire to reconstruct the history? Unfortunately this awkward contrast has marked the discussion thus far, as any careful student of it may discover for himself. The utmost licence of conjecture is admitted on the one hand, but the greatest jealousy is exercised on the other.

"That in the captain's but a cholerick word  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

Corruption in the text on the ground of obscurity or unintelligibility may be justified, but conjectural emendation should be regulated by principle, not by caprice. Till some understanding on this point is reached, there can be no satisfactory conclusion to the controversy.

We are compelled here to stay our hand, though we had marked some four or five other topics on which it appears to us that the writers of *Lex Mosaiica* have made out a good case against their opponents, one which requires a fuller answer than it has yet received. We are compelled, however, to add that on several points they appear to have under-estimated the strength of the case against them, or to have established themselves in positions which it may be necessary to relinquish. All the essayists in the volume are not equally open to this



criticism. If we may judge from hints and general indications, while all are agreed in the main thesis they set out to prove, some are willing to make more concession to critics, and to depart somewhat more from the lines of traditional belief concerning the composition of the Pentateuch than others. There are traces at least of this; but we have no right to assume that this is the case, and taking the essays as they stand, we hold each writer responsible only for his own words.

We regret, then, unfeignedly, that Canon Rawlinson adduces the sacred authority of the Lord Jesus Christ as virtually deciding the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. This is as unwise as it is unwarranted; albeit in this course he has the sanction of great and good names for which we have the highest respect. Reverence should prevent us from imperilling the authority of the Saviour, unless we are very clear that He meant to pronounce definitely upon the points at issue. Now it is as certain as it can well be that what we call "critical" questions had not been raised in our Lord's time, and were in no sense present to the minds of His contemporaries. Are we to suppose, then, that He would of Himself open a discussion of this kind and thus divert the minds of His hearers from those serious moral and spiritual issues which He was most anxious to press upon them? How else could He quote, *e.g.*, the Book of Isaiah, but by the name it bore at the time? Suppose three writers engaged upon I. Samuel, how else can the book be popularly quoted, or quoted at all, but by the familiar name? How could the Saviour avoid speaking of the Law of Moses, or fail to appeal to what "Moses said" and "Moses wrote," when the "law of Moses" was the authority to which reference was constantly made, and the phrase formed the only intelligible way of referring to the standard universally recognised amongst the Jews? If any one desires to argue that the fact of such universal recognition in A.D. 28 is a strong argument for the trustworthiness of the tradition that Moses wrote the whole Pentateuch, let him do so; though he will find it difficult to apply the same reasoning to the language of Heb. iv. 7 concerning "David." But to attempt, as Canon Rawlinson does, to close discussion by appealing to the infallible authority of the Master, when at least the strong

probability is that Christ gave no decision at all upon questions which were not before Him, and the raising of which would have interfered with the great purpose He had in view, is a mark at the same time of weakness and of narrowness which only prejudices a case that should be defended on other grounds.

Again, we are sorry to see appeals made to the differences which have obtained amongst critics. Of course such differences have obtained and must obtain, if analytical theories of any sort are to prevail. It is impossible that critics can agree in minutiae, as those may agree who have nothing to do but stand by the *status quo ante*. Some of these differences are fundamental, and would make the rival theories mutually destructive. Others are questions of detail only. But the fair way is to take the strongest case; say, in this country, the position of Canon Driver, as at the same time one of the most learned and most moderate of the school in question, and disprove that. When the strongest enemy is overthrown, the rest will disperse, or may be disregarded. But many of the gibes of conservatives at the varied views of reformers reveal such a fundamental lack of appreciation of the conditions of the case that the impression is produced that they are glad of any missile which may arrest the onset of assailants, or induce them to turn their arms against each other.

It is not true, moreover, as some of the writers in *Lex Mosaica* appear to think, that there are but two alternatives open—either the Pentateuch was written by Moses throughout, or there has been deliberate and elaborate forgery. Lord A. Hervey, in his Preface, says that the narrative “is either absolutely true history or a most skilful and elaborate fiction” (p. xxxiii.). Principal Douglas is very indignant with Canon Driver for saying that Deuteronomy does not claim to be written by Moses, and exclaims: “Did Jehovah, the God of truth, make use of deceit and forgery in what professed to be His word by Moses?” (p. 60). Some critics have undoubtedly attributed to the writers of Chronicles and other Old Testament records what amounts to elaborate fabrication and wilful deceit, a falsification of records in order to produce an impression not in accordance with facts. Such critics we hand over to the

just animadversions of the defenders of the faith. But it is surely misplaced indignation to assail Canon Driver as a moral delinquent for using an argument which we will quote in his own words :

"Deuteronomy does not claim to be written by Moses; whenever the author speaks himself, he purports to give a description in the third person of what Moses did or said. The true 'author' of Deuteronomy is thus the writer who introduces Moses in the third person; and the discourses which he is represented as having spoken fall in consequence into the same category as the speeches in the historical books, some of which largely, and others entirely, are the composition of the compilers, and are placed by them in the mouths of historical characters."\*

Whether these statements are true or not is not the question at this moment. That is one of the points in dispute. What we object to is the narrowing down of the issue to a choice between the alternatives: (1) the phrase "Moses said" must be everywhere understood literally, or (2) "the God of truth has made use of deceit and forgery." We are far from being disposed to extend without limit what may be called historical or literary licence — the liberty to ascribe speeches to historical personages which only in substance represent their thoughts, or to include in a code later legislation which is virtually of a piece with the original precepts, carrying out its principles under new conditions. Claims of this kind must be carefully watched and guarded. The Old Testament is not a history by Thucydides, and the conditions of tradition and composition in the two cases were very different. But the sharp use of the word "forgery" is a weapon which may cut the hand of him who uses it, and bring the defender of traditional beliefs into difficulties he had much better avoid. Nothing is lost by reasonable concession to well-known literary habits and usages, if it can be shown that in Deuteronomy or elsewhere such literary forms have, without any thought of deception, been employed, the interests of religion will not

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\* *Introduction*, pp. 83, 84. Canon Driver adds in a note: "Undoubtedly the third person *may* have been used by Moses; but it is unreasonable to assert that he *must* have used it, or that passages in which it occurs could *only* have been written by him."

suffer. But those interests may suffer very seriously if conservatives insist upon a needless literalism of interpretation.

Our chief ground of difference with the writers of *Lex Mosaiica* is that they seem to us to have allowed too little to the reasonable claims of the analysis they are so anxious to resist. They are afraid lest the authority of the Old Testament should be infringed, or its historical trustworthiness undermined. We are, as we hope, no less anxious on this head. Much of the current critical analysis is destructive of the very fabric of the history, and it is in resisting this that Principal Wace and his coadjutors are strongest and most successful. But a distinction must be made between the literary form and the substantial contents of a book. The time at which a given book was compiled may give little indication of the antiquity of a considerable portion of its contents. The traditions of Genesis may well have come from a period long antecedent to the time when the book took its present shape, and many of the laws of Deuteronomy may be much more ancient than the book in which they are now embedded. If analysis gives us good reason to suppose that "stratification" is discernible in the Pentateuch, it should be recognised, in spite of the fact that the writers in *Lex Mosaiica* are justly able to claim a high antiquity for certain portions of the Law of Moses. The extent to which stratification has been proved is, no doubt, matter of opinion, but we think that the phenomena which point to it are insufficiently recognised in these pages.

We need not go beyond the Old Testament itself, nor, as it happens, beyond the circle of these essayists, for illustrative proof in this matter. Canon Girdlestone has lately published a very instructive little collection of what he calls "Deutero-graphs," passages, that is, which occur in the Old Testament in duplicate. They occur chiefly in the historical books, but instances are found in the Prophets and the Psalter. A study of these passages, familiar to all who have closely examined the sacred text, sheds a flood of light upon the modes of composition practised by Old Testament writers, and enables us to draw conclusions concerning them which some would have resented had they been urged by hostile critics. They show us—if we may reverently say so of writers who employed

literary methods under the direction of the Divine Spirit—the historian in his workshop. They show us history and prophecy in the making. Evidences of compilation are laid at our very feet, and illustrations given in abundance, of the modes of using authorities, of interweaving material without comment or acknowledgment, which characterise (*e.g.*) parts of the books of Chronicles. An examination of these Deuterographs does not give any warrant for the minute subdivision of narratives adopted in the more complex critical theories; and, what is more important, it directly contravenes the idea that historians were in the habit of inventing rather than chronicling, using their imagination rather than following their authorities. They are faithful, but not slavish, in the use of such “documents” as we can trace, whilst the spirit which dominates all the records alike is religiously preserved, as being much more important than the name of an individual author, or what a modern would call the due acknowledgment of borrowed material or phraseology.

Such examination, however, and other similar lines of investigation are leading to the view—now, we should have thought, well-nigh established—that the Pentateuch, as well as Joshua, Judges, and other books, is such a compilation, arranged by writers possessing the prophetic spirit, using materials of various date and origin. The lines of stratification have not been exactly determined, though there is increasing consensus of opinion as to the direction of the lines of cleavage. The dates of the several portions remain yet to be fixed, and there are many signs that a reaction is already setting in against the disposition of the analytical critics to drag so large a portion of Israelitish literature down to so late a period as the Post-Exilic. One of these is to be found in the publication a few months ago of that portion of the *Kurzgefasster Kommentar*, edited by Professors Strack and Zöckler, which deals with the Pentateuch. Dr. Strack himself has written the Introduction and Notes for Genesis-Numbers, and Professor S. Oettli, of Bern, has edited Deuteronomy. We have not space to discuss in detail the position taken up by these eminent writers. But we may say in brief that it is characteristic of this “mediating” school of

critics that they virtually accept the main divisions of "documents" as generally adopted by critics, but decline to accept the dates severally assigned to them in the theories prevalent in Germany. Other indications of a similar tendency might be mentioned, for even Professor Sayce, in his *Higher Criticism and the Monuments*, admits a large number of the conclusions of modern criticism, whilst rejecting the extreme views of "hyper-critics." The writers in *Lex Mosaiica* have done excellent service in pointing out the claims to high antiquity of so large a portion of the Pentateuchal legislation, and the difficulty of introducing entirely new "codes" at the various stages of history at which it has been proposed to introduce them. Analysis is not yet "all victorious." But it has won some victories, of which we do not find adequate recognition in this conservative manifesto. Our space will not allow of detailed discussion, and it may well be objected that our survey has been far too vague and general. But the subject is exceedingly complex, and we have preferred to give our readers a bird's-eye view of the present position of the controversy as it appears to us. That good will in the end accrue from a full, minute, unsparing examination of the sacred records of the Old Testament we are absolutely sure, if that examination be at the same time candid and reverent. At this moment there is probably a deeper and more widely extended interest in Old Testament studies than at any time during the last fifty years—a result largely due to discussions which some good men were inclined to resent as purely evil and mischievous. The rashness of irreverent speculation we deeply regret; anything like jealousy of full and free inquiry we equally regret and deprecate. The present state of the Pentateuch controversy happily gives us ground to hope that those who represent both of these undesirable extremes are being swept on one side by the steady advance of a sober, reverent, and fearless Biblical criticism, which, although it may disturb some long-cherished ideas concerning date, authorship, and composition, will vindicate the trustworthiness, accuracy, fidelity, and incomparable value of the Old Testament records, as it has already triumphantly vindicated those of the New.



ART. IV.—FRENCH FICTION OF THE CENTURY :  
PIERRE LOTI.

1. *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort ; Madame Chrysanthème ; Pêcheur d'Islande ; Le Roman d'un Enfant ; Le Roman d'un Spahi ; Mon Frère Yves ; Au Maroc ; Aziyadé ; Fantôme d'Orient ; Fleurs d'Ennui ; Japoneries d'Automne ; L'Exilée ; Propos d'Exil.* Par PIERRE LOTI, de l'Académie Française. Calmann Lévy, Editeur.
2. *Matelot.* Par PIERRE LOTI, de l'Académie Française. Alphonse Lemerre, Editeur.

THIS nineteenth century, now so near its close, must always be regarded as a remarkable, rich, and interesting period of French literary history ; and for nothing is it more remarkable than for the portentous development of that unique product of our modern civilisation, the French novel, and for the great number of writers, possessed of commanding ability, who have spent their powers on creating new and ever new varieties of this gorgeous plant, never wholly innocent of evil uses, and now, far too often, altogether baleful in its beauty and baneful in its effects.

The history of this great school of imaginative writers, the nature and tendency of its work, the dawning possibilities of amelioration in the methods and aims of its living members, are matters not unworthy the attention even of those English lovers of pure and clean literature who would not willingly open the suspected pages of the yellow-bound volume, that might reveal itself as the "scrofulous French novel, on grey paper with blunt type," vigorously reprobated by Browning. For it is obvious enough to those acquainted with the Gallic and British authors of our own day that an ever-increasing number of the latter (we may cite such conspicuous instances as the author of *Robert Elsmere* and the author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*) are inclined to affect the French manner, and to carry approbation and imitation beyond mere matters of style.

and construction, as far as the very peculiar moral tone of the great army of writers among whom Eugène Sue, Honoré de Balzac, George Sand, and Dumas père stand first, not only in order of time, but in fertility and far-extending influence.

What a splendid variety of ability is suggested by that bare enumeration! And if to the list we add the great and venerable name of Victor Hugo:

"Victor in Drama, Victor in Romance,  
Cloud-weaver of phantasmal hopes and fears,  
French of the French, and lord of human tears,"

—as Tennyson has it—it seems an impertinence to refer with much particularity to the host of less famous artists their contemporaries. An Alfred de Vigny, emulous disciple of Walter Scott—inaccurate, picturesque, chivalrous as his great exemplar, but lacking his rich humour and his sturdy strength; an Alfred de Musset, whose charming prose plays may be ranked as fine examples of the "short story"—graceful, suggestive, tainted with a melancholy pessimism, like too many of our modern English efforts in the same line—what are these beside the sons of Anak? Yet one minor writer of that earlier day deserves special mention, not for greater powers, perhaps, but because in him there first appeared that peculiar cold cynicism, as of some malign intelligence other than human, watching with sneering curiosity the mistakes and sorrows of poor erring mortals, which is the note of much *fin-de-siècle* work. Prosper Mérimée, the fine artist who carved his dainty cameos with the finish and delicacy proper to the worker in gems, is possibly not only the first, but the best example of the literary vivisector, coolly and complacently anatomising diseased subjects, who reappears in the de Goncourts, the Flauberts, the Zolas of the later day, whose knife sometimes replaces the painter's brush even in the hand of an About, a Feuillet, a Daudet; who may be clearly seen at work in the English fiction of a Baring-Gould or a Grant Allen. The peculiar effect of Mérimée's little masterpieces of style is more appalling, because of their literary perfection; it far transcends that produced by the last and coarsest of his successors, Zola, who gives details of sensual vice and of its physical results with the nauseating

particularity of a mere surgical observer, insensible to the finer spiritual distresses of his subjects, and whose manner is worthy of his matter—wearying the reader by its superabundance of loathsome descriptive passages, where Merimée fascinates by a terrible lucidity and vividness, by a picked and packed style, as devoid of superfluous matter as a well-cut diamond.

A whole hemisphere removed in spirit from such abusers of their God-given power is the great humanitarian and devout Theist, Victor Hugo, to whom no one may rightly deny the praise of attaining often to great heights of moral and poetic grandeur, in that astonishing trilogy, epic in its proportions and its aims, which, beginning with *Notre Dame de Paris*, is continued with prodigious power, with Titanic strength and weakness, in *Les Misérables*, and in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. The same fervour, the same inequality, the same splendour characterise his less famous prose works; and always this faithful, tender husband and father may be seen to preserve a heart of purity in the midst of the most perilous passion; when dealing with the stormy, terrible, universal human emotions, which he can picture in colours the most vivid, and describe in tones vibrating with contagious fervour. And amid all the extravagance, improbability, dangerous speculation, and perverted morality which disfigure much of the earlier fiction produced by the “large-brained woman and large-hearted man, self-styled George Sand,” who at one time seemed to have donned with a masculine name and masculine attire a laxity of conduct more manlike than womanly, there co-existed always a pure, passionate love of Nature, of goodness, and of virtue as the Roman understood it, which, gradually overpowering the baser elements in that complex nature which she inherited from a very wayward, brilliant ancestry, left the veteran author a blameless, admirable grandmother, writing still with unabated fire and force, after five-and-forty years of hard work, and writing with a wisdom and true perception of the “fair and fit” in conduct and opinion, which were lacking to her earlier work; a rare development of moral power in one so perilously endowed and circumstanced, which might be pronounced to be the well-earned recompense of a long life lived, with brief exceptions, on healthy principles, and which proves

the truth of the judgment passed on her by the sympathetic critic who said, "Her warm heart was always essentially sound, as her purposes were always pure and honest."

Of Balzac and his monumental work, remarkable for its mere mass, which may be compared without fear to the immense pile of brilliant, dashing tales of wild adventure produced by the elder Dumas and his collaborateurs, and which becomes immeasurably more surprising when we consider the high finish of Balzac's productions, and the enormous painful industry with which they were produced, we must of necessity speak in very different terms. Faultless in his technique as Victor Hugo and George Sand were never, admirable in constructing plots, showing himself able to depict character with almost Shakespearean truth and power, dowered with a sumptuous imagination which did not run away with him, but was held in check by sovereign good sense, and directed by a vast and intimate knowledge of the world of men; and—to complete the list of his great endowments—possessed with a high sense of the grandeur of his vocation as an author, and with a resolve as high to use his power worthily—it was his misfortune to regard life under *almost* its ugliest aspect—we say *almost*, remembering how the scientific materialist of to-day regards that pitiable thing, the "latest seed of Time" and evolution—human nature.

Balzac drew life as he saw it, with such appalling skill, in hues at once so sombre and so magnificent, that his work produces the effect of some rich tropic wilderness, profuse in bloom and fruit, tempting exploration by green delicious gloom of forest vista, by lucent gleam and sweep of stately rivers—but where every flower scent is heavy with poison, every brake is rustling with venomous reptiles, every stream and pool is the haunt of alligator and python, and death and horror can be discerned grinning ghastly under the rosy mask of beauty. It is not that he is unable to acknowledge and to honour the manifestation of a lovely excellence in many of his fellow creatures, or that he cannot depict moral perfection in singularly attractive fashion. But for one Eugénie Grandet, simple, sweet, heroic in self-devotion, at once gentle and strong, how many figures has he drawn that possess the ineffable repulsiveness of the

Marneffes, husband and wife—sinister shapes that move before us through the terrible pages of *La Cousine Bette*—incarnations of a moral corruption so profound and so cancerous that we will not reason of them further but glance aside at them, and pass; for one scene of homely domestic goodness, gay well-earned prosperity, reverses bravely borne and loyal love redeeming them, like those which pass in the home of César Birotteau, how many scenes of the basest domestic treason, in high homes or in lowly, such as pass in that Parisian *pension* where dies the *Père Goriot*, that pitiable travesty of Shakespeare's *Lear*; or in the superb dwellings of the rich kinsfolk of *Le Cousin Pons*! It is impossible to acquit Balzac, the great master, the patient artist, who could admire virtue and could make it look lovely, who understood the vileness of vice and could make it look unspeakably loathsome, of the charge of setting an undesirable example to his brother authors, and helping to determine that French literature, in his own day and in the day following it, should be unwholesome in tone and pernicious in influence. *Madame Bovary*, terrible, humiliating, cruel picture of poor human nature at its meanest, is the legitimate successor of *Les Parents Pauvres*, and though there be no family likeness between the personages of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* and those of Zola's series of fictions, the line taken by the one author is to a certain extent answerable for the plan pursued by the other.

It may be objected, and with truth, that France can boast novelists of quite a different type, contemporary with Balzac, with Flaubert, with Zola; we may be reminded of the clean, graceful, much admired work of Emile Souvestre—a writer not prodigiously popular, yet well esteemed in his own circle, whose *Philosophe sous les Toits*, crowned by the Academy for the excellence of its style and tone, and blameless enough to be used as a class-book in girls' schools, is human and thoughtful enough to charm such men as love their fellows and desire to serve them. And what serious fault, it may be said, can be found with the vivid but very wholesome work of Victor Cherbuliez? And did not Octave Feuillet charm the most frivolous, without giving offence to the most serious, in his admirable *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*?

But that name of Feuillet gives us pause. That first famous

book of his was faulty from the bookselling and money-making point of view, it dealt little with doubtful matters, it suggested no evil nor allured to any, it did not seek to win people to virtue by luxuriant descriptions of vice; and its author had to learn that no genius, no skill, would open to him the hearts and the purses of his countrymen, if he continued to offer them a taintless page. He learnt the fatal lesson too well, even though he never stooped to the level of the swine who grovel and wallow in the mud of Zola's sty; and verily he had his reward. Daudet also, who knows the secret of laughter and of tears, and can touch the spring of either with the ease and certainty of Dickens, whom in many points he resembles—Daudet finds his *motif* too often in the illegitimate or mercenary unions which seem so strangely dear to the imaginations of French writers. Thackeray could truly say, "I am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children"; but true and tender as is the pathos of *Jack*, the undesigned French version of *Copperfield*, no one would render such thanks for its excellences; since it deals from first to last with the peculiar misery entailed on a gentle, gifted lad by his cruel position as the son of an unwedded mother, who, though she assumes false airs of respectable matronhood, is easily beguiled into giving her boy a step-father as illegitimate as himself, and sacrificing her true maternal love to the tenderness inspired by a wretched *poète manqué*—a hypocrite of sentiment, as the *Murdstone* of Dickens is a hypocrite of respectability and piety. The French type is distinctly the more odious of the two; and there is a taint in the air surrounding *Jack's* weak mother and her tyrannical paramour such as never breathes on us from the gloomiest page concerned with the fortunes of Dickens's child-hero.

So also, in *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, the tragedy turns on the ill fortunes of an upright man, cursed with a wife who cannot prize his gentle heart and true devotion, who marries him for ambition and betrays him for ambition, having no real tenderness for husband or lover, but endowed with a nimble wit that is ever plotting how to use her beauty and charm so as to win the sensuous luxuries, the sumptuous surroundings,



the worldly consideration, which are all her earth-bound soul desires. Her game very nearly succeeds ; its failure saves the family whose peace she was destroying ; but her husband, the one nobly conceived character in the story, cannot outlive the ruin and disillusion that come upon him. Having first retrieved the fortunes of those his wife has injured, he destroys himself, and the wonderfully written story ends in gloom ; for the righteous cause has not triumphed as it should ; and the impression produced is such as to incline the reader to despair of goodness, and of life itself.

Such, then, are the tone and teaching of one of the most nobly gifted and widely popular of modern French novelists, and with melancholy forebodings, as we study him and his compeers, do we think of the probable future of a nation that reads with relish and applauds with complacency books of which these are very favourable specimens. A gleam of better hope, however, shines on us when we turn to consider the remarkable series by the writer who feigns the name of Pierre Loti and who has succeeded in catching the ear of France by other and nobler means than those that have hitherto gained popularity across the Channel. A Breton and a sailor, Loti loves to write of sailors and of Bretons, of their humble, hardy, simple lives, their joys, temptations, sorrows, their valiant struggles with the wild element on behalf of mother, wife, children, cherished in their hearts with silent, faithful tenderness ; from his pages breathes the good salt breeze, clean, wholesome, life-giving ; and we see on the rugged faces of his favourite personages "the sea-colour, the healthy tan born of wind and sun, giving them such an air of strength." It would be easy to believe that this writer shares the sentiment he attributes to his tall and stately fisher of Icelandic seas, who, for all his strength and pride, is a child at heart, and who says very disdainfully of wonderful Paris :

"Such a distance from the shore—so much land, so much land between the city and the sea ; it must be unwholesome. So many houses, so many people. . . . There must be bad diseases in those towns. No ; I should not like to live there myself, that is certain."

The historian of *Yann, pêcheur d'Islande*, seems to care no

more than does his hero for the gross town air tainted with the emanations of a crowded mass of human animals. Better does he love the northern solitudes of Bretagne, "the region of vast beech forests, of grey rocks, of lichens and of mosses, of old granite chapels, and deep crops of hay sprinkled throughout with pink flowers;" more homelike to him are even the vast solitudes of Icelandic seas as seen under the midnight sun, with its "pale pale light, like nothing else, floating over the waves like reflections from a dead sun," making the ocean resemble "a sort of trembling mirror which had no object to reflect; then lengthening out into a vapourous plain that loses itself in nothingness; no horizon, no outlines."

Mysterious, awe-inspiring scenes; but better known and better loved by our author than the over-populated cities where rolls, swells, and never ebbs the living tide whose every drop is a human being. Even when the town is not Paris, is only Brest, a seaport peopled by seafarers, a town so strongly Breton, with its high massive houses of grey granite like rocks of the sea, we are made to feel that the Polar Sea or the shadowy beech forest were a better home for the human creature than this town of too many wine-shops, where, looking from a high window on the pavements washed with rain, we see no passers-by on the Sunday but the men and women in sabots who reel and stagger as they go; or where with Marie, the dear little country wife of Yves Kermadec, we mingle with the coarse women thronging to the Marine Office to receive the money of distant sailor-husbands, and hear the animal laughter and the shameless talk of the unsexed town-dwellers, who chuckle over their favourite vices and the best means of gratifying them, while hurrying to the cabaret through the mud and the rain, and make haste to spend on wine the coins which should relieve the needs of their neglected children. Marie Kermadec shrinks from such company, she hastens to leave it; and the jocund dames follow her with the suggestive remark, "Ah, that little thing is from the country! She still wears her cap of Bannalec; she is not *used* to things. . . ."

In such fashion does Pierre Loti let us divine his opinion of the evil influences astir in towns, though the special tempta-

tions of great luxurious capitals, with which Balzac makes us too familiar, have no place in the calmer pages of our writer, who sees and can make us see so much deep human interest in the humble adventures of a Jean Peyral, a Jean Berny, a "Yann," or Jean Gaos, one a private soldier, one a common sailor, one a mere fisherman—that we do not regret the absence of all glimpses into the world of Fashion, of Art, of high Finance, and are better pleased to lean over the quaint cradle of "petit Pierre" in the moss-grown cottage of Yves Kermadec, than to gaze into the gleaming depths of the mystic crucible in which Balzac's alchemist, seeking endless wealth, dissolves all the real riches he and his once owned—over-true type of that mad pursuit of riches which supplies the theme of so many of our modern fictions and real-life romances, but which has no part at all in the tales of simple, homely, yet really poetic lives before us. Is there another French writer who has cared to dwell almost exclusively on such lives? We do not forget George Sand and her admirable tales of the Berri peasantry; but in her splendid romances the mob of marquises, princes, and such titled folk, overshadows the fresher and more natural personages of lowly birth; and she cannot even part from Consuelo, her delightful Venetian singing-girl, without transforming her into a Countess of Rudolstadt. Loti makes no such mistake; his characters remain in their natural sphere, and undergo no fantastic metamorphosis, but develop orderly and rationally according to the proper laws of their being. It is then really new ground that he has broken, a new point of view that he has taken up; and to this absolute freshness of theme, combined with the rare grace and skill of his workmanship, we may ascribe the great and growing literary success which has at last opened to him the jealous doors of the Académie Française.

There must be very much that is good, sound, really hopeful in a nation that delights in work like this! So one is led to think and say while turning over the pages, full of a tenderness at once childlike and manly, which, in *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, tell of the "sorrow of an old convict" for the loss of his pet sparrow, or which are devoted to the cause of that beautiful charity, the "Work at Pen-Bron," on behalf

of scrofulous children, those "martyrs by the pang without the palm," who are so terribly numerous in France—"one-third, at least, of French blood," says our author, with a shudder, "is already vitiated!"—or which narrate, half humorously, half mournfully, the *Life and Death of Two Cats*, household pets, intimately associated with sacred household joys and griefs, whose little lives are set forth with a tender grace worthy of our Matthew Arnold at his happiest. How can we but approve such qualities, or think it other than well that the author in whom they are exemplified should be very popular with his countrymen?

Is Loti, then, a moral writer in the true sense? Does he strengthen or does he enfeeble our power of resisting evil and choosing good? It is a serious question. At first one inclines to answer it boldly in the affirmative, so impressive are his calm, rational, delicately drawn pictures of men's lives, and the way in which the presence or absence of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control" determines their happiness, or unhappiness, their influence on other lives for good or evil.

Here is Jean Berny, the winning boyish hero of *Matelot*, the darling of the widowed mother, whose every hope is centred on his curly, cherub's head, who sees the only light of her life shining in his clear, grey eyes, heavily shadowed with their black lashes. The boy has a gentle heart, refined tastes, abilities far from contemptible, and the warmest love for the dear mother and the kind old grandfather with whom he lives, and who spare no effort to set him on the path of good fortune. It rests only with him to make their old age happy, to reward them for long years of self-denial, to realise all their dreams of modest, harmless prosperity and serene closing years. And he fails them—fails in trial after trial—fails finally—and dies at last far from his mother, the victim of no tyrannous vice, no consuming master-passion, betrayed by no friend, oppressed by no enemy, but the victim of one great deficiency—the lack of firm resolve, that "stalk of carle-hemp in man," without which man is *not* man nor master of his fate. From beginning to end he is a dreamer, almost incapable of sustained intellectual effort—a born wanderer, inheriting the instincts of his remote Arab progenitors—he the Provençal, with a strain of Saracen

blood in his veins, nourishing imperishable germs of poetry and of art in his speechless soul, and always, amid his maddest sailor-frolics, remaining the improvident but lovable being, who, in his natal home, Antibes, "used to protect the beggars in the street, or shelter in his pockets the little cats thrown out to drown in the kennel, reserving his attention and his exquisite pity for the humblest and forlornest of the crew."

For lack of firm resolve, this gentle, gracious creature fails in the examination that would have admitted him to the Naval School—because day after day and week after week he has trifled with the distasteful studies essential to success; for lack of strong resolve he fails in his reasonable hopes of repairing his defects, and conquering a captain's rank, by hard study in the intervals of his work as a simple sailor; for lack of a strong, well-defined, virtuous resolution on a point yet more momentous, he wounds and hurts to death the love he has won from a girl pure-hearted and clear-headed enough to have been his salvation, had he only been unwaveringly firm in his honest love for her. Too late he makes the effort needed to win the little hand that could have charmed away the dreamy apathy paralysing all the best powers of his soul; and at last he fades away in the Farthest East, whither a strong impulse of filial duty had bidden him to go to work better for the beloved mother—fades out of life, victim of the dread malarial fever, and cannot attain to the last and lowliest of his hopes—that of dying in his mother's arms. "It was like a child, with astonishment, with incredulity, with rebellion, that he received great Death, desiring above all to be rocked asleep by his mother—to die in a certain little bed, beside which would be a face incomparably sweet, framed in bands of grey hair." For this he prayed confusedly, in formless but ardent words; but even this could not be granted to the "poor child, formed for young careless life, for love and dreams, for health and laughter, who kept until the end the child-likeness which had been his charm—and his misfortune also."

It is not well, indeed, to carry into manhood and its responsibilities the thoughtless heart of childhood, not well to encounter the world of action in the spirit of a play-loving schoolboy. Without formulating any copy-book maxims,

without appending a moral to his touching fable, our writer makes us aware that his faulty winning hero failed because he never listened with purpose of heart to the clear call of duty—the “stern daughter of the voice of God,” who yet, being obeyed and followed, does truly wear

“The Godhead’s most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon her face;”

smile that never sheds its heavenly radiance on the wayward self-pleasing child of clay, such as Jean Berny.

A story similar in its essence, wholly dissimilar in its outward circumstances, is that of Jean Peyral, the Spahi, first revealed to us under the burning skies and on the burning sands of Senegambia—superb and warrior-like in the Arab splendours of his uniform, yet at heart only a poor homesick conscript—a peasant, whose thoughts are always hovering around the lonely village in the Cevennes where dwell his old father, his old mother—both bowed with care, needing his help, suffering from his absence—and that fair young cousin, his long betrothed bride, whom he may yet win if he can but rise to distinction in this profession of arms that he did not choose. Then, with his return, there will come peace and prosperity and calmest sunshiny happiness to the old homestead and its dear inmates. He has the *wish* to fulfil every hope that is set upon him—he yearns, indeed, for home, parents, betrothed, with a heartsick longing, full of feverish intensity—but to him also there is lacking the strong, well-instructed, virtuous *will*. Instead of the distinctions he might have won, he earns only the contemptuous pity, the more serious reproof, of his superiors; he spoils his whole life, he loses it at last most tragically; and all because of the incongruous attachment between him and a free African woman—a creature not without her savage virtues as well as her savage attractions, and assuredly worthy of deep pity, but who only inspires in her European lord and master a feeling half liking, half loathing, and tainted with distrust, not unmerited on her part. Jean Peyral drifts straight on to his fate, like a rudderless vessel driving on the rocks, having no strength of will to resist the glamour of his strange new



environment—an environment painted for us, it must be said, with remarkable power, with a brush dipped in all the warmest hues of an African sky and sun, yet employed with the temperate skill and self-restraint of a master. “Oh, the pity of it! the pity of it!” we sigh—seeing the same ever-old, ever-new truth shining out from the unfamiliar story.

We enter on a hopefuller scene when we turn to the life and adventures of *Mon Frère Yves*—a scene sombre enough in its surroundings, but with such a glow of warmth and comfort in it as the hearth-fire shining through the low-browed windows of a Breton cottage, irradiating its walls of unhewn granite under the overhanging eaves of mossy thatch kept green by the mists and rains of the wild Breton land.

Yves, the tall, proud sailor, built like some antique Greek athlete, wearing the impassive marble calm of a statue on his clear-cut features—Yves has a stormy, ill-disciplined nature, and a terrible hereditary enemy to contend with. His father, another Yves Kermadec, of whose grand physique and strange character the old gossips tell many a tale, “died,” says his widow, “as many sailors of our land die. One Sunday that he had been drinking, he set sail at night in his boat, a strong north-wester blowing—and he never came back. Like his sons, he had a good heart, but his head was worth nothing.” And then the two elder sons, Gildas and Goulven, both began life well as sailors—both were honest, handsome lads, with hearts of gold, with open hands; they were loving, they were self-denying, they helped the mother to bring up the little ones; but, alas! “they had the head of their father—both of them began to drink;” and now they are living indeed, but lost to their mother, lost to their home, lost to all hope. And Yves has taken the first steps on the same road! Can he not be saved?

“M. Pierre,” his superior officer, will do what he can. When the old mother entreats him, he gives her his solemn promise—swears to it even as she bids him, stretching his hand to the image of the Saviour that she holds out—“I swear to watch over him *all my life, as if he were my brother* ;” and then Yves in his turn vows to obey and to follow *his brother* always. Both promises are faithfully kept, as we find

while we follow the chequered history of Yves through strife, defeat, rising and falling again, and final triumph, when the wife and child who have suffered most from his changing moods hold him at last fast anchored, bound about with the silken ties of love and duty; and then Yves, who had his life-long quarrel with "the curés," and has been quite ready to say, "Men are like the beasts—one is born, another dies, and there's an end,"—Yves goes demurely and orderly to church beside his wife and her boy, bowing his head humbly before the mystery of God's government of the world; and no sensual vice has a hold on him any more. And how brightly is the story lit up with Rembrandt-like vignettes of Breton scenes, costumes, customs, with well-painted pictures of tropic seas in vast expanse, all milky blue, polished like turquoise, set with islands of a rosy violet like iris petals, and overhung with orange-red clouds floating in a gold green sunset sky—with glimpses of the strange upper world, all heaven and ocean, fresh breeze and transparent blueness, peopled only by errant flocks of tiny swallows and by sailors whose duty keeps them aloft among the spars and sails of their winged ship which is flying across the azure dazzle of an equatorial ocean!

But not from all the books on our long list do we derive an equally healthy and encouraging impression. There are pages in some of them that indicate too clearly what is the lack of personal self-respect and what the low standard of moral conduct to which is due much of the poisonous vice that is quietly undermining the physical and spiritual prosperity of a great and noble nation; and these pages leave a painful sense on the mind, of an almost cynical lightness in the grace, the brightness, the skilful reticence, and as skilful outspokenness, with which the vices of European wanderers in Asia, Africa, America are touched. Farthest East and farthest West blacken before our eyes under the sinister light of these half revelations. From these things we turn gladly, as from a too real nightmare, to consider, with less horror but no less seriousness, what is the secret of that feeling of profound and mournful discouragement which exhales from certain passages of our author's works, austere in their purity and delicacy, but pathetic with a pathos that seizes the heart itself, and seems to hold it

in a suffocating grasp. We might instance two or three piteous and terrible sentences in the brief sketch *Une Bête Galeuse* (=A Mangy Cat); many in that sad story of bereavement—grief how common and how individual at once!—*Tante Claire Nous Quitte*; and almost every page, every incident in *Pêcheur d'Islande*. For the shadow of a gloomy destiny that must assuredly be accomplished hangs from the beginning, not only over the proud, perverse "Yann" Gaos, soiled with many a sin, wilful hero of the homely, charming love story on which, like a silver thread, the incidents of the book are strung; but over his guileless, gracious comrade, Sylvestre Moan, who, when he lies dying amid tropic seas far from his home, has only the most infantile sins to reveal to the old priest who confesses him, and who finds with surprise, "under that outward form of masculine strength, the purity of a little child." We are never allowed to forget that the pitiless sea is hungry for these two sailors, and will claim them sooner or later. The wind-dark ocean forms the background to every domestic scene that is brightened by gleams of human hope, faith, joy, and love strong as death; the "vast tomb of sailors, moving, devouring, striking the cliffs with long-resounding blows," makes its mighty voice heard above all the music and mirth of the wedding-feast; it engulfs the bridegroom ere he returns from the very first voyage he takes after his espousals; and the tale closes, in all but hopeless gloom, on the desolation of the well-deserving, patient, faithful bride.

"What is our best happiness," the writer seems to whisper in our ear, "but a brief gleam of sunshine on the flowery edge of an abyss? Let us live to the full span of mortal life; let us drink deeply as we can of earthly joy—all ends in death and deep oblivion:

'We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.'

But Nature is so much man's enemy that even the half-drained cup of love and life is often snatched capriciously from his very lips—who shall say why? It is all a blind, dark riddle."

Little strength, little comfort is there in such teaching; and the man or woman who rises from its perusal confirmed in the

resolve to do bravely, live worthily, die nobly is already armed so strong in righteousness as to need no help from the cunningest master of word-craft. That which mars the best work of Pierre Loti and maims its influence for good is simply that the author has undergone himself the heaviest loss of all—"a believing heart has gone from him." Knowing Christianity under Romish forms, he appreciates the poetic grace of those forms, and the heavenly sweetness of that Gospel which they half disguise; but, having been asked to believe too much, to accept the impossible, he has ended by believing nothing; and on the gloomy path of the race no light from heaven shines for him.

"O Christ of those who weep, O calm white Virgin—adorable myths that nothing can ever replace—O you who alone give the courage to live to mothers without children, and sons without mother—O you who cause tears to flow more gently and who cast the light of your smile on the black yawning grave—be blessed!

"And we who have lost you for ever—let us kiss, as we weep, the print that your footsteps left in the dust when you passed away from us. . . ."

The Church that has falsified the teaching of her Master, introducing into it monstrous impossible fables, must bear much of the guilt of alienating the intellect and corrupting the heart of modern France. Let her emulous rivals, her feeble imitators within the Anglican fold, look to it lest a like burden lie on *them*. It is very painfully evident to those who keep watch that a depravation of thought and fancy, tending downwards by the two paths of voluptuousness and pessimism, may be discerned in our English imaginative literature, keeping step steadily with the growing extravagance of pretension on the part of a large section of our English clergy.

Shall it be with us as it is with France?

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## ART. V.—“ROB ROY” MAC GREGOR.

*John MacGregor* (“*Rob Roy*”). By EDWIN HODDER. With Etched Portrait by H. MANESSE, and numerous Illustrations, Facsimiles of Sketches, &c. London: Hodder Brothers. 15s.

JOHN MAC GREGOR is perhaps the finest specimen of muscular Christianity that this or any other age has produced. Three men seem to have struggled within his breast—the devout Christian, the earnest philanthropist, the enthusiastic athlete. For many years he was the idol of young England, which followed with eager delight his successive exploits as Alpine traveller, marksman, and canoeist, and his example did much to prove that even an ultra-Protestant and a zealous open-air preacher may be a leader in every worthy pastime, devoting body, soul, and spirit to all good works, yet every inch a man. Such a life deserves permanent record, and Mr. Hodder has produced a biography which will be read with pleasure by young and old, by philanthropists, ragged-school teachers, open-air preachers, Protestant champions, athletes, volunteers, boating-men, and, indeed, by all who know how to admire one who was an enthusiast in everything he undertook. We hope that by-and-by an edition of this life will be issued which every shoeblack and every boy in our training-ships may count among his personal treasures. John MacGregor himself would have coveted no higher honour than that lads like these, for whom he did so much, should catch inspiration to holy living from his history.

No page in the story of John MacGregor's adventures leaves quite the thrill that we feel as we turn the first leaves of this biography. One stormy day in March 1825, the *Kent*, East Indiaman, bound for Bengal and China, was driving, close reefed, in the Bay of Biscay before a south-west gale. There were 641 souls on board. At midday it was found that the vessel was on fire. All efforts to master the flames failed. It

was at last found necessary to scuttle the ship. She was fast settling down when the brig *Cambria* hove in sight. Boats were launched, and after a perilous passage across the tempestuous sea a little babe of five weeks old was handed up from the frail boat into the arms of some Cornish miners on board the *Cambria*. This babe, the first of the whole company rescued from danger, was John MacGregor, known afterwards from the hero of his famous clan whom Scott has immortalised as Rob Roy MacGregor. He had been born at Gravesend on January 24, and on February 18 he and his mother, who was still weak and almost helpless, were carried on board the *Kent*. Major MacGregor was going out to India with his regiment, the 31st, and his young wife and her sister were resolved to join him. Mr. Hodder prints a letter from the Major to his father, which has never before been published. It contains a thrilling description of the terrible disaster that befell the *Kent*. Major MacGregor had just left his wife and her sister in the cabin when an officer, as pale as death, met him wringing his hands and saying, "Sir, the ship is on fire in the afterhold?" The dribblets of water poured down from the buckets proved absolutely useless. Wet sails, blankets, and other articles were thrown into the hold to smother the flames, but without effect. There was nothing left but to scuttle the lower ports and allow the water to rush into the vessel. The *Kent* was sinking fast, when a small merchant brig, flying English colours, came in sight. The boats were lowered, and though the sailors showed despicable cowardice a large proportion of the soldiers and passengers were saved. Major MacGregor put his wife and her sister into one of the boats with the little babe. He himself stayed on board the *Kent*. During the long absence of the boats between their trips he sat quietly among the groups of soldiers and sailors who were giving way to terrible despair. He says, "I endeavoured to preach to them Christ crucified. Never was preaching less eloquent or studied or more earnest. Never was it more intently listened to." The night was closing in, and every moment the deck seemed to grow hotter from the roaring furnace below. No one knew when the flames might reach the powder magazine and blow the vessel to atoms. The explosion took place soon after



Major MacGregor had reached the *Cambria*. The brig now bore away for the nearest port, which was 400 miles away. The little vessel was packed like a hive. Even in the cabin there were seventy persons. There was not room to lie down, and the unfortunate passengers had to take a seat by turns. Most of them stood on their feet for two days and three nights without closing their eyes. A heavy gale of wind added greatly to their discomfort. Some children died of exhaustion and little Rob Roy's tongue and mouth were as white as paper with the thrush. Owing to the violence of the gale and the crowded state of the vessel no fire could be lighted to heat water. It was with no small delight and gratitude that the MacGregors found themselves safe in Falmouth harbour. They had only saved a few sovereigns out of all their possessions. The disaster had been so sudden and so terrible that no one on board had been able to secure ten pounds' worth of their property.

The MacGregors went home to Scotland to recruit. Three or four months later Rob Roy had a serious illness, which robbed the little hero, whom friends and relatives had flocked to see, of all his beauty; but he pulled through this trouble also. His mother says, "A more engaging, lovely child never blessed a mother's arms. I feel him a constant source for prayer, and fondly hope he is indeed saved for the Lord's service—perhaps he may be a minister of Christ yet." After some months' rest in Scotland, the MacGregors came round to London by sea. A fearful hurricane almost drove them on to the Newcombe Sandbanks, but once again the family was saved from destruction. Major MacGregor was now made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 93rd, or Sutherland Highlanders, and sailed for the West Indies in August 1826. His wife, who was unable to go with him, spent the next two years at a pleasant country-house in Fife, placed at her disposal by an uncle. After the 93rd returned to England in 1828, the MacGregors led a wandering life with their regiment.

One story of those days is too amusing to be omitted. At Weedon, in Northamptonshire, Rob Roy and his brother went to a school at some distance with two other "Macs," the sons of an officer in the 93rd. The lads had so much a day allowed

to buy their dinners, but after a time they seemed to be in rather poor health. It was then discovered that they had chosen to dine each day on candied peel. John MacGregor always had an intense love of the water, and had many an adventure on the canal at Weedon. The influence of a Christian training early made itself felt. When he was eight he had what he always remembered with pleasure as his first experience of "answered prayer." It was a boyish petition that he might catch a fish. When he was successful, the thought flashed through his mind: "If God can answer this prayer, will He not take away my sins and give me a new heart if I ask Him?"

In 1838, Colonel MacGregor was appointed to the important and lucrative post of Inspector-General of the Irish Constabulary, which he filled for twenty years with conspicuous ability and discretion. He soon gained the respect not only of the Government, but also of every class of the community. The family lived at Belvedere House, Drumcondra, near Dublin. John MacGregor was now a fine youth who scarcely knew the meaning of fear. When he was only twelve he watched the lifeboat at Belfast launched in a terrific storm. At the last moment he jumped into it and went off to assist in the work of rescue. His addresses to boys in later life gained much of their impressiveness from these early adventures. He knew where to draw the line between courage and rashness; he sympathised with every boyish frolic, but always took care to enforce the claims of earnestness and truthfulness. His high spirit received a striking illustration in 1842, when he took a holiday tour with five friends in the North of Ireland. One afternoon they went to see the hanging bridge at Carrick-a-rede, which connects the mainland with a rocky islet. Two ropes supported the plank bridge, which was about seventy feet long and only a few inches wide. Far below was the dashing surf. A crowd of men and women pressed the visitors to hire a guide, but they were quite satisfied with their driver, a sharp little Irish lad, and stoutly refused to yield. The men followed them over the bridge, and whilst the tourists inspected the island they slackened the ropes of the bridge. When MacGregor and his friends wished to return, Corney Regan, the Irish ring-

leader, stopped them. "Gintlemen," he said, "ye'll not cross till ye pay." After hours of wrangling, one of the friends, called Houldsher, volunteered to rush over the bridge if the others would draw the ropes tight. He gained the farther side in safety, and rode off at full speed for the police. The Irishmen were now cowed, and offered to let the tourists go; but MacGregor replied: "Not a bit of it; you are our prisoners, and we will not let you stir till we hand Corney over to the police." After an hour of suspense Houldsher returned. His horse had fallen and run away, and all efforts to secure relief had been baffled. The Irishmen, however, thought the police were coming. They assisted in tightening the bridge, and four of the tourists crossed safely. MacGregor fixed the order in which the Irishmen were to pass, and himself followed Regan. In the middle of the gulf this fellow set himself astride of the bridge, and vowed that he would not move till Rob Roy had crossed. MacGregor used to say in after years that he had never been in so grave peril. "But his blood was up, and, standing on that narrow plank with certain destruction before him if he overbalanced and fell, he buffeted the big bully with his knees, boxed him with his hands, kicked him with his feet, until at last he rose and scrambled over on all fours, followed quickly by MacGregor." The friends took the man before a magistrate, though it was two o'clock in the morning, and he spent a year in prison. The whole story is a wonderful illustration of the mettle of this lad of eighteen.

When he went up to Cambridge, MacGregor joined the Jesus Lane Sunday School. He also belonged to one of the first small Bible Classes held in the University. He lodged with some people called Abbott, and was quickly dubbed "Abbott's young Christian," after a then popular religious manual. He distinguished himself as an oarsman in the Trinity eight, but worked steadily at mathematics, coming out as 34th Wrangler in 1847. Bishop Bickersteth describes the formation of the little weekly Bible Class. MacGregor voted that it should meet on Thursday; "Sunday," he said, "is a good hoist, and carries you far into the week, but you want a little fillip to get you along to the end." The bishop gives some pleasing glimpses of his friend. At one breakfast party, MacGregor pointed to a letter

from his mother saying, "She writes every day to me, and my morning letter is as regular as my matutinal egg." Another post brought a letter from the editor of *Punch*, accepting his witticisms on the new policemen's hats in London. One day MacGregor hurt his hand, and so many friends crowded round with inquiries, that next morning he wrote "Better, I thank you," on his shirt-cuff, and presented it to every questioner.

The spring of 1847 found him reading for the bar in London. He had set his heart as a youth on becoming a civil engineer, and had written many papers for the *Mechanic's Magazine* which showed the bent of his mind, but Cambridge gave him a taste for the bar. He resolved, however, to read with Hindmarsh, who at that time practically monopolised patent law. The dry and hard work involved was exceedingly congenial to MacGregor, who produced several valuable treatises, such as "Specifications for Patents," "A Digest of Patent Laws," and an exhaustive work on "Marine Propulsion." The Government also engaged him to prepare the official Blue Book for the Patent Office. His diary for 1852 and the following six years shows how busily he was employed with his professional studies. He quickly made his mark, and his legal works were received with warm appreciation by the best authorities. But philanthropy spoiled a promising legal career. His friends said that he only wanted the spur of poverty to enable him to secure a lucrative practice at the bar. In 1865 he was offered Parliamentary business, and made his first appearance on a Committee of the House of Commons. But after 1870 his duties at the London School Board proved so absorbing that he gave up his professional career to devote his energies to the education of the people.

MacGregor's first Christian work after coming up to London from Cambridge was in connection with Ragged Schools. The Ragged School Union, formed in 1845, was now struggling for existence. Rob Roy proved a notable acquisition. In those days teachers had sometimes to be escorted to their posts under police protection; not infrequently a "rebellion" would occur, when the whole school "would, at a preconcerted signal, break out into laughing, talking, fighting, smoking, and dancing." Mr. Hodder himself once recited a stirring poem

to some of the ragged scholars in Camberwell. When he refused an *encore* he was pelted with five bloaters on his head and face. The boys themselves believed in rough and ready methods of discipline. MacGregor tells how one lad went to the Superintendent: "I say, sir, why don't you go and hit those fellows in the eye; they're making such a noise!" In the *Ragged School Union Magazine* MacGregor wrote a series of capital hints for workers. He pointed out the elements of success:

"What the ragged children wanted was a speaker who could use language that they could thoroughly understand, full of sympathy that they could feel, attractive so that they could listen with pleasure, and, above all, that the words should spring from the heart of one who came to them not as a great preacher, but as one of themselves, whom they could speak to without fear, and love for what he was to them."

His own addresses, based on such subjects as the wise and foolish builders, held the young folk open-mouthed and spell-bound. He had travelled much, and had many a thrilling story of personal adventure to relate. His sympathy with the boys and girls was intense, and he never lost an opportunity of turning their thought and love towards Christ.

In July 1849 he started on his first Eastern tour. During his eight months' absence from London his pen and note-book were constantly busy. At Athens the ruins on the Acropolis exceeded all he had imagined in their beauty and delicacy of proportions. In Smyrna he visited an American gentleman who was lying ill at an hotel. He left the stranger a New Testament, with the leaf turned down at the third chapter of St. John's Gospel. A month later, when MacGregor returned to Smyrna, he found the American lying dead with his fingers closed on that open page. The tour was full of adventures. He used to tell how he travelled "the Bloody Way," between Jerusalem and Jericho five times protected by a guard of soldiers. At last he went over it quite alone. About the middle of the road he dismounted to take a rest. The handle of his umbrella struck and burst a large boil on his face, and, while he looked at the gush of blood, the strong arms of a robber clasped him from behind. The two stout men wrestled and

twisted and groaned, but neither would give in. Suddenly the hilt of the robber's sword came near MacGregor's hand. He clutched it, drew out the sword, and when the assailant gave up the struggle, Rob Roy threw the weapon into the brook Kedron.

On his return to England in March, MacGregor began to read law with Mr. Chitty. He was soon drawn aside by his little book, *Three Days in the East*, and his more ambitious work on *Eastern Music*, which was a successful attempt to give in musical notation the characteristic songs of Greeks, Turks, Egyptians, Nubians, Bedouins, Syrians, and Jews. He caught them by ear, played them over on his flute, and sung them with tuning-key in hand. The book was favourably received by English musicians, whilst its amusing descriptions and original sketches made it very attractive to other readers.

The Great Exhibition was now close at hand. The friends of Ragged Schools met at Field Lane on November 28, 1850, to consider what employment could be found for London lads during the busy months to come. After the meeting MacGregor and three of his friends were walking arm-in-arm up Holborn Hill, when some one suggested that shoeblacks might be set to work, as in Paris and Rotterdam. Each of the four agreed to give ten shillings, which seemed to amount to the sum needed to provide box, brushes, and a simple uniform. MacGregor rose at five next morning. He prepared and sent out five hundred circular letters, but had only one reply, which came from the future Earl Shaftesbury. It ran thus :

"Dear MacGregor—Good idea; carry it out. I will give you £5.

"Yours sincerely,

"ASHLEY."

A committee was soon formed, and on January 19 the Shoeblacks' Society gave their first "demonstration." The boys were taught the art of polishing boots in an alley off John Street in the Strand. The early experiments were chiefly made on the feet of committee-men, "who ran out now and then to get a splash of mud in the street puddles." On March 3, MacGregor and his friend, Mr. J. R. Fowler, took the first two boys to their posts at the corner of the National



Gallery and in Leicester Square. The red uniform quickly attracted a crowd. MacGregor placed his foot on the box, and operations began. Mr. Fowler had his boots blacked many times during the day to encourage the passers by. Amicable arrangements were made with the police, and soon the scheme was an assured success. MacGregor did a good stroke when he marched thirty boys in their blazing uniform through the Exhibition. The lads got a treat, and the society had a grand advertisement. Before long some hundreds of shoeblacks were at work. When his day's duty was over, each lad made off for the "Home," deposited his box and uniform, and had a good clean up. He received sixpence. Then his earnings were divided into three parts, one of which went into his own pocket, another to his bank-account, whilst the third was devoted to the working expenses of the Society. It was not unusual for a boy to have fifty pounds to his credit, with which he could make a decent start in some honest trade.

After settling up, the boys got a substantial meal. Then came some brief and bright schooling, followed by games, prayers and bed. Such was the beginning of one of the soundest bits of philanthropy this generation has seen. The present income of the Brigade in London alone is over £1000 per month. MacGregor threw his whole soul into the scheme. He loved every shoeblack—rough, uncouth and almost brutal as some of them were when first caught. Every morning he might be seen leaving the Temple to conduct morning prayer at seven o'clock in the "Home," and to speak a cheery word to the lads before they marched off at eight. At meetings held to enlist public support he had many a racy story to tell of the lads and their customers. There were shabby people who said: "I'll pay you another time"; there was the man who gave a sovereign between his two halfpennies, and when an honest shoeblack returned it only said "Thank you." An old pensioner with a wooden leg handed the lad a halfpenny for polishing his one boot. One boy revenged himself for his dismissal from the ranks by sending an unstamped letter, for which the postman charged twopence. The envelope contained the shoeblack's money card with the note, "I of the Cumytee sarved out." MacGregor did not forget the lad who used to

wash his shirt at the hot water pipe of a brewery and carry it to the lime-kiln to dry. He became a shoeblack chiefly because "he couldn't abide dirt." The boys had their day once a year at the seaside. Two simple rules were enacted for their guidance. No boy was to spend more than half-a-crown on donkey riding, and no donkey was to be expected to carry more than four boys at a time. The shoe-black movement lifted MacGregor to front rank among the philanthropists of the day. He was not a little delighted when a letter from abroad addressed "Mr. MacGregor, Philanthropist, London," reached him without delay.

Before the Exhibition year was over, MacGregor had found another outlet for his energies. The great "No Popery" agitation was in full swing. A Papal Bull had been issued appointing two Roman Catholic archbishops and twelve bishops in England. Dr. Wiseman was made Cardinal and first Archbishop of Westminster. MacGregor became Honorary Secretary of the Protestant Alliance. He proved himself the very man for the post. His early life in Ireland, his travels in Spain and other homes of Popery, had made him familiar with the workings of the system, and he devoted all his powers to the "No Popery" campaign. Some of his tracts and pamphlets had a very wide circulation, and for eight months he conducted a public discussion every Sunday afternoon at King's Cross on Roman Catholic Bibles, besides attending innumerable public meetings on behalf of the Alliance.

We must turn to another side of MacGregor's life. No one delighted in every form of rational amusement more than he. He would never enter a theatre, but he greatly enjoyed a young people's party. "I was never," he said, "in all my life so dull as to want to be made to laugh, and I always was near enough to real sorrow and sin and suffering to be made to cry if I were in that humour." In 1853 he had a pleasant holiday on the Continent, and managed to climb Mont Blanc. He also went up Vesuvius, boiled eggs at small blast holes of the crater, and, with his usual realism, "wrote home from the top, and burned the edge of the letter to show the heat." On his return, he prepared a series of popular lectures on his travels, for which he drew a set of huge diagrams. The lectures did

good service in support of many a deserving cause. In 1855 he visited Norway, but could not conceal his regret that the one exciting adventure of the journey had befallen his friend, Wilbraham Taylor, rather than himself. Mr. Taylor was attacked by a pack of wolves, and had an almost miraculous escape, whilst poor MacGregor, who sighed for an encounter with these ravenous brutes, was compelled to content himself with Norwegian scenery.

It was two years before this tour that Rob Roy fell in with some open-air speakers in the East End. He soon joined the Open-Air Mission, labouring hard to perfect the organisation, and to assist the speakers in their work. He himself became an enthusiastic open-air preacher and controversialist. Mr. Hodder points out his special qualifications for this work :

"He had a good strong voice, which could at times tone down to great tenderness, a fund of anecdote and a knowledge of how to use it at the right time and place ; a perfect command of himself, so that no interruption or insult ever made him lose his head or the thread of his argument, and what was an invaluable adjunct—a strong sense of humour. He enjoyed the saying of a youth at King's Cross, one of the ringleaders in trying to create a disturbance, 'Don't he keep his temper beautiful with all that impudence from *those fellows*.' Nor did he fail to see the joke when a youth asked one day, 'Which is MacGregor?' and his companion answered, 'There he is!' and pointed to an old woman in spectacles, who was speaking to a small group of people."

He enlisted the powerful support of Earl Shaftesbury, who wrote : "I am for striking right and left, by day and by night, before and behind, wherever I can find the devil ; and that is at all times and everywhere." He got Archbishop Tait to preach in his robes in Covent Garden. Bishop Villiers expressed his approval in the words : "No one does good who does not now and then tread on the devil's tail !" He had an interesting interview also with Bishop Wilberforce, but this bore no direct fruit. The bishop regarded his visitor as "a curious specimen of earnest evangelical Protestant men, very narrow and earnest, ready to burn a Tractarian, or spend himself in preaching the Gospel to the poor."

Whilst MacGregor was busy with his crusade against scepticism and indifference he won the heart of Mr. Redburn, a noted

infidel of the time. Everything had gone wrong with this man. He was dying in pain and poverty, deserted by his wife, overwhelmed with trouble. MacGregor led him into the light. One Sunday in December 1858 he saw this man at Dr. Brock's church. He writes :

"Who could believe it, I saw Redburn at that sermon! He read, he prayed, he sang, he listened. All the cases of conversion one reads in books are feeble to encourage compared with one actual case seen like this. I lost a great deal of the sermon in seeing *this* sermon preached to me on the living text before me—a scoffer on his knees, an infidel believing, a despiser of the Word hearing, and a rebel praising God. I sought him after service, and, poor fellow, he seemed to have new strength to grasp my hand, but little power to let it go. There will be some hands like this to be grasped for the first time in heaven."

Mr. Hodder gives a vivid sketch of MacGregor's habits and methods of work. His philanthropic work was carried on with business-like punctuality. Everything had its place and time. He was an early riser, a quick worker, a man who threw his whole soul into everything he undertook. Above all he took care to keep his body in vigorous health. The first day the ice bore, out came his skates. He was a noted swimmer, a formidable boxer, a splendid oarsman. The notes which covered page after page of his Bagster's Greek Testament showed how he fed his heart on the truth. Not a few of his philanthropic schemes proved abortive, for his brain teemed with plans for the relief of honest need. He had no love for the professional crossing-sweeper. "Tolerated by the police and petted by the public, they are the envy of all other beggars." He urged those who could not help to organise juvenile labour, at least to refrain from adding to the mischief by indiscriminate charity, falsely so-called.

"I am glad to think," he said, "that I never gave a beggar-child in London even a penny. . . . Let every man and woman of us who loves children, and who would pour out tears if *his* children were to be degraded by the doles of false sentiment, and not raised by the help of true sympathy, desist from and denounce the cruel selfishness of haphazard almsgiving—that skin-deep charity which costs no trouble and confers no good."

Among his holidays about this time was a pleasant visit to

America in 1858. In *Our Brothers and Cousins* he gave some vivacious descriptions of life in the United States and Canada. He was in America when the Atlantic cable was laid, and was greatly amused by the outbursts of "cable-joy." One Chicago paper wrote: "The world is finished, its spinal cord is laid, and now it begins to think!" There were wonderful decorations in New York, but a text over Niblo's Theatre most impressed MacGregor. "When the multitudes saw it they marvelled, and gave glory to God which had given so great power unto men." Next year he visited Russia, and spent some time exploring the great fair of Nijni Novgorod.

This was the year that the Volunteer movement took its rise. In July 1859 a great meeting of Scotchmen was held in London which led to the formation of the "London Scottish." MacGregor joined the regiment at the end of October. The following February he was appointed captain of the East Company. He threw himself into the new hobby with his usual enthusiasm. Nothing had ever taken his fancy so much or won him such popularity. He was the soul of his company and brought a fine Christian tone into his regiment. The cry "Here's John MacGregor," was the signal for all unseemly language to cease. He mastered every detail of drill, and won special distinction as a marksman. But the new hobby, through which he next gained world-wide repute, was beginning to claim him. In the spring of 1865, whilst his popularity in the London Scottish was at its height, MacGregor took more kindly than ever to boating. In May he began to plan a canoe voyage, and in July he was ready for his tour. His first canoe was fifteen feet long, two and a half wide, and weighed with masts, sails and paddle about ninety pounds. In this bark he travelled 1000 miles on the rivers and lakes of Europe. When he returned to London on October 7, 1865, he was the hero of the hour. Next January he published his first canoe-book. It quickly ran through three editions. Canoeing became the fashion, and a canoe club was formed at the Star and Garter in Richmond during the summer of 1866. In less than a month Rob Roy was off in a new and improved craft on another expedition to the Baltic. The volume in which he chronicled his wander-

ings had a phenomenal success and set the world talking about canoes. MacGregor went a little mad over all his hobbies, but he deliberately placed the pleasure of canoeing above every other athletic delight. In 1867 he spent his holiday in the *Rob Roy* yawl, a little yacht of three tons, in which he sailed across the Channel and up the Seine to Paris. *The Voyage Alone*, as he called his new volume, was as eagerly welcomed as its predecessors. He now retired from the London Scottish in order to devote all his leisure to his canoe. On September 29, 1868, he started on his most famous voyage. *Rob Roy on the Jordan*, the record of this tour, is the book by which John MacGregor is best known. His canoe was fourteen feet long, twenty-six inches wide and a foot deep outside. She was strong and light, portable and safe, a good sailer, and graceful to behold. The new *Rob Roy* carried material to form a cabin covered by a strong white waterproof sheet. A few days' run in the *Tanjore* brought MacGregor and his bark to Port Said. He sailed through the Suez Canal, spent his Christmas Day at the mouth of the Abana, had an exciting adventure among the Hooleh Arabs, who took him and his canoe captive; explored the course of the Jordan from Dan to the Sea of Tiberias, and visited many Bible scenes with a sacred delight which he never forgot. He stayed a month in Jerusalem, rendering important help to Captain Warren in connection with the Palestine Exploration Fund; then he returned to England. Five thousand copies of his *Rob Roy on the Jordan* were sold within a fortnight. MacGregor had devoted all the profits of his books to various societies in which he was interested. He now resolved to turn his adventures to account as a lecturer. He set himself to raise £10,000 for various charities, and paid all his own expenses. This undertaking kept him busy from January 1870 till March 1878. He gave 126 lectures, which yielded £10,042 after all expenses had been met. The first year he lectured fifty-six times, and raised £4160. The methods which he used to catch the popular taste were somewhat beneath the dignity of such a man as MacGregor; but, though we do not altogether approve these "comedy lectures," their spirit and aim were above praise. Young and old gained



a vivid insight into Eastern life and travel, and learned to take new interest in the Land and the Book.

In 1871 MacGregor had a pleasant canoe trip in Holland. He was already absorbed in the work of the London School Board, to which he had been elected in the previous year. For five days a week he gave eight hours daily to his new duties. He was chairman of the School Management Committee, and of the Industrial Schools Committee. During three years he personally investigated 2000 cases of vagrant children, or those who seemed fit subjects for industrial school training. He took an active part in establishing drill competitions between Board Schools, and his interest in boys' training ships never flagged. Cooking and plain sewing for girls; drilling, swimming, and athletics for boys, were pet subjects with MacGregor.

Meanwhile, the man whom all his friends regarded as a confirmed bachelor had made himself a home. He had started on a long tour, but at Terceira, in the Azores, he resolved to come back and propose to Annie Caffin, the daughter of Admiral Sir Crawford Caffin, K.C.B. He was married on December 4, 1873, and settled at Blackheath, near to his venerable old father, Sir Duncan MacGregor, and to his wife's father. He threw himself with all his usual ardour into Christian and philanthropic work. His two little daughters brought him rare joy, and his wife proved a true helper in all his labours. "No man," he constantly said, "was ever so happy, I think, as I am." The Tyndale monument on the Thames Embankment enlisted his warmest sympathy, and he greatly rejoiced when that work was brought to a successful issue. Then came the Shaftesbury and Gordon memorials. He lived to attend the unveiling of Lord Shaftesbury's statue in Westminster Abbey, but was not spared to see the final form taken by the Gordon memorial. His health had begun to fail in 1888. The home at Blackheath was broken up, and the MacGregors removed to Boscombe, near Bournemouth. Four years of feebleness followed. He never lost his Christian confidence and resignation: "God will make clear His purpose; I, at least, can wait in silence." He was borne up by a blessed trust in Christ. "I feel Him nearer and nearer to me," he said. His heart often

turned to his old work. One day, sitting by the fire in his drawing-room, he broke out with his old emphasis: "We ought to be preaching, preaching; we are far too comfortable here!" He told his wife, as they spoke together of Christ, "I see Him every day." It is touching to read how he talked to his daughter Ina about his own life. "I am an old man now," he said. Then he dwelt on the opportunities of usefulness he had missed, adding, with tears in his eyes, "And you will have some work to do for God." He died on July 16, 1891, and was laid to rest in Bournemouth Cemetery, beside his old friends Canon Carus and Earl Cairns.

John MacGregor was essentially a manly man. His life and character had a rare charm for the young, and acted like salt in volunteer barracks and camp. What he did for the waifs of London through the Ragged Schools and Shoeblack Society forms perhaps his chief title to remembrance. But though he squandered his powers by spreading them over too wide an area, he has left his mark on the philanthropy and the Christian work of this century as only a few other men have done, whilst the combination of athlete and philanthropist in him is almost unique. There are thousands of men and women living purer and truer lives to-day because of John MacGregor's life and example.

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#### ART. VI.—THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

1. *The Migration of Birds.* An Attempt to reduce Avian Season-flight to Law. By CHARLES DIXON, Author of *Rural Bird Life*, &c. &c. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1892.
2. *Report on the Migration of Birds in the Spring and Autumn of 1878.* [Annual since.] By JOHN A. HARVIE BROWN, F.L.S., F.Z.S., JOHN CORDEAUX, R. M. BARRINGTON [and others]. London: W. S. Sonnenschein & Allen.

3. *Siberia in Asia.* A Visit to the Valley of the Yenesay, in East Siberia, with Description of the Natural History, Migration of Birds, &c. By H. SEEBOHM. With Map and Illustrations. London: R. H. Porter. 1882.
4. *On European Birds Observed in North America.* By PERCY E. FREKE. Reprinted from the *Zoologist*. 1881.
5. *The Visitation of Pallas's Sand-grouse to Scotland in 1888.* By H. A. MACPHERSON, M.A., Author of *Birds of Cumberland*, &c. London: R. H. Porter. 1889.

THE ebbing and flowing of the tide of avian life has ever had a strange fascination for observers of natural phenomena. The unfailing regularity of the coming and going of these aerial voyagers over vast tracts of land and sea—their unknown destinations, in Arctic solitudes or in the sunny tropics; and the unexplained laws that govern their movements—have appealed strongly to the element of wonder in man, and the passion to solve the mysterious. And yet, until recent years, migration has not received the systematic and painstaking study which has been given to other branches of ornithology. In fact, even to-day the subject is but very imperfectly worked. True, careful attention has been given, since 1878, to migration in the British Islands by such naturalists as Harvie Brown, Cordeaux, and Professor Newton. Every lighthouse and light-ship around our coasts, and on the shoals and islets adjacent, from North Unst in the Shetlands to the Bishop's Rock off the Land's End, from the Skelligs, in Kerry, to the North Foreland, are posts of observation from which tabulated returns of all passing birds are made to a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and Reports are annually published. By this means an immense amount of valuable material has been accumulated, which will be of great service to future students of this important function of avian life. Heligoland, over which flows for many months of the year a continuous stream of birds, has had the good fortune to have as a resident Mr. Gätke, an enthusiastic and distinguished ornithologist, who furnishes most accurate information in reference to the regular tides of migration, and the

strange visitors that flutter down from invisible paths to find a brief resting-place amid the shrubs and shelters of this bright little island of the North Sea. Seebohm, in his two volumes, *Siberia in Europe* and *Siberia in Asia*, has contributed materially to the solution of certain problems, and his books are of great and permanent value. Freke and Allen and many others have done much to investigate parts of this wide field, but, as Mr. Dixon says, "none have sought to exhaust the subject, even superficially, or to bring our present knowledge of migration within the limits of order, or to reduce it to law." Mr. Dixon's volume is a pioneer in an almost unknown land. Its aim, he modestly states, is but to indicate the way to more elaborate and detailed investigation. The value of the book arises from the fact that it embodies the research of the lifetime of a passionate lover and student of birds, who, if he has not the poetic insight and felicity of style of the author of *The Gamekeeper at Home* and *The Open Air*, has an intimacy of knowledge and a robust common-sense that make him a safe guide.

The incredible theories of some naturalists of the last century, and even of this, in relation to the periodical appearance and disappearance of birds have been long ago dismissed as unscientific and worthless. No one who has any wish to be regarded as an authority would think of asserting, as grave ornithologists did a century and a half ago, that the moon was probably the destination of migratory birds; or that the cuckoo, so far from leaving this country, was transformed into a hawk, and spent its winters in hunting the small game of our woodlands. The likeness of the cuckoo to some of our smaller hawks may have been at the root of this theory of seasonal transmutation. The more widely received doctrine of hibernation, though supported in the past by eminent ornithologists, cannot be received as having any solid basis of fact, and must be relegated to the category of fables, with that of the barnacle-goose, the favourite diet of some ecclesiastics in Lent in the good old times, because it was said to be of vegetable origin. That birds should sink into a condition of trance, and pass the winter in death-like torpor, like bats and dormice, is a theory which most modern naturalists utterly repudiate. Mr. Dixon

has a lingering fondness for this time-honoured belief, and is slow to relinquish it altogether. He cites many of "what appear to be well-authenticated instances of hibernation"—sub-aqueous and terrestrial hibernation. As to the former, it is related that swallows have been seen clustering on a reed over a river, and then diving beneath the surface; have been taken alive out of an ice-bound lake; and are wont to bury themselves in the mud of rivers. This Mr. Dixon dismisses as, for birds, a physical impossibility. Terrestrial hibernation, he thinks, has never been refuted; but, though he quotes at some length the evidence of others in favour of it—evidence which cannot be called conclusive—he gives away his case by confessing that personally he has seen nothing to confirm the theory. An insuperable difficulty in reference to swallows and swifts, the birds which are chiefly in question, is the fact that they moult in the early spring, and are in full plumage when they reach our shores. It is altogether past belief that they should moult whilst hibernating. The explanation of the undisputed statement that certain migratory birds (swallows, rails, and cuckoos) have been found in this country in winter, generally in early winter, is probably that they are young birds, hatched too late in the season to attempt the voyage south, and are compelled to remain here, or maimed birds which have so far escaped rapacious enemies, or birds which have missed their way, a very common occurrence, and joined a stream of migrants proceeding north, and returned with them to this country. This is much more likely than that they should slumber in chasms and hollow trees, to be charmed into activity during a burst of sunshine, only to creep back into lethargy when the warm days are over and the cold intensifies, and thus to await the springtide. We are afraid that even "under exceptional circumstances," and in a very small number of cases, hibernation must be abandoned as unscientific and incredible, notwithstanding Mr. Dixon's plea.

Migration must not be regarded as an innate gift, little short of miraculous, by which birds find their way unerringly through the pathless air, over wide stretches of sea and land to the goal for which they set out. It is not simply an instinct, unless we accept Wallace's view that we must "recognise the

agency of imitation, memory, observation, and reason as forming part of it." The passion to fly off and seek summer or winter quarters is ingrained, hereditary.

"Migratory birds, if kept in confinement, begin to grow restless and unsettled as the usual period of their departure draws nigh; the same irresistible desire is reflected in the gathering of the swallows in the autumn; and the unwonted activity of other feathered voyagers among the trees and hedges may be remarked by any one who takes the trouble to observe it."

But it is habit that enables them to find their way, and not some mysterious sense of direction, not some inherited skill. And habit is by no means an infallible guide. Myriads of birds, and especially young birds, lose their way in fog and tempest, and they perish. Many a voyage is necessary before these mariners of the sky know their course perfectly. Among the earliest birds to leave our shores in the autumn of each year are the broods of the year; but they do not travel on this their first journey without leaders. Older birds that had the misfortune to lose their younglings, and consequently have no domestic ties, or that have soon completed their domestic duties and turned out their families to care for themselves, form the scouts and vanguard of the inexperienced host. Sometimes a single bird is leader. We quote the following significant incident from Mr. Robert Gray's *Birds of the West of Scotland*:

"Previous to leaving, the barnacle geese assemble in immense flocks on the open sands at low tide in the Sounds of Benbecula and South Uist; and as soon as one detachment is on the wing it is seen to be guided by a leader who points out the way with strong flight northwards, maintaining a noisy bearing until he gets the flock into the right course. After an hour's interval he is seen returning with noisy gabble *alone* southwards to the main body, and taking off another detachment as before, until the whole are gone."

And along the well-known highway, whose milestones far below are carefully marked by the keen eye of the leader, float on to their destination,

"Infinite wings; till all the plume-dark sky  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry."



Migration is an acquired habit, and, as Mr. Dixon points out, is not universal even amongst individuals of the same species. The robin, which is stationary in the British Islands, is migratory in Scandinavia and Africa. The willow-wren, whose silvery tender strain rings through our summer woods at eventide, sinking away through pensive cadences into sweet silence, and who wanders over half the globe, is resident in North Africa; whilst the dainty little goldcrest builds his superb nest in our trailing larches, and dwells with us all the year round, and yet is joined in October by flocks of his fellows that come across the North Sea from the pine forests of the Baltic countries. The hooded crow, the magpie, and the yellow hammer are sedentary amongst us, but are migratory in colder countries. The same is true of many other birds. The handsome oyster-catcher, with his chisel-bill, a noisy chorister, roams about our coasts all through the year, and often spoils the sport of the sea-fowler on the stalk by his shrill cry of alarm, but some of his species spend their summer in Arctic seas, and winter in the Mediterranean. Illustration might be multiplied almost indefinitely to show that migration is modified in different individuals of a species. Indeed, some have ceased to migrate, and become residents within recent times. Further, even amongst the migrants themselves, the length of the journey varies to an astonishing degree, as we shall see further on. But however far they may wander to escape the severity of winter, and to find food, it is intense love of home that draws them back to the land of their birth. Why on any other ground should the fieldfare leave the English haunts, where it has spent its songless winter, to nest and pour out its full heart on Norwegian heights, when it might find many as cosy a bower for love and music in our own leafy copses?

Migration may have had its origin in the vast climatic and other changes of the distant Miocene, or even Eocene ages, and have been subjected to much modification during the Glacial Epoch succeeding them. This is Mr. Dixon's opinion. The season-flight of a nightingale, as it passes from its holiday-making beneath southern skies to its duties in more sombre lands, is inseparably linked with "varying phases of earth's

orbital eccentricity in combination with the precession of the equinoxes, the grandest cycle of discovered time, which in wondrous course entirely reverses the seasons of either hemisphere as the earth's polar axis describes a complete circle in the heavens." It is impossible to do more than outline Mr. Dixon's elaborate argument. Birds inhabiting temperate and northern regions were originally sedentary, basking and feeding, and rearing their young in a temperature sufficiently high to clothe our English plains with gigantic palms. Then came the ages of less torrid heat in the Northern Hemisphere when magnolias and vines flourished in Greenland, and the flora which now adorns Southern Europe bloomed in Spitzbergen. Following on these ages was a period of varying climate, the summers being for a cycle of years tropical, and then for another cycle mild and temperate, and the winters somewhat like our own at present. Gradually, as the earth's orbit became exceptionally high, the cold of winter intensified; and, then it was, in the Post-Pliocene Glacial Epoch, that the habit of migration was initiated, and had its origin in climatic change. It is of course impossible, because of the absence of data, to explain the origin of migration in every species. Emigration, "gradual extension of range in various directions," may have been due to local causes such as the rapid increase of a particular species compelling many of the individuals to travel north in the brief fierce summer in search of food; only to be driven south again by the rapid advance of a prolonged and awful winter. Thus the migratory habit was in all likelihood gradually acquired. Not that there was anything like simultaneous origin. The habit would be formed first in birds feeding on insects or carrion, and in fishers and waders, as their food supply would be destroyed earliest by the severe weather by being buried beneath huge snowdrifts, or frozen in the heart of icebergs. Seed and fruit-loving birds would continue resident so long as the terrible winters did not rob them of the means of subsistence by shrouding the whole landscape as with a sheet of glittering iron. But eventually glaciation would compel them to adopt migratory habits.

"Many ages must have elapsed between the period when the winters became too severe for insect life to remain active, and the ages when

animal food might be picked up on the Arctic coasts; or, again, the ages when winter had become so severe that all land was buried deep in snow, and the ocean itself sealed with ice. As this grand phenomenon progressed, rendering the climate of the polar and temperate zones more and more rigorous, the migration of birds became increasingly pronounced, and its culminating point was reached when the North Polar world became covered with a vast icy mantle, and all living things were either killed or banished to more southern latitudes."

Unquestionably the impulse that compelled birds to migrate was want of food, caused by the lowering of temperature; not want of light simply, as Mr. Seebohm has suggested; though, by the way, Mr. Dixon propounds the theory (and it is a very interesting one) that the perpetual gloom of the North Polar winter in the epoch referred to induced the habit of feeding in darkness, which characterises many northern and insectivorous birds, and especially waders and ducks. Polar darkness would render whatever insect and similar life was left practically nocturnal; and the birds which feed on this life would be compelled in their quest for food to modify their habits, and become night-prowlers and -feeders. The absence of light was no doubt contributory to the initiation of the habit of migration; but climate, acting on food supplies, was the great cause.

Flights, short and occasional at first, were by degrees extended according to the necessity imposed by the growing rigour of lengthening winters. In a summer of protracted warmth, followed by a mild winter, birds would linger in the north late into the autumn, and when at length driven away south would take up their abode as near as possible to the inhospitable land they had unwillingly left; some species not migrating at all. But when a winter of unusual severity burst suddenly on them, they would hurry away in great flocks to southern latitudes, to remain there till the snatch of fervid summer would again melt the ice, and woo them back to their native fields and seas. And as the winters gradually became more uniformly severe, the habit to migrate would no longer be intermittent but regular, and as the ice-cap constantly crept further south, through vast cycles of time, their summer range would ever grow longer. All this is illustrated by what

is taking place to-day. Such Arctic species as the gray phalarope and the king eider, though not sedentary, have a limited southern season-flight. They visit our shores only at irregular intervals; but let there be a very severe winter, and they are not uncommon in our creeks and estuaries. They do not stay long with us. As soon as the weather moderates, they retire to northern solitudes. This Mr. Dixon calls "incipient migration." "Wherever climatical conditions become more severe, entailing absence of food, regular and more extended flights may become the rule, at least among some of the species." In the following passage Mr. Dixon seeks to demonstrate why the habit has been acquired, and how it is practised:

"We select the spotted flycatcher for the purpose. Its present geographical distribution admirably illustrates the phenomenon of migration. When the sub-Polar regions of the Northern Hemisphere last enjoyed a warm, almost a semi-tropical climate—one of the mild periods of the Glacial Epoch—the spotted flycatcher inhabited in one unbroken area the arctic woodlands from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Probably it was a resident species becoming partially nocturnal during the polar night; food was abundant; its conditions of life were easy and it multiplied apace, and became a dominant, firmly established species during the thousands of years that it dwelt in this sub-Polar habitat."

But by the action of the causes already named the climate changes,

"and gradually the fair forests and verdant plains were devastated by the ever-increasing cold. Age after age the spotted flycatcher was driven slowly south; summer after summer grew colder and shorter, the periods of polar darkness more severe. At last matters became so serious that the birds began to leave their northern haunts in autumn, probably because their food became scarce, as the various insects either retreated south or began to hibernate. Further and further southward these annual journeys had to be taken, until at last the flycatcher found its way during winter into Africa, Arabia, China, and even the Philippines. Summer after summer the belt of breeding-ground became wider and wider, and vast numbers of individuals became separated from the rest of the species by lofty mountain ranges, by deserts, and other physical barriers, which would effectually arrest a woodland-haunting species."

Then the species came to be divided into two isolated colonies—an African colony and a Chinese one. During the ages

following, the fly-catchers became segregated into two species, owing primarily to the absence of any intermarriage. It is impossible to say which form—the smaller eastern or the larger western and British form—now most closely resembles the ancestral species.

It falls to the lot of Mr. Dixon to be the first naturalist to point out the significance of the fact, as bearing on the history of migration, that the birds that nest and rear their young nearest the North Pole are those that take the longest flight southwards in our winter. As many as twenty species of *Charadriidæ* from the Arctic regions visit Australia. The sanderling and the knot breed in the North Polar Basin, and migrate as far south as Patagonia and New Zealand. Bonaparte's sandpiper, whose summer home is in the shadow of ice mountains in Arctic America, wanders as far as the Falkland Islands. These are but a few out of many of the birds of similar habits. The sanderling and the sandpiper are believed to have built their nests in these southern haunts. If so, this is a fact of great significance, and probably indicates an ancient migration extending from Pole to Pole, at a period when the North Polar regions were capped with ice, and the Antarctic continent was mild enough to produce a fairly rich flora, and to be the home and the centre of dispersal of many groups of birds. And these wonderful journeys of nearly 10,000 miles

“are the result of the transfer of these species from the South Polar Basin to the North Polar Basin during favourable intervals of climate. These birds extend their flight towards that ancient Antarctic habitat as far as they can find land free from snow on which to rest, impelled by hereditary impulse and an inherited love of home.”

We must refer the reader to Mr. Dixon's pages for a further discussion of this subject of interpolar migration. He argues that the *Charadriidæ* present in the Southern Hemisphere as resident birds are remnants of the great exodus of bygone ages. They breed in the Falkland Islands, and, probably, even on the great Antarctic continent, and pass north as far as Chili and Uruguay to winter; but the range of their migration is comparatively short, and they never cross the Equator. Does not this seem to point to South Polar origin?

And does not the fact that so many Arctic species descend to lands far south of the Equator seem to indicate a lingering love for an ancestral home—"a fair Antarctic paradise"? As, however, reliable information in regard to this subject is scanty, much mystery remains as to the movements of birds in the Antipodes.

Every migrant has a definite destination. At one end of its fly-line is the land of its nativity, and its resting-place; at the other end is its summer home. As a rule, birds nest in the coldest latitude of their range, and luxuriate, after the toils of domestic life, in some fruitful sunny land. No birds nest and rear a second brood during their absence from their colder habitat. They sing the livelong day and revel in rich feeding grounds, but they do not build again, but await the return of spring, when a great tidal-wave of bird life shall flow northwards. It is doubtful whether Mr. Dixon's statement, that the number of species retreating south in the Eastern Hemisphere is double that of those which go to spend their summer in the warm regions of the Western Hemisphere, can be substantiated. Recent ornithological researches in Central and South America do not appear to confirm this view. The winter quarters of migrants are divided into clearly marked zones which we need not describe in detail. It is sufficient to say that birds of the west Palæarctic region winter in Africa and Asiatic Turkey, a few going further afield to India and southern China. Such birds, for instance, as the marshwarbler, the willow-wren, the tree-pipit, and the redstart, winter between the Mediterranean and equatorial Africa. The swallow goes much further south and has a flight of from 7,000 to 10,000 miles. The red-backed shrike and the cuckoo have about the same range. The quail and the sandpiper winter through all these zones, and go as far south as the Cape of Good Hope. Birds of the east Palæarctic region usually migrate to Persia and countries to the east of it in the same latitude, while some visit Australia and New Zealand. Owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream, aquatic birds winter much further north in the west than in the east Palæarctic region. The same is true to a lesser extent with respect to land birds; their summer zone being not so far north in the east as in the west, and their



winter zone reaching further south. The Nearctic region has special features which cannot be touched here, for reasons of space. For the same reasons, we must not speak of what looks like a neutral zone alike in the new world and the old—the land of perpetual summer, of forest and fertile plain and broad streams—where migrants that retreat from a southern winter are joined by their fellows form the vast expanses of the north.

The wings of migrants are well adapted for sustained and rapid flight. Those tireless travellers, that roam over all the seas of the globe, of the family *Charadriidae*, to which we have referred, have long pointed wings. The same is true of the swallow, the willow wren, the wheat-ear, the gold crest, and numberless other birds which are accustomed to spend much time on the wing and to fly immense distances. The shape of the wing is correlated, by the Creator, with the habits of the bird. Further, the texture of the plumage is compact and smooth so as to minimise the amount of resistance caused by rapid passage through the air. The majority of migratory birds moult immediately before the time of migration, and consequently are prepared to battle with the fatigue of the long voyage, as with new wings, strong and elastic. The exceptions to this rule are few. The moult governs very largely the time and order of departure, and is the reason why the young birds, who early attain their full plumage, are the first to leave. They are preceded, as we have shown, by certain advance couriers. Then follow the adult males; then the great army of birds; and finally the rear-guard, a laggard corps, which comprises the maimed more or less made whole, and those whose domestic duties were not concluded in time for the general flight. The migratory impulse is subservient only to the love of their offspring, and not always to that. It is occasionally so overwhelming as to impel parent birds to desert their callow brood to destruction. The order of departure is not the order of return. Then the first to arrive are the adult males, followed by the female birds. The broods of the last year come next; and last of all the weakly and wounded, as so many camp followers and disabled travellers in the rear of a marching army.

Whilst many birds pass high overhead in the daytime, as a  
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rule, they migrate by night, resting by day if land is beneath them, and moving on again at nightfall. They prefer moonlight and clear starry nights, and seldom set out when clouds or fog hide the sky. They travel by stages, feeding by the way when food can be found, making the journey leisurely, except when they have some wide stretch of sea to cross, averaging probably about three hundred miles a day when going south, but journeying north in the spring at a much faster pace. Certain birds travel with extraordinary velocity. The dotterel, which breeds on the tundras of Arctic Siberia and winters in Equatorial Africa, makes, it is said, the enormous voyage of two thousand miles between sunset and sunrise. Such is the high speed of the flight of the brent-geese that it has been known to cut its way through the quarter-inch glass of the Lismore Lighthouse like a bullet. Birds generally fly at a considerable altitude, some large species appearing but as dust on the clear azure of the heavens, and only distinguished by the calls which ring from afar and drop down faintly out of the silence of the empyrean. Cranes have been observed passing high over land 16,000 feet above sea-level. In cloudy weather they are compelled to seek a lower altitude; and it is then that they lose their way and dash against beacon-lights. The advantages which birds derive from flight at vast elevations are unquestionably great. They acquire an accurate knowledge of the topography of their route; their vision is developed and trained into marvellous acuteness; from their lofty observatory they are able to detect and distinguish the landmarks that indicate their course over wide areas of country stretching out far beneath, and to span with their keen sight seas like the English Channel and the German Ocean. They recognise the harbours of shelter, and the favourite feeding-grounds of former years, and can avoid high rock-bound coasts and dangerous landing-places, and gradually reduce the altitude at which they fly as they approach the low shores on which they prefer to land. The higher rarefaction of the atmosphere in those lofty spaces conduces to easier and more rapid flight. Light lingers in those elevations, where mountain peaks fling back the radiance of the setting sun, long after the lowland valleys are wrapped in gloom. It is probable, too, that aerial

currents are there less changeful, and less frequently agitated by tempest, than at lower altitudes. Finally, there is immunity from the attacks of the pirates of the air—hawks and other birds of prey—at heights where small birds are not easily discerned, even in broad daylight.

Migrants prefer a beam, or a shoulder wind. They often come pell-mell before a gale, but seldom face one, except when the wind wheels round from a fair to a head wind. Then they will pursue their course in the teeth of it. They travel high in clear weather, but in murky spells, in snow and heavy mists, they hug the land or the waves. If fogs are merely local, they continue their flight above them.

The punctuality with which they arrive at their destinations is wonderful when we consider the distance they travel, and the contingencies of the way. Different species reach their breeding places year after year almost to a day. The order of arrival of one year is the order of every year. Those that arrive earliest are those that stay longest. Late comers like the swift, career over our streams and meadows only for a few weeks and are soon on the wing southwards again. The reports from our coast stations prove that some birds travel alone or in couples. The cuckoo and the night-jar appear to be solitary when on migration. Birds that mate for life travel in the company of their mates. But most birds are gregarious, immense flocks being of a single species not unfrequently; at other times they are congregations of numerous kinds, in which are to be found odd specimens of rare visitors. The number of birds migrating is large beyond all computation. Migration in the British Islands and in Heligoland alone affords startling illustration of this fact. The rush of gold crests, larks, starlings, thrushes, woodcocks and many other birds from the Continent to our coasts in October and November is enormous and continues for days together. The light-keepers of the Bell Rock report on October 16, 1885: "Birds began to arrive at 7.30, striking lightly and flying off again. Numbers went on increasing till midnight, when a vast flock swarmed in the rays of light, and, striking hard, fell on the balcony dead, or rebounded off, falling into the sea. At 3 A.M. another flock arrived, crowded on the lantern windows, trying to force their

way to the light. The noise baffled description. The birds were in thousands." And the same phenomena is observed at many other stations. We read of "square miles of birds;" of "larks like a shower of snow," of a "succession of clouds of starlings." "This," says Mr. Gütke, "was the first move by the million. For four nights there has been a gigantic feathery tide running." Broad waves of birds reach, from north to south, the whole length of the east coast of England. And annually this is a normal autumn experience. Geese and water-fowl migrating southwards darken at times the very skies. The reports on British migration must be read in order to realise how vast and constant is the stream; and yet the returns only represent an almost inappreciable percentage of the actual number on passage.

Incalculable multitudes perish, principally from fatigue and mistakes. So many frail voyagers are lost at sea in the autumn migration that the eastern coast line is sometimes strewn with their lifeless bodies. Great numbers are swept across our islands into the Atlantic. A few of these are fortunate enough to alight on passing ships, and an individual bird may, very rarely, gain the American continent, but the overwhelming majority find an ocean grave. The starling has boarded a Cunard steamer 850 miles from land, and a water-rail 1200 miles. Freke says that the corncrake has been taken in New Jersey, and the ruff in Massachusetts. But these are singular exceptions. Great numbers also are destroyed by *raptores*, which uniformly follow the hosts of migrants. And, as we have just seen, our lighthouses and light-vessels are the scenes of great slaughter. Countless thousands are lured to destruction by these beacons which flash guidance to our ships, the brilliant fixed lights being especially fatal. At the Tuskar Rock Lighthouse as many as 1200 birds were counted as killed in one night, while hundreds more fell into the sea. It is a singular fact that sea-birds seldom strike the lanterns. They will circle round the light for hours, or follow its revolutions, until the first streak of dawn appears above the horizon when they will soar away and pursue their journey. That many birds blunder and miss their way is evident from the number of *wanderers* from eastern Europe and Siberia and Africa that

find themselves in the uncongenial climate of the British Isles when they should be with their own species in winter quarters in the Malay Archipelago, or in India. We refer to such Asiatic birds as White's thrush, and the black-throated ouzel, which, when they come to us, are doubtless individuals which have lost the road, have been caught in the wrong stream of migrants and swept westward. The occasional presence of the yellow-browed willow wren, which nests in the pine forests of the Yenesay Valley, and winters in China, is accounted for in the same way; as also, are, the still more extraordinary visits of North American birds like the yellow-billed cuckoo and the American bittern. The periodic occurrence of Pallas's sand-grouse—quite a recent development—is probably due to another cause.

Mr. Dixon has a good deal to say on routes of migration. He thinks the routes are as ancient as the habit. Birds do not find their way as new travellers do across a trackless unexplored country, making their own path as best they can. These routes are as well recognised as they are numerous. Probably no two species follow the same fly-line. Roads are intricately interlaced. As a rule, birds come north in the first half of the year, and go south in the second half. There are numerous exceptions to this rule; and we speak of the northern hemisphere. Birds nesting in the southern hemisphere do precisely the opposite. There is much cross migration, vast numbers, as we have shown, coming west in the autumn, and others going east. Routes follow the mountain ranges, sea coasts, valleys, lines of submerged land which are indicated here and there by rocky islets. These are the chief highways. Mountain chains are routes and landmarks for birds of upland *habitat*, and mountain passes are gateways to wide empires for flocks of peaceful songsters as well as for hordes of bloodthirsty warriors. Sea routes are followed principally, but not wholly, by aquatic species. The longest ocean highway commonly frequented by birds is that between the North American continent and the Bermudas, some 700 miles. A few land birds make this passage; but they are individuals blown out to sea by violent winds. There is, it is all but certain, no voluntary and normal migration, except of water species. Land birds are not known

to cross usually more than 400 miles of sea at a stretch. Where they make longer voyages, as on the flight from the Arctic circle to Africa, or from China to Australia, they are able to travel by stages and rest on the intermediate islands. Coast lines are much frequented routes. They offer a continuous road, are easy to follow, often stretching the whole length of a continent, and extending beyond the extreme limit of migration touched by all but a few birds whose range is well-nigh inter-polar. Where birds suddenly leave a coast-line which they have been following, and strike out to cross a sea where there is apparently nothing to guide them, and where they do this habitually, it is probable that they are following an ancient fly-line along a coast now submerged. A vast stream of migrants hugs the east coast of England until it reaches Spurn Point; it then launches out across the North Sea. Geological evidence, it is said, supports the opinion that here there is a former coast-line. And this has many a parallel in other parts of the world. There is a fly-line across the Pacific from Alaska to Polynesia; another across the Indian Ocean from Madagascar to India, *via* the Maldives and other islands, that show the trend of a drowned land. Along this route that bird whose wandering ways have long been a puzzle to naturalists, the orange-legged hobby, passes on its flight from Eastern Siberia to South-East Africa. The valley routes are the most crowded. Incredible numbers of birds migrate along the river systems of all lands, and especially of the great continents, passing east and west as well as north and south, and for immense distances. To give an instance or two. "The little gull (*Larus minutus*) crosses Siberia from end to end by means of a series of waterways, breeding on the shores of the Sea of Ochotsk and wintering in the Caspian Basin"; and even finding its way, probably, by the Black Sea and the Mediterranean to our coasts. Along great river routes like those of the Oxus and Tigris travels the rose-coloured pastor which comes to nest in the boles of gnarled olives, and in the vineries of Italy, and is a rare visitant in our southern counties, a bird which invariably returns to winter in India. Every species of migratory bird loves the valley routes; for here is abundance of food.



Here in the bright-coloured fruits of the trees and shrubs that clothe the slopes, and in the insects that flit among the leaves, is food for finches and thrushes; here in the soft-bodied creatures that swarm in the swamps, and in the fish that teem in shady pools and brawling shallows, is plentiful supply for the needs of ducks and waders; and here in many a forest recess the ravenous birds of prey may plunge their beaks into the heart of some terrified and helpless victim.

We must not suppose that birds keep to any one of these routes. They make use of them all in turn, as necessity may demand.

Perhaps the most original work in Mr. Dixon's volume is to be found in the chapter on "Emigration and Evolution." Emigration is distinguished from migration, and is intended to characterise a colonising movement more or less fitful and irregular. The avian world has been peopled by colonisation; and colonisation resulted from climatic changes which, as we have pointed out, compelled birds to emigrate, or from great increase of particular species which rendered the dispersal of surplus population imperative. Indeed, emigration is in actual progress around us. The sudden irruptions of Pallas's sand-grouse into Europe are instances of this. These birds, which were practically unknown to science before 1859, were not wanderers which had lost their track, for they came to nest. There are other birds, which are gradually widening their western range in order probably to find vent for the abnormal pressure of numbers in their present *habitat*. Some remarkable instances of birds which in recent times have extended their boundary, are given by Mr. Dixon. The Arctic willow-wren is one of these. From Siberia it has come west to build in Finmark in summer, but returns along the old route of dispersal to winter in the Malay Archipelago. Thus we see how emigration opened out new tracts of country to meet the necessities of population during the epochs of great change referred to in the earlier part of this article. As emigration was brought about mainly by climatic changes in prehistoric times; so further changes, such as the breaking up of the land areas, led to a fresh dispersal of species, to isolation, and the impossibility of interbreeding of the same species. The result was that any

variation, which altered conditions of life gradually imposed, became stereotyped. In this way emigration led to the origin of new species.

We have spoken of the prolonged migrations which many birds undertake, but there is also much local migration. Very few birds are quite sedentary. Vast numbers leave the sultry plains and deserts of the torrid zone and ascend thousands of feet above sea level to find a cool nesting climate, returning to lower ground as the winter approaches. And this vertical migration is common in all countries, and is as much governed by law as the flights of knots and swifts. Occasionally, while one section of a species is resident, another has acquired migratory habits, and the journey may be either vertical or latitudinal. Sometimes part of the migratory section goes northwards and the remaining part takes to the mountains to secure a climate similar to that which its congeners find in Great Britain or even in Arctic regions. The goldfinch breeds on the mountains of Algiers at an elevation of four thousand feet. The dotterel, whose home is amid treeless Arctic wastes, is known to seek suitable nesting conditions on the Alps and even on Ben Nevis. Many of our summer visitors leave not a few of their species behind to ascend, during the period of reproduction, to the pine and beech forests of Southern Europe, where they meet with a climate like our own in the springtide. And this habit is not confined to a few species. It characterises the redstart, tree-pipits, the wheatear, the whinchat, the hedge-accentor, and numerous others. Alpine accentors visit the highest summits far above the forest limit to nest, and in winter retire to the lower valleys; and the same is true of rose finches which rear their young at an elevation of ten thousand feet. Probably much vertical migration was initiated in equatorial regions during periods of intense local glaciation; whilst many of these mountain migrants in more temperate zones may be the last survivors of the hosts of birds that were driven from polar zones by the Post-Pliocene Glacial Epoch, remaining behind to breed in regions that were once on the immediate margin of the glaciers, and in their movements at the present day very clearly indicating the nature and extent of that migration that prevailed during the acute phases of polar glaciation in past ages.

Whilst other species, even other individuals, have gradually extended their northern flights towards that olden polar paradise, these have remained content with shorter pilgrimages; although it will be marked that the object attained—a similarity of breeding temperature—is precisely the same.

Much local movement is in search of food and easier conditions of life. Some species follow the blooming of flowers, and ripening of fruit, from district to district; others are on the track of insect life and the small game of the woodlands, or the shoals of migrating fish that haunt our seas. Such birds as pratincoles and lapwings fly in the wake of the prairie-fires and feed on roasted grasshoppers. The sparrow and pigeon wander far in search of grain. Wherever the wild berries of our copses and hedgerows are abundant, there thrushes and finches find their way. This movement is in progress around us even in mid-winter, and brings waders from the colder latitudes where food supplies are ice-bound, and skylarks and other small species from Germany and Scandinavia. In very severe weather in our islands there is a large movement from us to the Continent.

There is also an irregular migration which does not come within the scope of ordinary season-flight or local movement, and may be termed nomadic migration. The birds of which we speak are restless pilgrims without a definite goal. "Just as the nomad savage wanders to and fro, pitching his camp here one day, and miles away the next, according to his ever-fluctuating supply of the bare necessities of life, so do these vagrant birds pass the non-breeding season in quest of food." They are mostly hardy, warmly-clad species that scream and flutter their gladness in spite of the long cruel winter of the Arctic or Alpine snow wildernesses. They are not insectivorous birds. Many are vegetable-feeding; but they are chiefly those that live on carrion and fish. A few of them are quite confined to Arctic solitudes; but, generally speaking, they roam near the margin of eternal ice, never wandering very far away, nor for long; only moving southwards or downwards to obtain food when absolutely compelled by awful gales and protracted snowstorms, and an indescribably low temperature; and then hurrying away home again as soon as a milder period arrives.

Among these birds are the Siberian jay, the nutcracker, the pine grosbeak, a bird of superb ruddy plumage, the sprightly shore-lark, the snow-bunting, Arctic ducks and gulls, at least four varieties of grouse, and numerous others. Some of these nomadic birds visit us at rare and uncertain intervals, but not a few visit us every winter. Others, again, like the stormy petrel, wander over many seas. The ivory gull, the snow-bird of adventurous explorers in search of the Pole, does not often display its exquisite pure white, rose-tinged, form to our sea-fowlers; yet it has been obtained now and again in the Shetlands and Orkneys.

It is a significant fact that none of these northern nomads have any allied representatives in the southern hemisphere. This would appear to indicate "a restricted movement through all avian time," never departing far from the limits of glaciation in our hemisphere.

Such subjects as cross migration, streams of birds flowing at the same season of the year in contrary directions; the rare birds that visit our islands, and the reasons of their coming; and the whole phenomena of migration in Great Britain with the many intricate problems involved, are luminously discussed in the Reports on "Migration," and by Mr. Dixon.\* And no reverent-minded man can ponder this subject of migration without a growing feeling of wonder as he marks its unique and marvellous phenomena, and without the conviction being forced on him that above and behind the mysterious instinct that impels season-flight, above and behind habit and imitation and memory and experience in the lovely creature that cleaves on swift pinions the blue of heaven, is a profounder Cause, a Divine Intelligence, a beneficent and all-wise God:

"A Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air  
Lone wandering, but not lost."

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\* Messrs. Chapman & Hall will shortly publish a volume of the highest interest to ornithologists, by Mr. Charles Dixon, on the *Migration of British Birds*, in which Mr. Dixon will set forth his discovery of what he believes to be a hitherto unknown law governing the dispersal of species.

## ART. VII.—THE LITERATURE OF KING ARTHUR.

1. *Morte d'Arthur*. Sir EDWARD STRACHEY'S edition. London : Macmillan.
2. *King Arthur*. A Drama. By J. COMYNS CARR. London : Macmillan.
3. *Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story*. By Professor M. W. MACCALLUM. Maclehose & Sons.

IT is not a little remarkable that educated Englishmen are more familiar with ancient Rome than "the dim rich city" of Camelot. They are more at home on "the ringing plains of windy Troy" than "in the sad, sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse." "The old man Nestor" is better known than Merlin, Achilles than Lancelot. And yet the legends of ancient Greece and early Rome are not a whit more beautiful than the great epic which is all our own. The story of the Round Table Knights has kindled the imagination of England for a thousand years. There is scarcely one of our great poets who has not been under its spell for a time. All through the centuries King Arthur has embodied our national ideal. But in our own generation the old story has renewed its youth, and has stirred the heart and brain of England as it never did before.

Our object is to trace the history of that story, to show how it has changed with the changing times, and found a new expression as the need required, and yet has shadowed forth all that is best in the aspirations and ideals of "God's Englishmen." We shall not attempt to discuss the question whether King Arthur is purely a literary creation, or whether the story rests on some basis of historical truth. We do not for a moment suppose that a being such as Tennyson's Arthur, or the Arthur of the Norman-French romances ever existed, but it seems probable that in the dim, uncertain twilight-time of our history a prince of that name ruled in Britain. "The more we look

at him, the more his figure recedes into the mist of legend or of myth,"\* the more he becomes to us

"that gray king, whose name . . .  
Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,  
And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still."

There are not less than six hundred place-names in Britain—all of them in that part of the island which is inhabited by a Celtic people—which are connected with the name of Arthur. Cader-Idris, Arthur's Seat, Arthur's Table, Arthur's Well, are only a few of the many which cluster round the name of the British king. Many more are referred to with patriotic pride in Drayton's *Polyolbion*.

If Milton was sceptical, Gibbon believed in an actual, historical Arthur. We shall not get much nearer the truth than Lord Bacon: "There was truth enough in his story to make him famous, besides all that which is fabulous."

As the story of Arthur grew, legend and myth grew round it, and the past "won a glory from its being far." Old and half-forgotten tales were attached to the name of the great hero, until wise men began to doubt if there ever was an Arthur. We must look for the original of these legendary additions in an old British mythology of the Sun-god and the land of the shades. The original of Gawain was probably some old sun-god. Even in Malory's account, when the significance of the fact had long been forgotten, we find that he waxes and wanes in strength as noon approaches or recedes. Modred was king in the dark regions of death, and the Lady of the Lake was the goddess of that lower world beneath the waters—the land of Lyonesse. Arthur was a kind of British "Mercury," who makes war on the powers of darkness. Every winter he withdraws from the struggle wounded and faint, and returns again with every spring, glorious in strength. That is the original meaning of the cry, "Arthur is come again—come again and thrice as fair!"

Of the real historical Arthur little can be known. An old manuscript of considerable authority in the British Museum

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\* Stopford Brooke: *Tennyson*.



tells us that Arthur, the son of Uther, King of South Britain, was crowned at Cirencester A.D. 527, in the fifteenth year of his age, by Dubricius, Bishop of Caerleon. From the same source we learn that he fought with varying success against Cerdic the Saxon—that his life was one long heroic struggle for the independence of his people. A few facts like these, none of them completely verified, form the historic basis of the story, but as time went on a halo of glory grew around the memory of the great king. A conquered, helpless people, crushed into the corners of Britain, groaning under the strong hand of oppression and wrong, fix their hopes on the Arthur who has passed, who shall come again; and they form their ideal of a secondary saviour, spotless like the Christ, his predecessor, and round him knights pure as himself, who shall redress the wrongs they suffer and break in pieces the oppressor.

The earliest literary form of the Arthurian legends was that given to them by Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh priest of the time of Stephen, who wrote a *History of the Kings of England*, which, he said, was a translation into Latin of "a book which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, had brought out of Brittany." His work was completed in 1147. It was really a historical romance, in the form of an authentic chronicle. Geoffrey's book was not received with universal admiration by his contemporaries and followers. William of Newbury, a "painful" and unimaginative chronicler of the next generation—a lineal ancestor, no doubt, of some Saturday Reviewer—denounces Geoffrey as having "lied saucily and shamelessly": "He has made the little finger of his Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great, and has represented his Merlin as a British Isaiah, except that he dared not prefix to his prophecies, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and blushed to write, 'Thus saith the devil.'" Nevertheless, it was greatly admired by the reading public of the time, and was translated into French verse, first by Geoffry Gaimar in 1154, and again by Robert Wace in 1180. Wace's translation was in rhymed octo-syllabic metre, and was called the *Brut*. He lengthened Geoffry's account, both from legends which he obtained from Brittany and from his own imagination.

The next to handle the story was Layamon, a pious monk who flourished about the end of the twelfth century. He was the first to write the story in English, and so appealed to a different, if not a larger audience. He first introduced the Round Table—"a board exceeding fair, that thereat may sit sixteen hundred men or more"; and yet the Table could be easily carried about! He added many details, of which the following is a good specimen. Speaking of Arthur's death, he says: "Fifteen cruel wounds had he, in the least one might thrust two gloves." No wonder he was a trouble to the painstaking annalists and historians who came after him. He was the true pioneer of Arthurian romance. In his hands Arthur became the Christian warrior, the *flos regum*. But the greatest of all the old writers of Arthurian romance was Walter Map. He lived at the Court of Henry II., and it was probably at that monarch's request that he collected the Arthurian stories then existing, added the story of the Holy Grail and others, and blended the whole into one harmonious cycle. In his work we find the first traces of any attempt at dramatic unity and a serious purpose.

After the work of Map was completed, the Arthurian romances reigned supreme in the literary firmament, and for nearly four centuries they formed the chief literature of Christian Europe. They were sung and recited and translated and copied times without number. In ballads and songs, in poetry and prose, Arthur and his knights were immortalised. The legends "lived dispersedly in many hands, and every minstrel sang them differently." Every new teller of the tale added something of his own. There was something in the story which went right home to the broad-shouldered Saxon, though he himself figured in it as a heathen. It "captivated all that was highest in the heart of the chivalrous Norman, himself the flower of valour and courtesy." It was, as Sidney said, "a tale which kept children from their play, and old men from the chimney-corner." Not much is known of these nameless singers, but some of them write in a manly, straightforward style which has not been surpassed even in the pages of Tennyson. The following, describing

Arthur's last battle, from an old alliterative poem by an unknown writer,\* will speak for itself :

“ Arthur of batayle neuer blanne  
 To delè woundys wyke and wyde,  
 Fro the morrow that it by-ganne,  
 Tylle it was near the nyghtis-tyde ;  
 There was many a sperè spent,  
 And many a thro word they spake,  
 Many a brond was bowyd and bente  
 And many a knightis helme they brake,  
 Rychè helmes they Roffe and rente,  
 The Richè rowtes gan to-gedyr Rayke,  
 And C thousand vpon the bente,  
 The boldest or even was made Ryght meke.”

Many of these early romancers gave full scope to their vigorous imaginations. Arthur is magnified to something more than human. He fights with giants and dragons. Single-handed he slays his hundreds. England, Scotland, Ireland, Iceland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, Gaul—all these own his sway. In fact, his conquests seem to be limited more by the fancy of the narrator than by geographical probabilities.

But, as the story develops, Arthur gradually disappears into the background. Lancelot and Gawain, Percivale and Galahad, Tristram and Dinadan are brought into prominence. Every new knight has new adventures. Every castle forms the starting-point for some new expedition. In every wood there is a spring or fountain beside which an armed knight sits to challenge every passer-by. We try in vain to follow the adventures of this knight or that, and finally lose ourselves in the confused tangle of stories. Arthur appears but fitfully among the throng. The “unities” of the story are lost. The pure simplicity of the original British romance is gone.

In this state, Sir Thomas Malory found the stories. Little is known of him save what he himself tells us. He was a knight and probably a priest, and he “ended his book in the ninth year of Edward the Fourth.” He took the legends “out of certayne books of French, and reduced them into English.” But he was not a mere translator. Sir Edward Strachey tells

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\* *Morte d'Arthur*. Edited by Mr. Furnivall.

us that "a comparison with his originals shows careful and thoughtful recasting of whole stories," and he again arranged them according to some plan. In 1485, nine years after Malory's work was finished, his book was printed in the Almonry at Westminster by Caxton. In the printer's preface to the book Caxton says: "Many noble and divers gentlemen of this realm of England came and demanded me many and oftentimes, wherefore that I have not do made and imprint the noble history of . . . the most renowned Christian King . . . Arthur, which ought most to be remembered amongst us Englishmen tofore all other Christian Kings . . . therefore . . . I have, after the simple conning that God hath sent to me . . . enprised to imprint a book of the noble histories of the said King Arthur, and of certain of his knights, after a copy unto me delivered." Malory's work consists of twenty-one books, describing the adventures of many knights. He did not altogether succeed in reducing the story to a self-consistent unity. If there is a "hero" at all, it is Lancelot or Tristram, not Arthur.

Let us trace the outline of Malory's story, and bring into focus its different episodes. If we keep this outline in mind, we shall better appreciate the deviations from it in later writers, especially in Tennyson.

Briefly then, the story of Malory's *Arthur* is as follows: Uther Pendragon, King of all England, was in love with the fair Ygerne, wife of Gorlois. Nominally for an act of disobedience, really on account of his love for Ygerne, Uther made war on Gorlois and besieged his wife within Tintagil Castle, in Cornwall. Gorlois is slain in battle, and the same night, with the help of Merlin, the wise magician, Uther enters Tintagil Castle, and meets Ygerne in the guise of her former husband. "With a shameful swiftness" they were married, and Arthur was born—just two years before Uther's death. On the day of his birth the young prince was handed over to Merlin, who brought him to Sir Ector (Sir Anton in Tennyson), the father of Kay, the seneschal, "a passing true man and a faithful." In his family the youthful Arthur was brought up. Fifteen years are passed over in silence, and then we read that at Christmas time "Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury,

and counselled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen-at-arms, that they should come to London by Christmas, upon pain of cursing." Before daylight on Christmas morning the knights were assembled in the largest church in London ("whether it were Paul's or not, the French book maketh no mention"), and in the churchyard, before the high altar, was seen a flaming sword embedded in a marble stone. "And letters of gold were written about the sword, that said thus, 'Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone is rightwise King born of all England.'" All wondered at the flaming sword and the strange inscription, and each knight tried in turn to pull it from its place. But none succeeded. On New Year's Day, however, a boy who had come up to the feast with Sir Ector was in need of a sword, and, going up to the churchyard, Arthur easily drew the much-talked-of weapon from its place. The knights marvelled, and Arthur was not the least astonished of them all. It was revealed to him by Merlin that he was Uther Pendragon's son, and, to satisfy the doubting knights, the sword was put back again in its place, and thrice—at Candlemas, at Easter, and at Pentecost—Arthur drew it when every other knight had failed. The boy-king made his court at Caerleon. In the midst of war and bitter civil strife his kingdom was set up. They were troublous years which followed. Some said he was neither Uther's son nor king of theirs. Arthur was beset by foes without and foes within. And yet he prospered. He was seated one day in his stately hall at Caerleon, when there came messengers to him from Rience, "King of North Wales and all Ireland and many Isles." They said that their master had overcome eleven Kings, and hemmed his mantle with their beards, "and they lacked for one place of the mantle," which the beard of Arthur was intended to fill up. "Thou mayest see my beard," said Arthur to the speaker, "full young yet for to make a hemming of it, but tell thou the King this; but, or it be long, he shall do me homage on both his knees, or he shall lose his head, by the faith of my body." Arthur had met with King Rience once before. This was in Cameliard, the land of Leodogran. But though he had there defeated Rience another had conquered him. Here for the first time he saw Guinevere, "the fairest

lady living." And now, when he felt firmer on his throne, he sent Merlin to ask her hand. Unlike the Tennysonian character, Leodogran was right glad to bestow his daughter on a King of such prowess as Arthur had shown himself to be, and, as a wedding gift, he sent the famous round-table which had once belonged to Uther-Pendragon. At Camelot, before the stateliest altar in the land, surrounded by a company of noble knights unequalled in the world, "the King was wedded unto dame Guenever, in the Church of St. Stephen's, with great solemnity." And the land had rest for a while.

"Then King Arthur established all his knights . . . and charged them never to do outrage nor murder, and always to flee treason, also by no mean to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked mercy upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for ever more; and always to do ladies, and damsels, and gentlewomen succour, upon pain of death." Then, for the second time, there came twelve messengers to Arthur's Court, demanding the tribute due to Lucius, the Emperor of Rome. They met with the same answer which had been given them once before, and the twelve returned to Rome, with a message far other than the Emperor expected. Said one of them to Lucius: "I advise you to keep well your marches and straits in the mountains, for he is like to conquer all the world, and in his presence, the most manly man that liveth." Arthur hastily called a Parliament at York, and it was decided to set out for Rome at once with a great army. "And Lucius came with all his host, which were spread out three-score mile in breadth." They met on the eastern frontiers of France. The Romans had brought with them "fifty gyants engendered of fiends . . . for to break the front of the battail." Arthur fought with one of these fellows—"a great gyant named Galapas, which was a man of an huge quantity and height. He shortened him, and smote off both his legs by the knees, saying, Now art thou better of a size to deal with than thou were." No man could withstand Arthur in battle, "for the fire of God was on him," and the bravest fled before his gleaming sword Excalibur. The Romans were utterly routed; their leader was killed, and Arthur marched on Rome itself, taking



everything before him, "and was crowned Emperor by the Pope's hand with all the royalty that could be made." Then follows, in Malory's book, the account of the birth of Galahad, Lancelot's son; of the jealousy of Guenevere; of the madness of Lancelot when banished from the court by the Queen's commands. . . . The next scene opens at Camelot. It was Whit-Sunday, and, as the king and his queen were returning from hearing mass in the minster, a messenger came to say that a curious stone had been seen floating in the river hard by, "as it were of red marble, and therein stuck a fair and a rich sword." Arthur read in golden letters on the pommel, "Never shall man take me hence but only he by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight of the world." Arthur called his nephew, Gawain, that he might assay to draw the sword. But he could not, neither could any other, until a young knight dressed in red \* armour stepped forward. It was Sir Galahad, the spotless knight, son of Lancelot, who had but lately arrived at the court. It was known to all, from a prophecy of old-time and the teaching of Merlin, that when the sinless knight should appear, then should be seen again the Holy Grail, the cup which was used by our Lord at the last supper, and which Joseph of Arimathea had brought to Glastonbury. . . . A wave of strong religious feeling swept through the court. One night, as the knights were seated at supper after their return from evensong in the minster, a strange silence fell upon the hall. They looked each at the other, and all seemed fairer than before. Then with a noise like thunder and a cracking of the roofs there entered the Holy Grail covered with rich white silk, but none might see it, or who carried it, save Galahad. First Gawain and then another and another knight—a hundred and fifty in all—vowed never to rest till they had seen the Grail openly. And as Arthur heard their vows, his eyes filled with tears. "And then he said, Gawain, Gawain, ye have set me in great sorrow, for I have great doubt that my true fellowship shall never meet here more again." Yet, once more, while the knights were all together the king proclaimed a tournament, and there was jousting in the

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\* Tennyson's Galahad always wears silver-white armour.

meadows by Camelot, and feasting in Arthur's hall, and the bravest knights and the fairest ladies were there. When the tournament was over, they all heard mass in the minster, and, in the morning, the knights "mounted upon their horses and rode through the streets of Camelot, and there was weeping of the rich and poor, and the king turned away and might not speak for weeping." Few knights ever returned from the quest, and only four had seen the mystic vessel. Lancelot's efforts had resulted in madness, and in the end he barely caught a glimpse of the Holy Grail. But no sooner was he in the presence of Guinevere again, than all his good intentions vanished. "Then, as the book saith, Sir Lancelot began to resort unto Queen Guenever again, and forgot the promise and the perfection that he had made in the quest. . . . And so they loved together more hotter than they did toforehand, that many in the court spake of it." Lancelot knew right well that malicious eyes were looking on, and slanderous whispers were spreading through the court, and he makes another and another effort, pitiable from their very weakness, to leave the guilty queen for ever. "Wit ye well," said Lancelot to the Queen, "there be many men that speak of our love in this place, and have you and me greatly in await. . . . And when he had all said, she brast out on weeping." Then, in one of those passionate outbursts, which contrast so strangely with Lancelot's silent but guilty love, for the second time she banishes him from the court. But before many days are over, bitterly does Guinevere rue that she has banished her favourite. . . . The faggots are piled round a stake. Arthur stands with a sad, troubled face among his knights, and not far off stands the queen, "in the constable's ward." She has been accused of poisoning a knight, and unless some knight will be her champion, Arthur has consented to her death by fire. The evening of the fatal day draws on, and no champion has appeared. At the last moment, amid the intense excitement of all the onlookers, an unknown knight enters the lists to do battle for the Queen. Sir Mador, who fights to revenge his poisoned kinsman, is "a full strong knight and mightily proved in many strong battles," but he cannot withstand the onset of that unknown spear, for it is Lancelot's! Guinevere is saved. The real murderer confesses his guilt, and removes every trace

of suspicion from the Queen. At this place comes the story of the Diamond Tournament, which Tennyson has closely followed in *Lancelot and Elaine*. Next comes in Malory's book, the tale of the Queen's Maying. Then we see in all its ugliness the enormity of the Queen's sin and Lancelot's. The climax has come; and the story of their crime, which had been darkly hinted at, is now blazed abroad. The traitor Modred feels that his time has arrived. A second time Arthur consents that his wife shall be burned at the stake, and again she is rescued by Lancelot, and carried away to his castle of Joyous Guard. By order of the Pope she is given up to Arthur, and Lancelot is banished from the country. At the instigation of Gawain, Arthur reluctantly follows him and makes war upon him, leaving England in the hands of Modred. It was a terrible trial to Arthur to fight against his dearest friend and the bravest of his knights, but still more terrible to find that Modred had usurped the throne and gathered round him an army of rebellious knights. The King returned to England to his last great battle—that battle in the west, by “the sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonesse,” where all the flower of England's knights were slain. “And many a grim word was there spoken either to other, and many a deadly stroke.” All day they fought, and at night a hundred thousand lay dead. The King fought right worthily of his great name. Towards evening he saw the traitor Modred still alive. “Then King Arthur gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Modred, crying, ‘Traitor, now is thy death-day come.’ . . . And he smote him with his spear . . . throughout the body more than a fathom.” Arthur, too, was sore wounded. He was carried to the edge of a mere close by, where three fair queens received him into a black barge, which bore him to his last resting-place at Glastonbury (Tennyson's Avilion).

“They carry him where from chapel low  
Rings clear the angel-bell—  
He was the flower of knights and lords,  
So chant his requiem well;  
His wound was deep, and his holy sleep  
Shall last him many a day,  
Till the cry of crime in the latter time  
Shall melt the charm away.”\*

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\* Dean Alford.

At the outbreak of the last civil war, Guinevere fled to Almesbury. Her experience was a bitter one; she passed through the fires; but she came out pure as gold refined. In a few years she was laid by Arthur's side. When Lancelot heard of Modred's rebellion, in spite of the bitter and irremediable wrong he had done to Arthur, he came with an army to his aid. But he came too late. When he heard of Arthur's death he took to "the silent life of prayer." He died on the double tomb at Glastonbury, and was buried in his own castle of Joyous Guard.

This is, of necessity, a very imperfect sketch of Malory's Arthur, but enough to show the main outlines. Here we see again an attempt at unity, both in the story as a whole and in the history of the separate characters, but the simplicity and purity of most of the earlier books is wanting. The book is

"Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time  
That hover'd between war and wantonness,  
And crownings and dethronements."

Caxton "set it in print, to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished, and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates . . . that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance and follow the same." But there is much evil along with the good, and, what is worse, much confusion between good and evil. Arthur himself is not the sinless hero of the earlier Romances. According to Malory it is not Lancelot's sin alone which works such baleful ruin, but Arthur's. The King brings his doom on his own head. The sin of his youth avenges itself in later, sadder days. The traitor Modred is his own son. And that is the key to the whole position in Malory's tale.\* "We look to Arthur, expecting to see the portrait of the Christian Hercules, the saviour of his race, and we are disappointed to find instead the features of a

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\* The story is worked out on these lines in a play just published, *Modred: a Tragedy*, by Mr. Henry Newbolt.

wily statesman, who thrives by craft rather than faith." We see the weak husband of an intriguing wife, the unhappy father of a rebellious son. There is one possible explanation of such a change. It is easy to see that this plastic story—mostly legend—was often adapted to the circumstances of the time in which it was written and re-written. It is more than probable that some of the men who wrote the stories which Malory "translated" lived about the Court of Henry II., and that these writers represented living characters under the fictitious names of Arthurian heroes. Instances of the same thing are abundant in Spenser; and in our own times the first Lord Lytton has written a *History of King Arthur* in twelve books, in the preface to which he tells us that some of the characters represent public men of his own day. Keeping this in mind, it is not hard to see that the Arthur of Malory bears a striking resemblance to Henry II., the father of Geoffrey, the husband of Eleanor, the tool of Becket. But the comparison must not be pushed too far.

Malory's style, too, has manifest imperfections. Incident follows on incident, adventure crowds on adventure. The successful champion gets rid of one antagonist just in time to be ready for another. The defeated knight generally meets with some convenient hermit, who heals his wounds with wonderful rapidity. Tennyson's story of *Gareth and Lynette* is typical of them all. An unknown youth arrives at court and craves a boon—some impossible task. This he accomplishes through many adventures. He wins the hand of a lady somehow mixed up with it, gets her broad acres for a dowry, and lives happy ever afterwards. The different knights meet with the same kind of adventures, which are related in the same phraseology. The knights "couch their spears" and "come marvellously fast together that their spears break to their hands." The defeated knight either "goes over his horse's croup," or his opponent has "gate him by the neck and pulled him clean out of his saddle." "Then they draw their swords and lash together wonderly sore a great while . . . and either gives other many great strokes, tracing and traversing, raising and foining, and hurtling together with their swords, as it were wild boars." But if this sameness is a fault in our eyes—it was no fault in the eyes of Malory's readers—it is

atoned for by the wonderful vigour and life, the ceaseless movement and action, and here and there the touches of truest pathos, which have endeared the book to young and old alike.

In 1587, a play called *The Misfortunes of Arthur* was "presented by the members of Gray's Inn for the entertainment of the Queen" (Elizabeth), which we shall notice presently; but, except for that, after Malory, the story of Arthur was almost crushed out of all remembrance by the study of the classics. Arthurian literature, like other Romance literature, was for the time discarded and completely out of fashion. But the memory of it appealed to those who could best appreciate it. Arthur reappears in Spenser's *Faërie Queene* as "Magnificence—a brave knight perfected in all the twelve morall virtues," who comes to the rescue of all the other knights, as they succumb, one after another, to the world, the flesh, and the devil. But this is not the Arthur we know. He has no connexion with the story we are studying.

Milton, we know, hesitated for long whether he should make Arthur the subject of his life-work instead of *Paradise Lost*.<sup>\*</sup> Probably the story lacked that basis of solid fact and historical truth which was necessary to Milton's exacting mind. "As to Arthur," he says, "more renowned in songs and romances than in true stories, who he was, and whether ever any such reigned in Britain, hath been doubted heretofore, and may again, with good reason." Dryden, in his old age, longed to write a great epic on Arthur, whose freshness and life should make him remembered for ever; but death cut short his purpose. His play—*King Arthur*—was not taken from the Arthurian legends.

The play referred to above, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, would probably have been considered a masterpiece, had it not been so soon eclipsed by the greater dramas of Marlowe and Shakespeare. Like the new Lyceum play, it enlisted the genius of others besides the author, Thomas Hughes. Some of the dumb-shows which formed part of the play were invented by Francis Bacon. Here, Arthur knows from the first that

<sup>\*</sup> See the poems: "Ad Mansum," ll. 78-93; "Epitaphium Damonis," ll. 268-276.



Modred is his own son as well as his nephew, and the whole plot works out the retribution for that youthful sin. Guinevere disappears in the first act, and retires to a convent. The character of Lancelot is simply omitted.

This is a fitting place to consider the latest development of Arthurian Romance—Mr. Comyns Carr's new play, *King Arthur*; and that for two reasons. First, because Mr. Carr has publicly announced that his play is based on Malory's version of the story. And further, although this latest treatment of the old story owes little or nothing to Tennyson, yet it will help us to understand some of the most important changes in *The Idylls of the King*. We have nothing to do here with the accessories of the play—Sir Edward Burne-Jones's designs, Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, the acting of Mr. Irving and his brilliant company, the splendid setting, which is admitted to surpass anything ever previously produced even on the Lyceum stage—of these things we are not competent to judge. We have only to consider the play itself, as pure literature. We are concerned with Mr. Carr's handling of an old and favourite story. Nothing is said of the birth of Arthur, his coronation, or his early victories. The prologue shows us Arthur and Merlin in the dawning light, standing on the rocky shore of the Magic Mere. There Arthur receives the sword Excalibur and its wonderful scabbard, and Merlin reveals to him that he is Pendragon's son, their rightful owner. Here, too, by the help of Merlin, he sees the vision of Guinevere, and longs to make her his queen. This scene strikes the key-note of the play, for Excalibur and the scabbard and the beautiful Guinevere are all closely connected with Arthur's fate. But Morgan le Fay, a lady of the court, has learned from Merlin that only he who was born with the May can injure Arthur, and that knowledge intensifies her hatred of the King, for her son, the crafty Modred, was born to her on May-day, and she covets the kingdom for him. We can see already the making of a tragedy.

The real action of the play begins when the royal wedding is over, and a hundred of Arthur's knights have vowed to go on the quest of the Holy Grail. All this time there is no indication of the love of Lancelot and Guinevere. But Guinevere knew

it, though neither had spoken a word of it to the other, and she was not unwilling that Lancelot should go with the other knights on the Holy Quest. Lancelot himself was anxious to go, for he hoped in that way to break his growing passion for the Queen. The unsuspecting King, thinking of the barren board and the lean order that would be left at Camelot, begs Guinevere to entreat his best friend and bravest knight to stay. All too easily he was prevailed upon, and the scene ends in the mutual confession of their guilty love. No one was better pleased than the wicked Morgan le Fay, for she knew of the secret love of Lancelot and the Queen, and she hoped, through that, to bring ruin on the king. While Arthur slept, she stole the scabbard of Excalibur, which, as Merlin said, was mightier than the sword. That was the beginning of troubles to Arthur. He had likened his queen to the precious scabbard, for her coming had brought peace and gladness to his troubled kingdom. The second act, in strong contrast to the first, tells the story of the Queen's Maying—very much modified. While the king is away hunting, the Queen and Lancelot, and all the gay court go a-Maying. The joy of Lancelot and Guinevere in their guilty love is very short-lived, for the narrow-faced Modred and his ambitious mother had seen their stolen embraces. These two are not slow to tell their news to the King. In the beginning of the third act the body of the Lily Maid is borne down the river to Camelot, and in her dead white hand is a scroll, containing these words :

“I that was named Elaine of Astolat  
Whose mortal love for Lancelot passed all measure,  
Seeing he loves another, choose to die.”

After this, Arthur is compelled to believe the slanderous whispers of Modred and Morgan le Fay, concerning the guilty love of his queen and his friend. The two confess their guilt, and the king lifts his sword to strike Lancelot, but the memory of bygone friendship makes his arm powerless. Arthur is torn between pity and indignation. At that moment news is brought that Caerleon is besieged by Mark and Ryons (Rience), and the king sets out to make war on the rebels, leaving Modred in command at Camelot. The last act com-

pletes the story. When the king had departed, Modred gave it out that Arthur had been slain by Lancelot, and he offered Guinevere the choice of his hand or the stake :

"Thou art Death's bride, or mine—thy choice is free."

She chose the stake, and an unknown champion in black armour appears, to do battle for her with Modred. It was not Lancelot, but Arthur himself. But Modred is the one man whom Excalibur cannot harm, for his is a charmed life. His mother reminds him of an old-time prophecy of Merlin,

"He Pendragon's son shall slay  
That is born with the May."

Arthur falls mortally wounded from his stroke. Before his death the King bids Bedevere to take Excalibur and cast it into the sea, for

"Its home is in the sea, to wait that day  
When upward from the shrieking waves shall spring  
A vast sea-brood of mightier strain than ours  
Bearing across the world from end to end  
One cry to all, 'Our sword is in the sea.'"

The Queen is rescued by Lancelot, and the darkness comes down over her prostrate form as she bends to catch the King's dying words, and in the darkness one can just discern the dusky barge which carries him away to that sweet isle of sleep—Avilion.

The main threads of the narrative are skilfully drawn together. The story is well told. Attention is concentrated at the right point—on the mutual relations of Arthur, Guenevere, and Lancelot ; the situations are dramatic ; the parts of the story hang together ; the shadow of Fate broods over all. But the key to the whole story, the central conception of the play, is equally unlike Malory and Tennyson. Malory's is the story of a youthful sin avenged in later years. The love of Lancelot and Guenevere has no *essential* connexion with it. In Tennyson, all the ruin to king and kingdom is traced to the sin of Lancelot and the Queen. Modred's part is very small. He is merely the unconscious occasion of the final

catastrophe, a tool in the hands of Fate. But here, the ruin comes about through the unquenchable ambition, the fierce malignity of Modred and his wicked mother. They take advantage of the course of events. Modred becomes a prominent character—more prominent than ever before. By making him the son of Morgan le Fay, Mr. Carr avoids the necessity for any reference to Malory's tale of incest. And the story of *King Arthur* is as true to the spirit of our own times as to that of the far-back days of chivalry. It is the common tragedy of love unappreciated and faith rudely shaken, of falsest friendship and broken hopes, of shattered ideals and unavailing contrition.

We must add a word about the use of symbolism in the play, for that, too, will help us to understand much that is new in Tennyson's Idylls. We obtain a suggestive hint of the fate that is coming, when Arthur makes the scabbard of Excalibur the symbol of his fair queen's loyalty. When the scabbard is gone nothing is safe—all things seem to work together for his ruin. When the queen's loyalty is lost, there is nothing more to hope or care for. A fine touch in the opening scene indicates the national character of the legends, and strikes a patriotic note, when the sword which was "forged beneath the sea" and "tempered by the waves," is made a symbol of England's rule over the sea :—

"and that warrior king  
Whose arm is strong to wield it in the fight,  
Shall rule a kingdom that shall rule the sea."

If Tennyson had been content with such a use of symbolism—natural and inherent in the story itself—his Idylls would have had a deeper and more human interest, and we should not have been troubled with the allegory of "Sense at War with Soul."

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# ART. VIII.—A PHILOSOPHICAL THEIST OF THE PRESENT DAY.

*Philosophy and Development of Religion.* Being the Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894. By OTTO PFLEIDERER, D.D., Professor of Theology, University of Berlin. 2 vols. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1894.

FOR several reasons Dr. Pfleiderer is worthy of study by scientific theologians. He is by far the ablest exponent of pure philosophical rationalism in present-day German theology. His theory of religion in general and of Christianity in particular is set forth with great ability and perfect clearness in his chief works (*The Philosophy of Religion*, 4 vols.; *Paulinism*, 2 vols.; *Development of Theology since Schleiermacher; Urchristenthum*), and is supported by the best available arguments. Philosophical theism could not have an abler advocate. The nearest English parallel we know to Dr. Pfleiderer is Dr. Martineau. In their religious position and philosophical cast of mind, as well as in their general tone, the two men closely resemble each other. The German scholar has the advantage, not only of youth, but also of the simplicity of style appropriate to philosophical discussion. Dr. Pfleiderer is a masterly philosophical expositor. His perfect mastery of his matter is only excelled by the ease and even charm with which it is explained and defended. Those who differ most widely from the author's system will be the first to acknowledge his wonderful skill as a teacher and advocate. The two volumes of the Gifford Lectures give the gist, omitting details, of the larger works mentioned above. Dr. Pfleiderer is at his best when he is tracing the growth and development of some particular doctrine or school of thought. The present volumes contain many fine examples of historical exposition, such as the growth of the conception of God (vol. i. ch. 4), the preparation of Christianity in Judaism (ii. 2), Alexandrian theology (ii. 8), Augustine's teaching (ii. 9), and others. The larger works

supply still finer examples of the same kind. The first chapter, indeed, contains a perverse exhibition of this power. There the lecturer, with a sort of grim compliment to his Scottish hearers, actually essays to establish a religious as well as intellectual connection between John Knox, at one end of a chain, and Hume and Carlyle at the other, introducing Kant, Fichte, Schleiermacher and Hegel as subordinate links. This is surely a parody of the author's favourite principle of development, worthy to be set beside Dr. Newman's development of the modern Papacy out of New Testament Christianity. What would John Knox have said, what must an audience of John Knox's descendants have thought, of such a juxtaposition.

The personal parallel just mentioned, to our thought, marks Dr. Pfeiderer's religious standpoint. Like Dr. Martineau, he is a philosophical theist, neither more nor less. He interprets Christianity as the most perfect religious and ethical system, the goal and crown of all other religious and ethical systems—Greek, Roman, Indian, Persian, Jewish. He is a theist; every dogma that goes beyond this is surplusage. He is a philosophical theist; historical facts are mere shell and husk ("venerable vestments of sublime truths"); abstract ideas are the kernel. Doctrines of Creation, the Fall, Incarnation, Atonement are mere symbols; ideal truths are the things symbolised. It will be seen that the theory has a positive as well as a negative side. All English Christians are grateful to Dr. Martineau for his able defence of theistic truth against materialism and pantheism. All our deep dissent from him on other subjects should not blind us to the great service he has rendered to essential truth. In the same way we gladly recognise that Dr. Pfeiderer's teaching may possibly recommend religion in some form to certain sceptical minds in Germany. It is only against his claim to interpret the full meaning of Christianity that we protest. While the negative side of his teaching bulks most largely to us, it is quite possible that the positive elements are most conspicuous to his countrymen. He certainly seems out of place in Presbyterian Scotland. We should prefer him at the safe distance of Berlin. It is sad enough that such teaching should repre-



sent Christian theology at the leading university of Germany; and we cannot forget that he is associated there with Kaftan, a leading Ritschlian, and Harnack, representing strong disintegrating, destructive forces. We should be sorry to think that the negative side of the lectures awakened much sympathy in Edinburgh. To be sure, no loud protest has been made in public. An able tractate, containing three lectures by Drs. Rainy, Dods, and Orr (*The Supernatural in Christianity*), is the only printed protest that has appeared. Still, we cannot but believe that the lecturer's repudiation, often in almost sorrowful terms, of every one of the distinctive doctrines which Christians have ever agreed in holding (Inspiration, the Trinity, the Fall, Incarnation, Expiation) would find little response in Scottish Christianity. Scotchmen are not so fallen as to prefer brilliance to truth.

We would refer in the first place to several points in the lecturer's teaching which will command the assent of many readers outside as well as inside Scotland. The two lectures in the first volume on "Religion and Morality" and "Religion and Science," contain much sound teaching admirably put. The insufficiency of utilitarianism to explain the sense of moral obligation, to create a morality of motive and disposition, and to enforce a law of benevolence, is cogently argued. Expediency and right belong as much to different worlds as the non-living and the living, and one cannot be developed out of the other. However much anything may be to my advantage, why ought I to do it, why shall I be blameworthy if I fail to do it? Eudæmonistic ethics must necessarily be individual. The interest of the individual often crosses that of society. Why ought the individual to seek the happiness of others? "This question is the Achilles-heel of utilitarianism." The most powerful motives to right-doing in utilitarian ethics are fear of punishment, loss, disgrace, desire for esteem and regard for reputation—right motives in their place, but not the highest. When utilitarians propose the reward of a good conscience, they are manifestly borrowing from the opposite school. "If subjective eudæmonism is taken as the principle of morality, no dialectical art will ever succeed in deriving from it the unconditioned authority of the good, independent of the

inclination and favour of the individual, or the sanctity of duty. And wherever this appears to be the case, there is always involved a *petitio principii*." When religionless morality is defended by reference to the good lives of men without religion, our author rightly replies that the characters of such men have generally been formed under religious influence. How long would the spirit of philanthropy continue apart from religious motive? Evil is not so attractive, and the wicked are not always so amiable and grateful as to induce self-sacrifice for their own sake. Selfishness, or at least self-interest, can make out a good case for itself, if religion is left out of the question. "Am I not the nearest one to myself? Have not I therefore the right to make myself, my own wishes and interests, the measure of all things, the criterion of all my actions?" Dr. Pfleiderer argues powerfully, as we think conclusively, for the necessity of religion to the safety and perfection of morality. The two spring from one root, and flourish or die together. The glory of Christianity is that it has made this inner connection of the two one of its fundamental principles. "Morality has here its firm ground, its living root, in the consciousness of our sonship to God, in love to God the Father, and to Christ, the ideal of the divine Man, and in surrender to the universal divine purpose of the world, namely, the kingdom of God."

The discussion of the relations of religion and science is equally effective. Incidentally the exclusive claims of natural realism and subjective idealism are examined and rejected, the truth being shown to lie in the combination of a certain element in both. Faith is shown to be the basis of all science. We assume as our starting point in all study of Nature that our senses and perceptions rightly interpret outward reality. This again implies that outward things are constituted in harmony with our reason. How is this mutual adaptation to be explained save as the work of a higher reason? Our faith, too, in the uniformity of Nature and the reign of law is an assumption which cannot be proved. "Hence, rightly viewed, it is religious belief which is presupposed by all scientific knowledge as the basis of its possibility." God is shown to be the ultimate goal, the interpreting principle of

science, the end beyond all other ends. There is much that is helpful in these and similar suggestions of the relation of mutual helpfulness that exists between science and religion. Dr. Pfeiderer takes strong ground against the scepticism and pessimism of some scientific men of the day.

The two chapters (vol. i. chs. 5 and 6) on the Revelation of God in Nature and in the Moral and Religious World, which contain the author's statement of the argument for the Divine existence, are a closely-welded chain of reasoning. The argument takes quite a new form. First of all, the lecturer reasons from the correspondence between the expectations with which we come to Nature and what we find in Nature. If an astronomer's calculations are verified by fact, he concludes that his theory is true. In the same way, our reading of Nature is confirmed by results.

"How then is this correspondence between the laws of our thinking, which are not given to us from without, and the laws of our being, which are not made by us, explained? So far as I can see, only from this—that the two have their common ground in a divine thinking, in a creative reason, which manifests its thoughts, partly in the order of the real world, and partly in the thinking of our understanding as it copies that order."

The argument from the existence of beauty is also well stated (p. 159). Beauty as an end in Nature is just as certain as any other end. It is best explained as "a revelation of the creative Spirit, which has also lent us the capacity to recognise the glory of His works, and to imitate it in creating artistic forms." The argument from the moral idea and the religious life in man is too long even to summarise. Dr. Pfeiderer is far from agreeing with those who make conscience a product of social opinion and custom. On that theory we could not explain how "the judgment of conscience puts itself not seldom in direct opposition to the practice and tenets of society; or how for the sake of the higher ideal right it denies and combats the rights that exist, as we see in all the reformers and heroes of moral progress." He recognises in conscience an innate as well as empirical factor, one giving its self-identical, abiding, formal character, the unconditional authority with which it speaks, the other explaining its variableness and diversity.

"In this *idea of right* the religious consciousness recognises the revelation of the holy will of God."

In a similar way man's religious consciousness in its different stages in the heathen, Jewish, and Christian world reveals God. There is much that is beautiful in the exposition given of the development of man's religious ideas (pp. 180-203). "Thou hast created us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it comes to rest in Thee."

"This beautiful saying of Augustine is, in fact, the key to the whole history of religion. In the universal experience that man's nature is so constituted that some kind of consciousness of God is inevitable to him, although it may be only a presentiment or a search, we must recognise the original revelation of the love of God. All human consciousness of God presupposes a self-communication of God, a working of the divine logos in the finite spirit."

In the Christian doctrine of God as love revelation reaches its highest stage. Here the education of the world in religious truth is completed.

But all this, and much more to the same effect, does not touch the case of Dr. Pfeiderer's system. The main part of that system, and of the present work, is the interpretation given of Christianity, and it is here that our attitude is one of complete dissent. Dr. Pfeiderer's entire thinking is governed absolutely by two closely-connected principles: first, the theory of development in its most extreme form; and, secondly, the exclusion of all miraculous or supernatural working. The second principle is evidently a consequence of the first. And the first is just as evidently a consequence of the fact that his standpoint is essentially, allowing for divergency in detail, that of F. C. Baur; and F. C. Baur, as we know, was a Hegelian with a veneer of Christian thought and phrase. Baur undertook to explain the entire religious life of the world, and Christianity in particular, as a vast unfolding process of development. The different races of men, with their idiosyncrasies, and the different religious systems are stages in the process, Christ and Christianity representing the goal. Now this is precisely the plan of the Gifford Lectures and of the *Philosophy of Religion*. Each Christian doctrine in turn is derived from or connected with earlier forms in other

countries and religions, these having the same relation to each other as the different forms of organic and organic life in the physical world. This principle forms the key to Pfeiderer's teaching. The Darwinian theory in its most extreme form is applied rigorously to religion. The two following propositions are given as the kernel of this theory (i. 155):

"All the life of the earth is *one* uninterrupted process of development, which has reached its goal in man, and from this point the natural process passes over into the historical process; all the forms of life from the lowest to the highest are developed out of simple fundamental forms, under the co-operation of inner vital impulses and external conditions of life."

*Mutatis mutandis*, this is a perfect statement of the doctrine by which everything in the history of religion is explained. Of course the divine act of creation is assumed at the beginning of the moral as of the physical evolution, but that is all. "From this point the natural process passes over into the historical process." There is no break at any point in the process. Many advocates of evolution admit new interventions or gaps which are inexplicable as natural events. Dr. Pfeiderer admits none in religion, not even in Christ. Immanent development permits no exception. His theory, like Baur's, is scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from pantheism; at least it is the most ethereal idealism. Conclusive evidence of the extent to which evolution is carried is the fact that belief in God is derived, as by Herbert Spencer, Tiele, and others, from the primitive belief in ghosts and nature-spirits (i. 103-105). "Belief in God did not exist ready-made from the beginning, but was formed out of the pre-historical belief in spirits," which again points back to belief in ancestral and nature-spirits. This is the starting-point of a path which is described in the same chapter as leading through gross polytheism, refined Greek and Indian speculations, Jewish prophetic teaching, to a New Testament and modern religious conceptions. Just as man physically has come from the rudest animal beginnings, so man morally and spiritually is the lineal descendant of the grossest animism and fetishism. A distinction is made between the historical origin and the essence of religion. Nothing could be baser than the one or more lofty than the other. Apparently one is no guide to the other:

"David Hume irrefutably showed that there has never been a natural religion of reason; but irrational passions of the heart and fictions of the imagination were recognised by him as forming the beginning of religion, and the historical investigations since his time have always only more confirmed this view. But from the fact that the condition of religion at the beginning of its history was everywhere more or less irrational and pathological, is the inference at all to be justified that the essence of religion also consists in irrational wishes and dreams? Such a conclusion could only be held to be correct by one who had taken no notice of the great characteristic thought of the nineteenth century, namely, the thought of *development*" (i. 28).

Just as we judge of the oak by the mature tree, not by the acorn, and of government by the laws of civilised life not by the life of savages, so the essence of religion is to be sought in its final stages, not in its historical beginnings, "in the course of its historical development, and most distinctly in the highest culminating point—Christianity." The idea of the evolution of religion could not be more ruthlessly applied than it is here. The rational impulse, which is man's innate distinctive characteristic, and which is said to be the source of religion, by some mysterious law of Nature manifests itself first of all in "irrational passions and fictions!" Beginnings of things have always been thought to cast some light on their nature; but now we are told that study of beginnings will utterly mislead.

The other still more conspicuous characteristic of Dr. Pfleiderer's position follows from the first one—the rigid exclusion of all miraculous or supernatural elements. He undertakes to explain all religion—Christ and Christianity included—without these, a truly heroic undertaking. It is significant that twice in one lecture Goethe's saying is quoted with emphatic approval; "Miracle is faith's own dearest child" (i. 291, 298). Where did the faith, which invented miracle, come from? So again on the same subject twice the lines are approvingly quoted (ii. 25, 136):

"What never and nowhere as fact did hold  
Is that alone which never shall grow old."

Of course, the barest doctrine of theism, as Dr. Orr reminds us, implies the supernatural. "In affirming the existence of



God as Theism apprehends Him, we have already taken a great step into the supernatural. . . . If God is a reality, the whole universe rests on a supernatural basis. . . . The whole visible order of things rest on another unseen, supernatural order, and is the symbol, the revelation of it.\* This, indeed, is what Dr. Pfeiderer constantly asserts. He is ever insisting on the universality of natural revelation. The immanent God is manifested in the natural order of creation and history as well as in the heart of man. But miracle in the sense of special divine intervention is energetically repudiated. Again and again we are urged to find God in the ordinary course of things, in the starry heaven and conscience, not in extraordinary events, as if the two ideas were mutually exclusive. If men had not become blind to the God of Nature and history, no special manifestation would have been necessary. "God is always present and working in Nature, and men were meant to recognise Him in the ordinary course of events, and to praise Him as they recognised Him. But, in fact, man's sin has blinded his spiritual eye, he has lost the power of seeing behind the physical order; the very prevalence of law in Nature, which in its perfection, has led to God being forgotten, His power depreciated, His presence denied."† Miracle vindicates the spiritual meaning of the natural order.

We are not left in doubt as to the author's meaning on this subject. "We have long since learned that human history proceeds everywhere naturally," a German form of M. Arnold's dictum, "Miracles do not happen." "No external event can belong in itself to revelation, no matter whether it be naturally or supernaturally brought about. At most it may be an accompanying sign of such revelation by which the authority of the prophet is attested." We have two separate accounts of the way in which miraculous narratives arise. In vol. i. 71-81, there is an elaborate description of the growth and decline of faith in miracles. Miraculous legends are the form in which man's infant faith in God finds sensible expression. Their growth is just as inevitable in the first stages of religion

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\* *Christian View of the World*, p. 92.

† Gore, *Bampton Lectures*, p. 45.

as their dissolution in the light of advancing knowledge. Myth, legend, poetical fable, are the diseases of man's religious childhood, harmless at the time and certain to be outgrown. "Myths and legends are the original forms in which man's impulse to find his place in the world sought to satisfy itself; and out of them proceeded the cosmologies which everywhere form the beginnings of a philosophical explanation of the world. But as secular morality with the progress of civilisation separated itself from religion, so in like manner the impulse towards knowledge did not feel itself permanently satisfied by the traditional legends." From the need of embodying the first guesses at truth in concrete pictures "spring those *miraculous legends*, in which historical processes become idealised into images and types of spiritual experiences which always repeat themselves in the life of pious souls, or in which super-sensible truths, ideas and ideals, sprung from the inner world of the spirit, became realised in symbolical processes of the external world." We are then told how, under the attacks of science and historical investigation, faith in miracles is driven farther and farther back until it is finally abandoned; and the soul is led at last to find "in its own inner self the God which it was no longer able to find in the outer world. At the end of the last century there was repeated the same turn of thought which we find taking place in Greece four centuries before Christ. The superficial thinking of the *Aufklärung*, which clung to phenomena, was overcome by the deeper self-reflection of the Platonic philosophy, which found in the essence of the spirit the ground of being as well as of knowledge, the source and the rule of truth." Again, on p. 295, the author says that those who deny the reality of miracles will be asked to explain the rise and meaning of the belief in them. He traces that belief to two causes, the idealising of the real and the realising of the ideal. To one or other of these causes all miraculous narratives are due. Men either heighten and glorify objects of outward experience, or they embody visions and ideals of their own mind in fictitious histories. "The history of all the higher religions, and in particular of Christianity, is rich in examples of such miraculous histories, in which the historical understanding can

perceive nothing but a poetic realising of religious ideas. These ideal events are necessary and true for the time, that is, true as husks and vestures of ideas. This is the author's philosophy of miracles. The miracles of the New Testament—the Transfiguration, the Resurrection, Pentecost, the Miraculous Birth, &c.—are all explained on this basis. They are idealising creations of religious fantasy working on the materials of memory and tradition. Dr. Pfeiderer never takes the trouble to discuss the evidence even of the Resurrection. It is needless. The theory of historical development being true everything is explained.

Let us test this vital part of the author's system in concrete cases. The result of the elaborate discussions of the three synoptic Gospels in the first lecture of the second volume may be summarised thus. Mark is the oldest, and is apparently assigned to an early date after 70 A.D. Luke is the work of a Hellenistic Paulinist of the post-apostolic time. Matthew is put about the middle of the second century. We need not enter into the reasons given for these conclusions, in which the author agrees with Renan, Holtzmann, Carpenter. In all cases we are told to reckon with accretions which are inevitable in a process of real tradition such as obtained up to 70 A.D. at least, and we must distinguish as well as we can between Christ's real words and acts and those ascribed to Him. Now let it be noted that the second Gospel, which even Dr. Pfeiderer makes the oldest, is the fullest of "miraculous legends." Mark is saturated with miracle. To take away this element is to destroy the Gospel. Mr. Gore well says: "Miracle is here at its height, its proportion to the whole narrative is greater than in any other Gospel, because of the comparative absence of discourses, and the miracles are exhibitions of supreme power such as do not admit of naturalistic interpretation." \* In point of fact the amount of miraculous narrative is not materially increased in the other Gospels which the author carries down to the beginning and middle of the second century. Oral tradition, which is gifted with such wonderful transforming powers, must have effected the transformation of

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\* See proofs in *Bampton Lectures*, pp. 65, 66.

the image of Christ from the natural to the supernatural in the course of one generation, before about 70 A.D. Is this credible? Can a second instance of the kind be quoted? If the change did take place in so short a space of time, is it not a miracle? Was human nature so different in Palestine in the first century from the ordinary state of things as this hypothesis requires? What poets and idealists the men of that generation must all have been. Here we have one "Achilles-heel" of the author's theory.

Again, we are told how "it is quite conceivable on psychological grounds that occurrences which have made a deep and lasting impression, not merely on individuals, but on whole circles of religiously excited men, became involuntarily *idealised*, even on the occasion of their being perceived by the first eye-witnesses, and still more in their recollection of them." This is the familiar process which goes on with the memory of departed friends and heroes. Does this account for the facts? What are the materials on which the idealising power in this instance goes to work? Simply the events in the life of a superior human teacher.

In the third lecture of the second volume our author gives us his reading of the "Gospel of Jesus Christ" after every supernatural element has been eliminated from the sources from which it is taken. We do not deny that the teaching of Christ, put even at this irreducible minimum, has an impressive simplicity and loftiness of its own. It is an attractive picture that is drawn, though even here the idealising hand has been at work, as in a picture of Turner or Claude. Jesus is the perfect moral and religious teacher.

"The religious and the moral motives stood in his case in the purest harmony and in the most fruitful reciprocity. . . . The deepest truth which Jesus impressed for the first time on humanity, and with a power such as no one else ever did, is this, *Die and live again*. Thou findest salvation nowhere but in the unconditional and unreserved surrender of thy whole self to God and His will of goodness. The soul of man, the child of God, cannot find rest and satisfaction in the perishing ungodly nature of the world; nor is it practicable to divide the heart between Mammon and God, as the Holy Ghost will have the whole man."

This is the teaching which has created the Pauls and Xaviers and Wesleys of the race. Even with such drawbacks as the author interpolates as to Christ having shared the ideas of the age about cases of demoniac possession and the erroneous expectation of the near end of the world, the *Ecce Homo* portrayed is a fine ideal. Still it is a long distance from this to the divine Christ of the Epistles and the early Church. Can the idealisation have been accomplished in the time supposed? It is a question which every intelligent man can answer for himself. Dr. Pfleiderer asserts that it can. We think otherwise. Giving the hypothesis every advantage, allowing for the operation of the three factors he mentions (the existing Messianic idea, the literal interpretation of Old Testament figures of speech, such as Balaam's star and Hosea's "Out of Egypt have I called my son," and the religious experiences of the disciples), the alleged cause is utterly inadequate to the effect. The myth-making of Greece and India and Egypt, with which the Christian development is brought into comparison, took immensely longer time and was carried out under far different conditions. Here is another "Achilles-heel" of the theory.

The weakness of the author's hypothesis is well seen in his treatment of Christ's resurrection (vol. ii. iii. ff.). He tells us how in Galilee the disciples "experienced the miracle by which they persuaded themselves that the crucified Jesus was living and had risen again." "Experienced the miracle" means, of course, the opposite of what it says. Yet we are told in the same sentence that those who "persuaded themselves" of this tremendous certainty "under the agitating impression of a tragic issue which took them completely by surprise, lost their composure and courage, and scattered like a flock without a shepherd." Were they fit subjects of such august visions? In the first moments of dismay they lost composure and deliberation; but directly they got back to the mountain air of Galilee they recovered themselves, the "magic personality" of their Master reasserted itself, and they dreamed the dream of the Risen Lord! "The particular grounds which actualised this possibility lay in the psychological state of the

disciples." The numerous appearances of Christ are similarly explained. "It is a well-known fact of experience that states of the extraordinarily excited life of the soul, and in particular religious enthusiasm and ecstasy, have a sort of infectious character, and master whole assemblies with elemental power." But no proof is given of the existence of these states of excitement and ecstasy before the resurrection. It is a mere speculation of the author, who says, in effect, It must have been so, and therefore it was so. Dr. Pfleiderer writes as if resurrection were quite a familiar notion among the Jews of the day; it was in the air. "The boundaries between the present world and the next had become so fluent that no difficulty was found in beholding in an extraordinary person like Jesus a prophet of the olden days who had risen again." The "legends" of the raising of the dead to life, and "the legend handed down by Matthew of the many bodies of the saints rising after the resurrection of Jesus" are referred to in illustration. But these, according to the author, are later stories, and are not available to explain the state of thought in Christ's days. We ask in vain for proof that these descriptions of Jewish sentiment and belief are accurate. The whole account is simply a description of a hypothetical set of circumstances supposed to be necessary. There is no attempt to deal with the evidence, or to explain how a fictitious belief could be followed by such results.

St. Paul's conversion is also got rid of by a "psychological" explanation. The factors in the explanation are on the one side Paul's emotional, visionary temperament, and on the other, the contrast that forced itself on his thoughts between his own unsatisfied longings after rest, and the peace enjoyed by Christians, suggesting that perhaps, after all, their assertions of Christ's resurrection were right. In this state of inner tumult and agitation what wonder if Paul also "persuaded" himself that he saw Christ's form and heard His visit on the Damascus road? Every reader can judge for himself of the measure of probability in this account. To us the cause seems miserably insufficient to explain the effect. If the alleged explanation were true to any extent, we should have to think



that mistakes had played a far larger part in history than we had imagined, and that illusions were the source of the world's most beneficent movements. Judging by the ordinary course of history, we should have in this fact an undoubted miracle.

An essential part of Dr. Pfeiderer's system is the unhistorical character of the fourth Gospel, which is assigned quite confidently to the middle of the second century. F. C. Baur's criticism on this subject is said to have been confirmed anew by "all further investigations" (vol. ii. p. 14). Accordingly in the author's account of the "Gospel of Jesus Christ," no notice is taken of it. It comes in much later, along with the Epistle to the Hebrews, as a product of Alexandrian Christianity to explain the growth of Christian Hellenism (vol. ii. 235). "In order to estimate correctly the true value of this gospel, we should not seek in it a historical work, which it does not at all profess to be: it is a didactic writing which has invested its theological thoughts, drawn from Paul and Philo, in the form of a life of Jesus." What a marvel of genius is thus ascribed to an unknown writer of the second century! We are not going to discuss the drift of "all further investigations" on the authenticity of the fourth gospel. We do not think it is in Pfeiderer's direction. We may notice that Dr. Wendt, who is certainly free from orthodox prepossessions, in his *Teaching of Jesus*, contends that the substance of the gospel is apostolic, and the reason given is that the gospel is out of keeping with all that we know of the characteristics of the second century.\* If Dr. Pfeiderer is right in making the gospel of Matthew also a work of this period, we should have to revise our estimate of the period. Fancy the author of these gospels a contemporary of Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin, Papias! We might as well put Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Byron, in the middle of the eighteenth century. This late date of John's gospel is essential to the theory of a natural, not supernatural, Christ. The divine Christ is so implied in every line of the gospel, or at least, in its entire structure and aim, that the process of omission and correction applied to the

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\* *Teaching of Jesus*, vol. i. 22.

other gospels, in order to make them square with the hypothesis, is altogether out of the question.

After all, the crux of Dr. Pfleiderer's theory of Development is Christ Himself, who has to be brought within the limits of human capacity and natural forces. The reducing, minimising process is carried to its further limit in regard to Christ, and yet we venture to think that it fails. After the Fourth Gospel has been got rid of bodily, and the other gospels have been reduced to uncertainty by wholesale elimination and emendation, too much remains to be explained by natural causes, even leaving out of account the subsequent history of Christianity. On the supposition that "human history proceeds everywhere naturally," Christ must be explained by antecedent and contemporary conditions. At least the interval between Him and His environment must not be greater than can be reasonably explained by the superiority of "religious genius" (vol. ii. p. 93). Plato and Aristotle were merely the consummate flower of a nation in a high state of culture. Dr. Pfleiderer and others do their best to prove the same of Christ. For this purpose they make the most of the germs of truth in contemporary Judaism and put the estimate of Christ's teaching at the lowest. But even under this double process the gulf is too great to be bridged. Facts are too much for the picture of a merely human Christ, whose mission it is to lead others into the enjoyment of a divine fellowship and sonship like His own. We are told that Heb. i. 8 ff. is "the first certain trace of the apotheosis of Christ, which we have accordingly to refer to Hellenism, but whose motive we are able also already distinctly to recognise" (vol. ii. p. 237). "This motive lies in the fully established interest to bring to expression the sublimity of the Christian religion, as the perfect revelation of God, above all earlier forms of religion in the sublimity of the person of Christ, above all other terrestrial and superterrestrial mediators and messengers of God." We may remark that this account of the genesis of faith in Christ's divinity is shared by writers like Kaftan and Harnack and the entire school they represent. Some perception of the gulf between Christ and contemporary Judaism is indicated in a sentence of Pfleiderer's, which closes a review of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes: "But the

Gospel which subdued the world did not proceed from this circle of a paltry, narrow, and world-alienated piety, but out of a soul that was free from the compulsion of forms, and strong in the impulse of love—the soul of Jesus of Nazareth.” But then the difference is explained by “religious genius.”

Further illustrations of Dr. Pfleiderer's method are found in his treatment of the doctrines of the Fall and Creation. He has no difficulty in calling both the entire doctrine of the Fall and its consequences unhistorical, inconceivable and incredible (vol. i. p. 221ff.); and yet he holds with Kant a doctrine of the radical evil of human nature. “It is a very old experience, and one attested by the sacred writings of almost all religions, that evil inclinations do not arise out of free acting, but already precede it; nay more, that they have their roots in the deepest ground of human nature.” Augustine, who is sharply criticised on this very point (“*fiction* of the sinless state of man,” &c., vol. ii. 295), Calvin and Jonathan Edwards have scarcely used stronger language. The explanation he gives of the origin of this radical evil (vol. i. 229) reminds us of Butler's account of the possibility of the Fall. Again, the idea of creation out of nothing is pronounced inconceivable (vol. i. 285); it suggests no positive thought. The conclusion is that

“we must give up the assumption of a creation that happened but once, and that has begun and ended in time; and instead of it we prefer to say rather with Scotus Eriena that the divine creating is equally eternal with His Being. Hence the world thus viewed continues to be the region of temporal, changeable and transitory being, even if this whole of transitory and perishing parts has itself never begun nor will cease to exist.”

Is this account preferable on the score of conceivableness? \*

The two lectures on Paul's theology and work, with all their ability, are a strange mixture of eulogy and condemnation. Dr. Pfleiderer criticises Paul as we venture to criticise Dr. Pfleiderer. Paul is represented as the creator of Christian theology, the author of dogmatic Christianity. He fares as badly at the hands of modern critics as he did at the hands

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\* Cf. Dr. Orr's discussion as above, p. 144-155.

of his old Judaistic foes; in the eyes of the latter his sin was his anti-Jewish teaching, in the eyes of the former his sin is his Jewish cast of thought. His antithesis of flesh and spirit, the heavenly and earthly man, "the mythological notion of the pre-existent heavenly man and his incarnation in sinful flesh," he owed to Alexandrian Judaism through the Book of Wisdom; his doctrines of a vicarious atonement and forensic justification to Palestinian Judaism. Yet there is always some truth hidden under the error. The doctrine of atonement, which "makes a very strange and chilling impression on us," expresses "the profound idea which since the Gospel of Jesus forms the kernel of Christian truth, the eternal law of the Divine order of salvation, Die and live again! Thus the Pauline doctrine of redemption, by the circuitous way of the Phariseean legal theory of expiation, comes again at last to the simple religious, moral, fundamental truth which formed the basis of the Gospel of Jesus." As Paul's doctrines of atonement and justification, "as well as the Hellenistic mythological form of his Christology," are rooted in the "juristic theology of Phariseism," they "can no longer claim any binding authority over us." The same is true of the verbal inspiration of the Biblical writings, which ruled in the Jewish school and was held by Paul as a self-evident presupposition. "This supernaturalistic theory of inspiration and idolatry of Scripture," we are told, had two consequences in Paul: bondage to the letter, and licence in allegorical interpretation. The latter is the assertion of the spirit's freedom as against the infallible letter. We have a curious "allegorical" interpretation of Paul's statement that he received his gospel "by revelation of Jesus Christ." "That is to say, the religious experiences in which the spiritual nature of Jesus was recognised by him and felt as saving truth and grasped in the obedience of faith." In reference to the Lord's Supper (1 Cor. xi.), "probably, by having received it from Christ, he means a new revelation of the spirit of Christ, that is to say, a prompting of his mystical inspiration which felt itself constrained to make the death of Christ, which was the centre of his theology, also the turning-point in the ritual usages of the community." The old allegorisers of Alexandria must yield the palm to their successors at Berlin. Both Baptism and the

Supper received their sacramental character from Paul, the Gospel accounts being put to a later date. The estimate of Paul's ethical teaching in regard to slavery, marriage, and public life generally is not very high. "For secular morality he still wanted feeling and insight," and more in this strain. It is strange how such opposite qualities as are here ascribed to Paul could co-exist in the same character: "This man of deep religious feeling and fiery fancy, this man of ecstasies and visions, was at the same time a religious thinker of the first rank," only all his cardinal thoughts are untenable for us. His personal character, like his theology, "consisted not merely of gold and precious stones, but also in part of ignoble and perishing things." When we are told that "even as the apostle of Christ he could not deny the Jewish theologian and the disciple of the Pharisees," this is a mild way of saying that there was more of the Jew and Pharisee than the Christian in his teaching, as is shown by the almost unqualified condemnation of his central doctrines.

There is abundant material for further comment and criticism, but it is needless. We have sufficiently indicated the tendency of this newest philosophy of religion, in which the philosophy is more prominent than the religion. Pauline Christianity, Alexandrian, Roman, Protestant, are all obsolete phases of thought, points which the hurrying stream of the world's development has left behind. The same fate, we suppose, awaits this latest product of speculation, which professes to give us the finest essence of all religions. It seems strange that all these systems are pronounced true, or at least necessary and useful, in their day. But this is a logical consequence of the theory of development as Dr. Pfeiderer understands it. The world rises through stage after stage of error to truth, if it ever does rise to it. Such a presentation of Christianity as these Gifford Lectures give us would have been unintelligible in Paul's days. Paul's doctrines, so "strange and chilling" to us, were the only forms which Christian doctrine could assume then. The theory of development both justifies and condemns all past systems at once. It endorses Pope's shallow optimism, "Whatever is, is best," as well as the dictum of Heraclitus, "Nothing is fixed, everything is in flux." Truth is a thing

of times and seasons, absolute truth is out of the question, which we take to be bad philosophy and worse religion. There is little to choose between Pfeiderer's interpretation of Christianity and that of the Ritschlian school, against which Pfeiderer has written a powerful tractate. Ritschl's system has a certain religious flavour and unction which the other is without. It is a question of degrees of negation. Ritschl is negative, Pfeiderer is more so, which certainly is needless. We can only repeat our expression of wonder that lectures, as full as they can hold of teaching utterly fatal to Christian faith, were "delivered before the University of Edinburgh."

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## SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

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### THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

*Studies in Theology.* Lectures delivered in Chicago Theological Seminary. By the Rev. JAMES DENNEY, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895. 5s.

THE title truly indicates the scope of this fresh and able work. The ten Lectures are "studies" of the fundamental doctrines—Christ's Person, Sin, Atonement, the Church, Scripture, Eschatology—of Christianity, not a complete survey. The doctrines bearing on subjective Christianity are passed by. The author's standpoint is delightful in these days. He maintains the old positions in a modern tone and by modern means. His work is thus a remarkable combination of old and new—old wine in new bottles, the substance being old, the form alone new. The appearance of such a work in Scotland, where the minimising, disintegrating spirit has been very active, is especially welcome. Many have been pulling down, here comes one to build up. By the way, the volume is one of many evidences that theology has not lost its interest for men, as the positivists of the day would persuade us.

The special excellence of the book is that it deals with the Ritschlian teaching, which is making headway in this country, and especially in Scotland. It is more than twenty years since the first volume of Ritschl's great work was translated by a Scotch pupil of Ritschl, Mr. Black, with the assistance of Mr. Robertson Smith, and since then there have been indications of Ritschlian influence, at least in professional circles. Dr. Denney's volume renders excellent service in plainly pointing out the negative aspects of the movement, its practical denial of Christ's divinity and the Trinity, and its open rejection of the old Christian views of sin, atonement, miracles, eschatology. In every chapter the new positions of Ritschl are kept in view, the modicum of truth in them being recognised, and the deadly error in them clearly exposed. For this service the author deserves the warmest thanks of all lovers of the old faith. Any one who wishes to know the real nature of the new teaching cannot have a better guide than the present volume. The author's criticism gains in weight by his frank recognition of the good points in Ritschlian teaching. He speaks of Ritschl as "the most influential, most interesting, and in some ways most inspiring, of modern theologians," the greatest force

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in German theology since Schleiermacher. The attraction of the new doctrine is undoubtedly its appeal throughout to present, earthly, practical needs, and consequent indifference to everything supernatural and future. Of course, Ritschlians would deny that God and immortality are indifferent to them, but the charge is certainly true. Dr. Denney's first Lecture supplies ample proof. All reasoned proof of the existence of God is abandoned—*i.e.*, the attempt to justify faith in God to the reason is abandoned. Faith in miracles also is abandoned. As to the divinity of Christ, all that Ritschlians will say is, "Christ has for the religious consciousness the value of God." In short, Ritschl is "a theological positivist, who simply abjures the transcendent" in subjective religious experience, in the Godhead, in Christ's person, in the future state. "The Kingdom of God is among us; it is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and that is all we need to know. The theologian is not called on to anticipate its future or its consummation, nor to say anything about the scenic representation of them to be found in the New Testament, or in the pious imaginations of Christian people." Ritschl's new version or utter emptying of the Atonement is well described on pp. 136-146. The two Lectures on the Atonement are among the best in the book. It is strongly and conclusively insisted on the basis both of Scripture and reason that the fundamental necessity of atonement lies, not in man's alienation or depravity, but in his condemnation. "What is the serious element in sin, as sin stands before us in Revelation? Is it man's distrust of God, man's dislike, suspicion, alienation? Is it the special direction of vice in human nature, or its debilitating, corrupting effects? It is none of these things, nor is it all of them together. What makes the situation serious, what necessitates a Gospel, is that the world in virtue of its sin lies under the condemnation of God. His wrath abides upon it. The thing that has to be dealt with, that has to be overcome, in the work of reconciliation, is not man's distrust of God, but God's condemnation of man." The same firm tone rules throughout. A good feature in Ritschlianism is that it recalls us from dry dogma to the historical Christ, and Dr. Denney fully recognises this merit. But he does not fail again to point out (p. 153) the error that lies near at hand. Ritschl denies that we have anything to do with an exalted Christ; it is a Christ of the past, a Christ who did live, that he places before us; whereas we need and have a living Christ.

Nothing is more striking or more welcome in the volume than its healthy common sense and sturdy old-fashionedness in the best sense. A good example of this is its treatment of the question whether the Incarnation was dependent on redemption. Against the speculations of writers like Dorner, Martensen, Westcott, the writer appeals to the silence of Scripture and to the tendencies of the speculations in question. A similar instance is the discussion of the virgin birth in regard to the attack of Harnack and others (p. 64). While no one would put the idea in the forefront, it is shown to be in keeping with the entire

doctrine of Scripture about Christ. "It is not necessary at the beginning, but a time comes at which it is." The impersonality of Christ's human nature in its true meaning is similarly defended (p. 68). "This solitariness of Christ, this uniqueness of His work, is to be maintained over all analogies; and modes of speaking which outrage it, such as that Christians should themselves be Christs, miniature Christs, little Christs, are to be decidedly rejected. It is little to say they are in bad taste; they are as false as they are offensive, for salvation is of the Lord." The statement of the relation of the Church to social questions is in a similar strain. The useful discussion of such questions requires special knowledge as well as sympathy. What the Church has to do is to insist on Christians carrying religion into their whole life, not itself to take the place of social and political reformers. "When representative Christian ministers, like Cardinal Manning or the Bishop of Durham, interfere in economic disputes, it tends to put the Church in a false position, and, though the present distress may excuse it, it is on larger grounds to be regretted. All life has to be Christianised; but the process is to be accomplished, not by dragging everything under the scrutiny and sentence of the Church as it exists among us, but by sending out into all the departments of life men to live and work there in the spirit of Christ." The discussion of the relation of the ideas of Church and Kingdom is particularly fresh. "The paltry Papal interpretation of Matt. xvi. 18, in which the whole soul and originality of the words are lost, is beneath contempt." The author does not fear Biblical criticism. The light cast by recent writers on prophetic teaching is acknowledged in glowing terms. "It is no exaggeration to say that the prophetic Scriptures are at this moment inspiring more men, speaking to more men for God, giving more men larger and fresher conceptions of things divine and human than at any previous age in the history of the Church."

*A Confession of Faith.* By an UNORTHODOX BELIEVER.  
Macmillan & Co. 1895.

This characteristic creed of the nineteenth century is formulated in twenty-seven articles, beginning with, "I believe what I do believe, not what I profess to believe," and ending with, "I believe that Love as the triumph of self-sacrifice, is the supreme end of existence, the fulfilling of the law, the first and last of duties, the way and the goal of life, the real presence of the Eternal God." The steps by which the highest round of the ladder are reached from the lowest are not, indeed, very obvious. The author entirely rejects the supernatural, though his definition of nature as "that order of things in which I find myself, infinite in all directions and dimensions," leaves much to be desired. He holds that "spirit is the real or positive, matter the apparent or negative, pole of existence," and that "God as the supreme reality, is identical with the spiritual pole of the universe, in other words, that He is the purity and perfection of the spirit that is in

man." In brief, we have in this volume one of the many modern attempts to build up a system of natural religion, in which the terms God, Religion, and kindred words receive a meaning which the author gives them, the high associations and sanctions which belong to them being borrowed to give a character to a spiritual philosophy of the author's own devising. He does not argue, but dogmatically states his opinions. We forbear from criticising this creed from the religious side, because the writer begins with a huge postulate concerning nature and the supernatural which makes all argument between him and those who hold other views of "nature" impossible. But confining ourselves only to the ethical side of his system, how does the "unorthodox believer" contrive to pass from the statement that "self-culture is the main object of life, to the statement that love is the supreme end of existence?" This is one of the practical obstacles which the framer of a creed in distinct propositions may gloss over, but which one who rejects the idea of God—in the usual sense of the word—the supernatural, revelation and the higher sanctions of duty, would find it very hard to surmount. For ourselves, after carefully reading the creed of the "Unorthodox Believer," we are inclined to think that his views are not likely to supplant orthodoxy, in that struggle of creeds for existence which will assuredly end at last in the survival of the fittest.

*The Great Problem of Substance and its Attributes.* Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1895.

This investigation into "the relationship and laws of matter and of mind as the phenomena of the world derived from the Absolute," is one from which a reviewer possessed of only an average allowance of brains may well shrink in trepidation. It discusses absolute substance, absolute impersonality, absolute personality, freedom of will, cosmical forces, the foundation of morals, the faculty of perception, "how the mental *ego* is constituted," causality and the being of a personal God, as well as a number of other subjects equally abstruse. The writer seeks to solve all the difficult questions of ontology by the hypothesis that the Absolute Substance consists of a wonderful "Ether or Etherial Medium," which is "of the nature of spirit," and yet of the nature of matter. It may be designated as *Pneum* or spirit-substance, having the wonderful property of receiving and involving within itself any number of impressions which may in growth be developed into separate conditions." We spare our readers the rest of the sentence, which consists of thirty-eight closely printed lines, the next to it being forty-six lines in length! The writer apologises for deficiencies in his work, due to physical weakness and absence from books; but we advise him, if he desires his theory of absolute substance to win adherents, first of all to simplify his exposition of it. We have conscientiously persevered in an attempt to master his meaning, and have come to the conclusion that the best which can be said for the curious

medley of ideas here presented, is that the writer is trying to work out a monistic philosophy, with an imaginary ether for a universal solvent—and has failed.

*Central Truths and Side Issues.* By ROBERT G. BALFOUR,  
Free New North Church, Edinburgh. Edinburgh:  
T. & T. Clark. 1895. 3s. 6d.

The "Central Truths" considered are the Incarnation and the Atonement, the "Side Issues" are the meaning of Heb. vi. 1, 2, the Sinai Covenant, and the Resurrection of the Body. The essays are as thoughtful and suggestive as the subjects are important. The first chapter is a clear exposition and temperate defence of the modern Kenotic views of the Incarnation. It is somewhat surprising to find a writer, as orthodox as the two chapters on the Atonement prove him to be, willing to accept these views in a moderate form along with the corollary of a limitation of our Lord's knowledge. Mr. Gore's *Bampton Lectures* called attention to the subject, and Mr. Balfour goes with him. "The self-emptying must mean something; and it is not of the human, but of the Divine in Christ that it is asserted. The assumption of a second nature, if it involved no limitation of the first, could not reasonably be called self-emptying." Of the two chapters on the Atonement, one expounds the Scripture view, the other discusses alternative theories. The former chapter unfortunately binds up the true view of the nature of the Atonement with a limitation of its extent. The writer holds that the ideas of substitution and headship are inconsistent with universal atonement, and tries to prove this by logical reasoning. But logic is not everything. We have just been told that Kenosis is "incomprehensible yet true;" and the same must be said of some aspects of the Atonement. The criticisms of Dr. Westcott's and Dr. Fairbairn's teaching are well to the point. The former is pronounced vague and tacitly at least opposed to the forensic idea. The latter is still more vague and unsatisfactory. Some of the teaching of *Christ in Modern Theology* is "a travesty of the design and end of the crucifixion." Despite the Calvinistic doctrine on one point, these chapters contain much strong, helpful argument. The three chapters on the "Side Issues," while of less general interest, are excellent studies.

*A Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament for the Use of Biblical Students.* By the late F. H. A. SCRIVENER, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. Fourth Edition. Edited by the Rev. Edward Miller, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Two volumes. London: George Bell & Sons. 1894.

Dr. Scrivener's great work reached a third edition during his own

lifetime, and it was supposed that he had made corrections and additions which would render the issue of a fourth edition comparatively easy. When, however, the work was placed in the hands of Mr. Miller, his own observation and the advice of the most eminent textual critics soon showed that very extensive additions and alterations were necessary. The third edition had been prepared under grave disadvantages, for Dr. Scrivener was in charge of an important parish and was stricken down by paralysis when he had added 125 pages to his book. Mr. Miller wisely resolved to allow no delicacy as to disturbing the original work to interfere with its completeness and its perfect accuracy. He has found it impossible to crowd the matter into one volume. These two portly volumes do not by any means allow him to exhaust the subject, but he has dealt with 3791 manuscripts instead of 2094 recorded in the third edition, and has wisely enlisted the help of many distinguished scholars who have either rewritten the sections dealing with the various ancient versions which they had specially studied, or have supplied material for bringing these sections perfectly abreast of the most advanced scholarship. The expediency of such a course is manifest. Biblical criticism has become so vast a science, with such far-reaching ramifications that no one man can master every part of the subject. The list of names which Mr. Miller gives in his preface is itself the highest guarantee as to the accuracy of the work. The first volume deals with the general outline of the subject and furnishes catalogues and descriptions of the MSS. The second volume discusses the Versions, deals with quotations from the Fathers, early printed editions, critical editions, and kindred topics. Dr. Scrivener's Introduction is now worthy of the subject, as no one would have more gratefully recognised than himself. Mr. Miller has given infinite pains to the preparation of this monumental work, and it is one of which Biblical criticism in England may be justly proud. No one can understand what accuracy means till he sees the ten pages of additions and corrections which are printed as appendices. The work with all its erudition is profoundly interesting, as every Bible student will discover who can secure this treasure for his library.

*Texts and Studies.* Vol. iii., No. 1. The Book of Rules of Tyconius, newly edited from the MSS., with an Introduction and an Examination into the Text of the Biblical Quotations. By F. C. BURKITT, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1894.

The *Rules* of Tyconius (or Tichonius, as the name is more frequently but less correctly spelt) have a double value to the student of Scripture. They represent the first attempt in Western Christendom at the production of a scientific and systematic treatise on hermeneutics. Tyconius was a Donatist and schismatic; but there are many indications that his work profoundly influenced Augustine and other Latin



ecclesiastics, and was, indeed, regarded for a time as the best text-book on the subject in the Catholic world. Objections were soon taken to parts of it, and an attitude of hesitation adopted towards others; but its distinguishing merit of recognising the historical basis of prophecy without resolving its quality as inspired gave it great value in the early century in which it appeared, and gives it great interest still.

In its bearing upon one of the great textual problems the book is even more important. Tyconius wrote it in the last quarter of the fourth century; his theme required exactness of citation, and, except in a few instances where he allows himself to paraphrase, or to recast a passage in words of his own, he maintained a very high standard of correctness. He was an African by nationality, and by religion a somewhat disloyal member of a sect that had no Greek representatives, and was therefore not likely to revise its Bible from Greek sources. The study of his quotations shows that he used a version similar to that used by Cyprian, the differences in Latinity being due possibly to dialectical influences. Habetdeus, in his statement of Donatist doctrine at the Council of Carthage, used the same version. There can be, in consequence, no doubt that one of the perplexing forms of the "Old Latin" text was of a distinctly African and Donatist character. In the tenets and isolated condition of that Church there is a strong presumption against such a text having been exposed to any important Greek influences after the middle of the second century. And where this text can be recovered with confidence, it will be a valuable aid in the emendation of the Septuagint, whilst its New Testament readings will be genealogically independent of the best Greek manuscripts.

Hitherto the *Rules*, of which some five manuscripts are known, have been accessible either in the edition published by Grynæus at Basle in 1569, or in that published by Schott in 1622 in the appendix of the *Magna Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*. The other editions have been reprints of one or the other of these, generally with the addition of a few conjectures and of some curious and puzzling misprints. Mr. Burkitt has collated all the MSS. afresh, with the epitomes and quotations from the time of Augustine downwards, and has thus succeeded in producing what must henceforward be regarded as the *editio princeps* of this important work. In a few instances the reading of the notes might perhaps with advantage be transposed with that of the text: but there are traces on every page of a sound critical faculty and of the patience of unwearied scholarship. Indexes of Latin words and of Biblical quotations are added, with notes on orthography, a glossary of Latin terms with their Greek equivalents, and *prolegomena* of the fullest and most careful kind. Mr. Burkitt must be congratulated upon the thorough success of his first enterprise in the domain of the criticism of ancient documents; and his work will more than sustain the reputation of the great series of "Texts and Studies," in which a place has fittingly been found for it.

*The Ethiopic Version of the Hebrew Book of Jubilees.*  
 Edited from Four Manuscripts, and critically revised  
 through a continuous comparison of the Massoretic and  
 Samaritan Texts, and the Greek, Syriac, Vulgate, and  
 Ethiopic Versions of the Pentateuch, and further  
 emended and restored in accordance with the Hebrew,  
 Syriac, Greek, and Latin Fragments of this Book, which  
 are here published in full. By R. H. CHARLES, M.A.,  
 Trinity College, Dublin, and Exeter College, Oxford.  
 Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895.

This is the latest addition to the Semitic section of the valuable series of texts and documents from Oxford libraries, which the Clarendon Press is issuing under the title of *Anecdota Oxoniensia*. It will at once take rank as the best text of the Book of Jubilees. From four manuscripts Mr. Charles has succeeded in restoring the Ethiopic version almost to the condition in which it must have been when at a very early period it was translated from Greek. Of the Greek version only a few fragments have been preserved in the Scholia of the LXX., and in the form of infrequent quotations in the works chiefly of the Byzantine chroniclers. The Hebrew original is even less known, traces of it being rarely met with except in a couple of Midrashim, in the Targum of Onkelos, and in Algazi's *Hebrew Chronicle*. All these, together with the Syriac and Latin fragments, have been consulted by our author, several of them are reprinted in this volume, and by their help the *apparatus criticus* is rendered of the most ample and adequate kind. No previous edition of the book can compare with this. Ronsch's Latin text is both defective and corrupt. In his Ethiopic text Dillmann used only two inferior manuscripts, and there are evidences in the method he follows that he was in too great a hurry to avail himself of other materials at his disposal. Mr. Charles has constructed a text which stands well the critical test of translation back through Greek into Hebrew, and there are very few passages where his acumen or patience or repression of subjectivity for a moment fails him. He decides against the theory of the Samaritan origin of the book on the sufficient ground that only in a single doubtful case is there an apparent Samaritan affinity. He gives a list of some twenty-five passages where the Massoretic text of Genesis should, in his opinion, be corrected into accord with other strongly attested readings, thus supplying further proof that the former text did not attain its fixed and final character until a much later date than used to be generally supposed. A fuller discussion of this subject is promised in a Commentary upon the Book of Jubilees, upon which he is now engaged, and which he hopes to publish before the close of the year. That is to contain "an exhaustive treatment

of this and other questions ;" and its appearance will be welcome to many students, especially if it throw light upon the actual influence and value in the first century before Christ of the haggadic literature, of which the Book of Jubilees is almost the only survival.

*A Translation of the Four Gospels from the Syriac of the Sinaitic Palimpsest.* By AGNES SMITH LEWIS, M.R.A.S., author of *Glimpses of Greek Life and Scenery* ; *A Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai*, &c. London : Macmillan & Co. 1894. 6s. net.

Every student of the text of the New Testament will value this book. It consists chiefly of a very careful translation of the Gospels, with marginal notes, indicating variations from the Authorised Version, "which have their equivalent either in the Revised Version, as substantially representing the testimony of the most ancient Greek manuscripts, in Cureton's MS., or in Codex Bezae as the chief representative of the Old Latin." That alone will enable the student, who is not familiar with Syriac, to add the Sinaitic palimpsest to the list of authorities he uses. But Mrs. Lewis has also provided prolegomena that are sufficient provisionally, whilst the text she renders is receiving the patient attention of Syriac experts. They comprise a brief account of the discovery and decipherment of the manuscript, with a discussion of its relation to other Syriac versions, and of some of its leading characteristics. An appendix contains lists of its interpolations and omissions, some of which are also noted in the Introduction. Mrs. Lewis inclines to regard the text as not of heretical origin, and to date it in the early part of the fifth century, which would make it the earliest Syriac text at present known. But these are questions not lightly to be pronounced upon, and to be settled only after the thorough study of the photographic reprint, which the Cambridge University Press has issued. Meanwhile, Mrs. Lewis has won the gratitude of all textual scholars by supplying them with such novel and important materials, and has herself contributed greatly in this indispensable little book to the solution of the questions which arise from her discovery in the neglected library of the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai.

*Authoritative Christianity.* The Third World Council, held A.D. 431, at Ephesus in Asia. Vol. I., which contains all of Act I. Translated and published by JAMES CHRYSTAL, M.A. Jersey City, New Jersey. 1895.

Mr. Chrystal has set himself to deal exhaustively with the Six Ecumenical Councils, which he regards as the only utterances of the

undivided Church. This huge volume of 850 pages only covers one-half of the Minutes of the Third Council, held at Ephesus in 431. The work has never before been attempted on so colossal a scale. Not one-twentieth part of the acts of the Ephesian Synod has ever appeared in an English dress. Hammond, in his work on the Canons, does not give one-fiftieth part of the voluminous Minutes. Mr. Chrystal is a poor man, but he has boundless energy and industry. He has gathered together every scrap of information as to the heresy of Nestorius and the bishops who condemned it at Ephesus. His notes stream over from page to page, so that he finds it necessary in his table of contents to instruct us in what he calls "Text Leaps." There is material here for which the most advanced student, who seeks to understand the work of the Council and its significance for Christian theology will be grateful indeed. Such volumes can only expect a limited circle of readers, but if a copy of the work could be subscribed for by every theological library in this country and in America, Mr. Chrystal would be encouraged to carry forward his colossal task. He shows in the present volume how St. Cyril and the Synod, which accepted him as its great leader, have condemned all Eucharistic heresies past and present. "Surely when these facts become known the creature-worship of Rome, and that of the Greeks, and that of the Monophysites, and that of the Nestorians, and all their real-presence and cannibal errors on the Eucharist, and all their worship of it will be seen by all fair men to be anathematised by that *One, Holy, Universal, and Apostolic Church*, which is the 'pillar and ground of the truth.'"

*Deuterographs. Duplicate Passages in the Old Testament.*

Their bearing on the text and compilation of the Hebrew Scriptures. Arranged and annotated by ROBERT W. GIRDLESTONE, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1894.  
7s. 6d.

Mr. Girdlestone sets the historical matter common to the Books of Samuel, Kings and Chronicles, and the Prophecies, in parallel columns and furnishes instructive notes as to the points of agreement and divergence. A careful examination of the parallel histories brings out the fact that there is not only a substantial agreement, but also a textual relationship between the two main records. We can detect a certain stratification in the Hebrew writings, and a weaving together of materials into a connected whole, but close study confirms the judgment of former days that the Hebrew writers are not inventors but chroniclers. The Biblical record from Genesis onwards is manifestly trustworthy and authoritative. Mr. Girdlestone's book is very clearly arranged, and beautifully printed. It will render valuable service to students of the Old Testament.

*The Book of Daniel.* By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Expositor's Bible Series. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1895. 7s. 6d.

This volume is remarkable for two things—for the completeness with which the author maintains the unhistorical character of the Book of Daniel, and for the lavish eulogy he bestows on its moral teaching. With his usual passionate fervour, Dr. Farrar argues that the book is merely a story or parable with a moral, like the parable of the Prodigal Son and ordinary novels, that it was not meant or understood at first to be anything else, that the mistake has been made by later generations in regarding it as historical. Not only in the elaborate introduction of ten chapters, but throughout the two subsequent expositions or commentaries, this position is argued in every possible form, opposing arguments are replied to, the strong language of Hengstenberg and others is condemned in language equally strong. The theme is returned to again and again, the case being almost weakened by repetition. On the other hand, with equal energy of phrase and equal repetition, the author expresses his admiration for the moral lessons which the book is intended to teach. It seems strange that the two positions should be maintained at the same time. One would think that so savage an attack on the historical character of the book would compel its rejection in every form. It is not so with Dr. Farrar, and we are bound to respect his sincerity and earnestness. How many will be able to imitate him? Many who take the first step will refuse to take the second. We need only add that the notes as well as the text show the width of the author's reading on the subject.

1. *Psalm-Mosaics.* A Biographical and Historical Commentary on the Psalms. By the Rev. A. SAUNDERS DYER, M.A., F.S.A.
2. *The Psalms at Work.* Being the English Church Psalter, with a few short Notes on the use of the Psalms, gathered together. By CHAS. L. MARSON. London: Elliot Stock. 1894.

The hymn-book of the Jewish Church has gathered round itself a multitude of associations which light up its meaning and give added interest to almost every Psalm in the collection. Mr. Marson's notes have been "gathered chiefly in the highways" and are intended to set the reader gathering for himself. The instances are well chosen, tersely put, and cover a wide range. He says: "Perhaps even a handful of instances can help one dimly to understand how enormously this one little book of poems has affected the life of mankind; and that because the Psalmists have reached the common bed-rock of our human

nature." His notes on the Fifty-first Psalm are specially suggestive. "None of the other Psalms have had half the effect upon men's minds that this one has exercised. It has a library of its own." The book is admirably adapted to set people gathering allusions for themselves, and those who wish to do so will find the wide margins very convenient for their own jottings. The use in various liturgies is carefully noted. Mr. Dyer's book is much fuller than Mr. Marson's. It would really have been improved by more vigorous condensation, but it is almost ungracious to say so, for the fulness of the citations will be of great service to many readers. The headings of each Psalm in Delitzsch and Spurgeon are given with a few words from Perowne as to the origin of the Psalm. Then follow notes on its use in various churches, with comments on many points of interest, and a wealth of illustrative incident which represents long and loving research. We have found the book not only profoundly interesting, but full of spiritual help. Mr. Dyer does not note that the Ninety-first Psalm came to be known in this country as the Cholera Psalm, or that George Moore read it every morning before he left his hotel in Paris to distribute the Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the people after the horrors of the Commune. Every one who loves the Psalter ought to have both these volumes constantly in use.

1. "*In Remembrance.*" Being Sermons and Addresses delivered on various special occasions. By FREDERIC GREEVES, D.D.
2. *The Mystic Secret and other Sermons.* By JAMES LEWIS.
3. *The Wisdom Literature of the Old Testament.* By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. 2s. 6d. London: C. H. Kelly. 1894.

1. We are thankful to Dr. Greeves for collecting these sermons and addresses into a memorial volume. Few men in Methodism have shown such ripe maturity in early manhood as Dr. Greeves, and his sermons have never lost the charm and felicity of youthful feeling, whilst added experience and richer spiritual life have made themselves more and more manifest as the years have gone by. The volume opens with the Charge which Dr. Greeves delivered as President at Gateshead in 1885. Happy will the young minister be who shapes his course by these loving counsels. The description of the tender watchful Shepherd of souls with the lovely quotation from Edward Irving's farewell address to his friends at Glasgow, the words about visiting the homes of the poor and caring for the sick and dying, must nerve every true pastor to fresh zeal and fidelity. Not less helpful are the timely exhortations to the cultivation of personal religion. The noble sermon on "Christian Confidence," preached before the Conference;



the Missionary Sermon, delivered in London; the exquisitely tender discourse on David's Last Words, which takes rank as one of Dr. Greeves's most felicitous and impressive pulpit utterances; the masterly unfolding of the story of St. Paul's work in Ephesus and its analogies to the evangelical revival of the last century—all these are sermons from which every preacher will learn what power may accompany his words if he keeps close to the sacred records and catches their spirit. The Valedictory address, "On the Force of Character," is a model for such deliverances, brightened by happy quotation, aglow with deep sympathy, full of wise counsel. The Inaugural, on "Moral and Religious Influence in Schools," may almost be regarded as a continuation of the Valedictory. Teachers who walk by these rules will carry a blessing with them into every school. The closing sermons of the volume, on "The Virtuous Woman" and the old story of "Jacob and Esau," have the same excellencies as those to which we have already called attention. For grace of style, for tenderness, and true spirituality, it is not easy to find sermons which will compare with those given us by Dr. Greeves, and they are but samples of his honoured ministry, which, since this notice was written, has closed, to the deep regret of his friends.

2. Mr. Lewis has gained a high reputation as a preacher, and this book shows that it is well deserved. There is much devout and high thinking, much exquisite illustration, much knowledge of human nature and daily life in these sermons; and his style is so lucid and so perfectly polished that the sermons abundantly sustain Mr. Lewis's claim to be regarded as one of the most brilliant as well as earnest and spiritual preachers of the day.

3. Professor Davison's book is a companion volume to his *Praises of Israel*, which has already won a foremost place in the growing library devoted to the Psalter. After a valuable introduction on the Wisdom Literature of the Jews he discusses in detail the books of Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs. Dr. Davison handles the knotty problems which here await the commentator at every turn with conspicuous good sense and ample knowledge of the whole subject. The volume is beautifully written and full of interest. Young students ought to consult it whenever they turn to the books with which it deals.

*Last Words in the Temple Church.* By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.  
Macmillan & Co. 1894.

This latest volume—alas! that it is to be the last—is surely one of the very best the Dean has published during his long and fruitful ministry. For point and energy, for succinctness and force, for evangelical plainness and fervour, and for deep suggestiveness, we do not remember any volume superior to this. It will be welcomed with deep gratitude and studied with melancholy satisfaction and pleasure by many thousands of readers on two continents.

*The Pilgrim of the Infinite.* A Discourse addressed to advanced religious thinkers on Christian lines. By WILLIAM DAVIES. London : Macmillan & Co. 1894. 3s. 6d.

This is a beautiful little volume of meditations that might be called devotional if the writer had not so sorely overlooked human weakness. He regards religion as an axiom of being, and as needing neither proof nor confirmation. External systems and means fall in consequence at once into the background ; and the reader is invited to search after and to follow the invisible Divinity within him. Sometimes the author is wise in his counsel, and sometimes his words are both wise and eloquent. Naturally there is a strain of mysticism throughout. But devotion must be fed by something else than thought, and must call into operation forces from above, if its effect is to be either the enrichment of the human spirit or its adequate incitement to well-doing. An attempt to reduce intuitive theology to practice is at the best the exhibition of an impracticable ideal ; and it is the fuller Christian faith alone that, whilst even exalting the ideal, make its attainment possible.

*The Beacon of Truth and Testimony of the Coran to the Truth of the Christian Religion.* Translated from the Arabic by Sir WILLIAM MUIR. London : Religious Tract Society. 1894. 2s. 6d.

We fully endorse Sir William Muir's verdict that this book ought to be distributed widely among Mohammedans and put into the hands of all the missionaries who have to labour amidst them. The writer points out that Mohammed worked no miracles, and that the Coran itself is not a miracle ; he marshals very impressively the passages denying that Mohammed was sent to use force or compel men to join his religion ; and brings out the striking testimony of the Coran to Jesus Christ. Such a book ought to open the eyes of candid Mohammedans and serve as an armoury for many a Christian missionary. The clearness of arrangement is a great merit in the little volume.

*Eternal Punishment.* Are the souls of the wicked to be destroyed after death ? An answer in the negative founded on the meaning of some Greek words. By a SEARCHER. London : Hodder Bros. 1894. 2s.

The "Searcher" began his inquiry with a wish to believe in conditional immortality. He here shows us how he was driven to the opposite conclusion by a careful comparison of the meaning of the terms used in Scripture with their meanings elsewhere. The only fault of the pamphlet is that the discussion is so meagre. Parallel passages in other writers are quoted and referred to in great numbers, and the elucidation is left to readers. Rich material is given.

*The Great Day of the Lord.* A Survey of New Testament Teaching of Christ's Coming in His Kingdom, the Resurrection, and the Judgment of the Living and the Dead. By the Rev. ALEXANDER BROWN. Second Edition, enlarged. London: E. Stock. 1894.

We welcome a second edition of a book which is a sensible and acute investigation of the Apocalypse. The additions to the first edition consist chiefly of a more careful examination of the eschatological passages in the other books of the New Testament, with a view to discover whether the proposed interpretation of the Apocalypse is in harmony with inspired teaching elsewhere. Mr. Brown's theory is, in brief, that the coming of Christ's kingdom is the abolition of the Old Testament religion in its corrupted form, such an event having been accompanied by transcendent changes in the world, and being liable to no reversion in the future. He does not anticipate any catastrophe at "the end of the age," but a steady progress on the part of Christianity until at length, in spite of occasional retrocessions, it achieves a universal victory. At death Christ's people do not pass into any intermediate state, but are caught up at once to meet the Lord; and their resurrection "consists in the spirit being clothed upon with a form from heaven, with superior essences that enable it to find its suitable environment in God's heaven." These are held to be inferences from the teaching of the Apocalypse, which is thus expounded as relating primarily to the substitution of Christianity for Judaism, and to the changes and perils that immediately followed. Mr. Brown has much to say in support of his exposition, and his work must be classed amongst the possible solutions of what is the greatest perplexity in exegesis. Any student of the Apocalypse will do well to consult this book. It is entirely free from the qualities that so often render such literature unreadable, and is characterised throughout by sobriety and independence. The author evidently possesses the requisite scholarship for his work; and it is equally obvious that he has made himself familiar with the views of all the principal exegetes. He is charitable towards those who differ from him, alive to the actual bearings of his subject upon faith and practice, and the writer of a book which helps and pleases, even where it fails to convince.

*The Word and the Way, or the Light of the Ages on the Path of To-Day.* By WILLIAM LEIGHTON GRAVE, M.A., Rector of Bexhill, Sussex. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

This is a volume of wholesome sermons, rich in quotation, and likely to edify the reader. They do not deal so much with the deep things of God or the higher privileges of faith, as with common per-

plexities and the regulation of temper and conduct in ordinary difficulties. They are gathered somewhat formally into four sections, each containing six sermons. The first section discusses the authority of Scripture in the light of recent criticism; and the remainder exhibit the way of life, with a few of the hindrances to be overcome and of the helps to be used. The style is simple and vigorous, and the sermons themselves are readable and stimulating. A manly and pure ethical purpose is perhaps their chief characteristic, and the tendency of the whole teaching is towards righteousness and reasonable self-discipline.

*Morality and Religion.* Being the Kerr Lectures for 1893-4.

By Rev. JAMES KIDD, B.D., Erskine Church, Glasgow.

Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895. 10s. 6d.

This second series of the Kerr Lectures is another evidence of the extraordinary interest of our days in ethical studies. We are flooded with able treatises on ethics from all sides, religious and philosophical, Christian and non-Christian. It is much too soon yet to predict what will be the outcome. Mr. Kidd's is not the least remarkable contribution to the subject. The ten lectures cover 450 pages, the usual apparatus of supplementary notes being dispensed with. The author everywhere thinks for himself, and revels, like a true Scotchman, in abstract discussion; his pages bristle with acute analysis and definition. His plan is too comprehensive, and the filling up too exhaustive to allow of anything like an adequate appreciation being given here. We can only indicate the course taken in the four parts of the work. The first two parts discuss the nature of morality and religion respectively, and contain fine analyses of conduct, motive, moral obligation, as well as of religious reverence. The third part announces the author's conclusions as to the relation of morality and religion. The two lectures of this part discuss both the nature and the extent of the relation, and answer two questions: Can there be morality without religion, or religion without morality? The answer is affirmative, but maintains that a religionless morality issues in materialism, and an unmoral religion in utilitarianism. The fourth part sketches Christian morality. The author's own highly abstract reasoning is relieved somewhat by the criticism of other writers, who traverse his position. Fiske's *Cosmic Theism* and Green's *Prolegomena*, Müller's and Caird's *Gifford Lectures*, Caird's *Introduction to Philosophy of Religion*, Wendt's *Teaching of Jesus*, Bruce's *Kingdom of God*, are dealt with. These criticisms are just as valuable as the author's original expositions. It is time some of these writers were sharply put to the test. Dr. Bruce says that the entire teaching of the Synoptics may be arranged under the idea of the Kingdom of God. Mr. Kidd shows that this is only possible through the elastic meaning imported into the term. "Sometimes it does not mean anything in

particular, but is merely a heading under which the teaching and work of Christ are ranged in a loose and unconnected fashion." The author is a just as well as keen critic. We hope the work will receive the careful study which it deserves, and regret that we have not space to do ampler justice to its merits.

*How to Read the Prophets.* Being the Prophecies arranged chronologically in their Historical Setting, with Explanations and Glossary. By the Rev. BUCHANAN BLAKE, B.D. Part V. (Isaiah xl.-lxvi), and the Post-Exilian Prophets. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895.

The fifth part of this useful publication has the merits and attractions of its predecessors, but like them must be read with an inquiring, cautious, and independent mind. To read it will be found very convenient and valuable.

*Phillips Brooks' Year Book.* By L. H. S. and L. H. S. London: Dickinson. 1894. 3s. 6d.

The compilers of this Year Book have shown sound judgment and good taste in these selections from the writings of Bishop Brooks. Few will endorse the verdict that "the Sermons are among the immortal few which are for all time, and not for one special age alone;" but the extracts are so full of suggestive thought and deep feeling, so spiritual, so tender, so true, that they strike a happy keynote for the day. The fragments of poetry culled from various sources to fill up the pages supply a pleasing variety.

*From Day to Day; or, Helpful Words for Christian Life.* Daily Readings for a Year. By ROBERT MACDONALD, D.D. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1895. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Macdonald has endeavoured to be "entirely practical" in these daily readings, and he has certainly succeeded. He has a happy style and a large command of illustrative incident, so that his words are always stimulating and helpful. The Scripture passages quoted at the end of each reading are well chosen, and the book is beautifully printed. We heartily commend it to all Christian people.

*Faith and Unfaith.* By Rev. T. L. BROWN. Hull: Andrews & Co. 1894.

This is a thin and weak book by a Church clergyman, which misrepresents the position of Dissenters, and indulges in much self-[No. CLXVII.]-NEW SERIES, VOL. XXIV. NO. 1. L

complacent reflection on the position of Anglicans. The lecture on Venice "lugged" in at the close is a pitiful production. Think of this sentence as a piece of English composition. "To behold new features, typical of generations of dark eyes and hair, now gone to their long home waiting for the resurrection morning."

A third edition has been published of the late Dr. Finlayson's critique of Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. It is entitled *Biological Religion* (Jas. Clarke & Co.), and though only a reprint, deserves attention in view of the publication of the *Ascent of Man*.

We have received from Mr. Elliot Stock a copy of the new and cheaper edition of Bishop Blomfield's *Old Testament and the New Criticism*, which we have already recommended as a clear and temperate putting of the argument against the advanced critics. It is very neatly got up and will do good service.

*Children's Sermons*, by Nathaniel Wiseman, published by Richard D. Dickinson, will not be without their sphere of usefulness.

*From the Exile to the Advent.* By Rev. WILLIAM FAIRWEATHER, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1895. 2s.

"The Jewish Interval" was a subject that claimed treatment in the Handbooks for Bible Classes, and Mr. Fairweather has prepared a volume which covers all the ground from the exile in Babylon to the days of Herod the Great. He has caught the spirit of the period and does ample justice to the splendid patriotism of the Maccabees. The book is arranged with such clearness, and written in a style so interesting, that it will be eagerly studied. It is a piece of work worthy of the series and of the subject.

*The Expositor.* Vol. X. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICHOLL, LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Our readers know that the contents of the *Expositor* are not exactly food for babes. They contain strong meat, sometimes, perhaps, not exactly wholesome. But the contributions are almost always able; and for theological students the *Expositor* is indispensable. The present volume shows no falling off in ability or interest. Dr. Beet's articles on "The New Testament Teaching on the Second Coming of Christ," are specially worthy of study.

The fourth volume of the *Critical Review* (Messrs. T. & T. Clark, 7s.) represents the matured critical judgments of the most competent



theologians of the day on the leading books of the year. There is so much to be learnt from every notice that theological students ought to have this Review constantly at their side. There is nothing to compare with it in its own sphere.

*The Books of Samuel.* Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text.  
By K. BUDDE, D.D. 6s. 6d.

*The Book of Leviticus.* By S. R. DRIVER, D.D., assisted by  
the Rev. H. A. WHITE, M.A. London: David Nutt.  
1894. 2s. 6d.

Scholars will find these editions a treasure indeed. The text is printed in colours exhibiting what the advanced critics regard as the composite structure of the books, and notes on text and constructions are given which students will know how to appreciate. We are very far from endorsing the judgment so airily passed as to the composite structure of the text, but the colours certainly help one to seize the significance of the Higher Criticism as words could scarcely do. The beauty and clearness of the type and the wide margins add much to the value of these scholarly editions.

*Philips' Scripture Manuals.* Notes on I. Samuel. With Examination Questions and Map. By JAMES DAVIES.  
London: Philips & Son.

This manual is prepared expressly for young people intending to take the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, or those of the College of Preceptors. It is clearly arranged and includes everything that a student needs. Such a compact little manual will be quite a treasure to schools.

*The King's Highway.* A Journal of Scriptural Holiness.  
Vol. II., New Series. London: C. H. Kelly.

This volume is full of helps for those who are pressing heavenward. The subject of holiness is set in many lights so that stimulus and strength may be drawn from almost every page. The notes on books are good, and even where we differ from the writers and consider their expositions somewhat forced and unreal, we can recognise an earnest and lofty purpose in their papers.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

1. *A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times to the XVth Dynasty.* By W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE, D.C.L., Edwards Professor of Egyptology in University College, London. With numerous Illustrations. 6s.
2. *Egyptian Tales.* Translated from the Papyri. First Series IVth to XIIth Dynasty. Edited by W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE. Illustrated by TRISTRAM ELLIS. 3s. 6d.  
London : Methuen & Co.

1. This is the first part of a history of Egypt in six volumes. Mr. Petrie is responsible for the first three parts dealing with the thirty dynasties of Pharaohs, then come volumes upon Ptolemaic, Roman, and Arabic Egypt. The aim is to produce a book of reference which shall suffice for all ordinary purposes, and shall put the information in such a form that any person who is likely to consult the work may gain a general view of one of the oldest civilisations of the world. Authorities are given for each statement. Every writer must draw upon Wiedemann's invaluable *Geschichte*; but Mr. Petrie has examined every book that is accessible. Considerable space has been given to new facts and theories, illustrations not commonly known have been sought out. "In this way this work is not only complete in itself, but may serve as a supplement, brought down to date, to the other histories that have appeared. It will be found to provide illustrations, later information, and more chronological discussion than exists in the present histories of Brugsch, Wiedemann, or Meyer." Special attention has been given to chronology, and Mr. Petrie hopes that he has reduced the range of uncertainty to about "a century in the earlier parts of this volume, diminishing to about a generation by the close of the volume." There are 151 illustrations, and the book is packed with facts and figures. The first chapter on "Prehistoric Egypt" breaks up ground where there is a wide field for research. We cannot even say at what period man made his appearance in the Nile Valley. Large quantities of worked flints have been found, but it must not be supposed that these are necessarily prehistoric. Flints were used side by side with copper tools from the fourth to the twelfth dynasty; they were still used for sickles in the eighteenth dynasty. The whole subject awaits research and discovery. As to the origin of the people, Mr. Petrie says it would appear "as if the Phœnician races, who are at present generally supposed to have had their first home on the Persian Gulf, had thence settled in South Arabia and Somaliland; and then, freshly swarming still further round the Arabian coast, they passed up the Red Sea, crossed

the desert into Egypt, followed by fresh swarms, which went still further round the coast up into Palestine, and colonised Phœnicia and Philistia; yet farther they pressed on along the African coast, and settled in Carthage, and, lastly, in Spain. In all their historic period they were a coast people travelling Westward, and their prehistoric wandering seems to have been of the same nature, following the lines of water communication by sea or river."

Mr. Petrie considers that the first three dynasties cannot be regarded as anything but a series of statements made by a state chronographer, about 3000 years after date, concerning a period of which he had no contemporary material. The question is what facts lie behind these lists. The brief allusions to events during the various reigns are of a brief and traditional cast, plagues and earthquakes, the beginnings of the literature, religion, laws and architecture, and marvels such as the sweetness of the Nile, and an increase of the moon. The Westcar Papyrus, with its traditional tales about the early kings, is, probably, a sample of the material out of which the lists of early kings were constructed. After dealing with each of the sources of information separately, Mr. Petrie sums up: "How, then, do these actual remains accord with the state history drawn up in the lists? We are asked to believe that twenty-seven kings reigned during a space of 779 years, and yet we cannot find more than half-a-dozen tombs that can be attributed to this long period; while ten or twenty times this number could be assigned at once to either of the succeeding dynasties. We have no right to assume that there perished a larger proportion of tombs belonging to one period than to another. If we cannot find a fiftieth of the proportion of tombs before the fourth dynasty that we find so soon as dated monuments arise, the inference is that there never existed any such greater number, and that, therefore, they should be attributed to a far shorter time. If we consider that actual remains begin with the middle of the third dynasty, we have a far more consistent result. Another criterion also comes in. At Medum, in the beginning of the fourth dynasty, there were two entirely different customs of sepulture, indicating different beliefs and ideas. Yet in other cemeteries, later on in the various succeeding dynasties, such differences are not observed. Are we to believe that the dynastic Egyptians had been 800 years in contact with the aborigines without a change of customs, or a mixture of races, and that the change came about suddenly in one or two centuries? This, at least, is improbable. Without wishing to dogmatise, we may say that the conclusion that seems at present most probable from the scanty inferences we can draw is as follows: For a few centuries before the fourth dynasty (or from about 4500 B.C.) the dynastic Egyptians had been filtering into the Nile valley, through the Koser Road; they had early pushed down to Memphis and got a footing there. Various rulers had arisen in different districts, who were remembered mainly by tradition. About a century before the fourth dynasty, they consolidated their power; tools of copper were intro-

duced, workmen were organised, and they began to use stone architecture, which was a novelty, all previous work having been in wood. The traditional tales about these kings were written down in popular stories, such as the Westcar Papyrus. Lastly, in the nineteenth dynasty, these floating tales and traditional accounts were collected, and a continuous list of kings made out from them, all in consecutive order."

This long extract will show the method in which Mr. Petrie treats the many difficult problems of Egyptian history. His volume is one that students will find of constant service, and every subject is handled in a way that makes it easy to follow the argument. Some of the most valuable pages are those devoted to the pyramids. The great pyramid of Gizeh probably contains more stone than any other building ever erected. "Its base is far greater than the whole area of the great temple of Karnak, from Amenemhat to Ptolemy; its height is greater than any other building, except two or three slender towers of this century. Yet it stands as one of the earliest structures of the world. That it could not have been designed of any much smaller size is shown conclusively by the internal passages." It was built of stone from the quarries on the opposite side of the Nile, both its fine casing and its rough core must have come from these quarries. Mr. Petrie does not hesitate to accept Herodotus's account of its construction, that 100,000 men were levied for three months, at a time during the annual inundation, when ordinary labour was at a standstill. The work lasted for twenty years. "The skilled masons had large barracks, now behind the second pyramid, which might hold even 4000 men; but perhaps 1000 would quite suffice to do all the fine work in the time. Hence there was no impossibility in the task, and no detriment to the country in employing a small proportion of the population at a season when they were all idle by the compulsion of natural causes. The training and skill which they would acquire by such work would be a great benefit to the national character." Mr. Petrie has done his task in such a way that Egyptian history will almost become popular. We feel as though the ground grew firmer beneath our feet as we follow him through these early dynasties. We shall look forward with much interest to the continuation of this valuable history.

2. The *Egyptian Tales* form a valuable supplement to the history. It is rather strange that in this age of fiction the oldest literature and fiction of the world should never have been presented in an English dress. Maspero's charming *Contes Populaires* is the only collective European version of the Egyptian tales, though translations of a few have been given in the scattered volumes of *Records of the Past*. An illustrated edition of the tales has never been attempted before. Mr. Petrie, however, has secured the help of Mr. Tristram Ellis, whose familiarity with Egypt has been invaluable. "A definite period has been assigned to each tale, in accordance with the indications, or the history involved in it; and, so far as our present knowledge goes, all

the details of life in the scenes here illustrated are rendered in accord with the period of the story." For each drawing Mr. Petrie has sought material among the monuments and remains of the age in question. The details of dress, the architecture and the utensils are all in accord with the period. It will thus be seen how instructive these illustrations are. After the stories some "remarks" are given which help an English reader to catch the points of the tale. We have first a set of magician's tales which abound in marvels or fabulous incidents of the simplest kind. One wizard makes a crocodile of wax which is thrown into a lake, becomes a real crocodile, and swallows an adulterer who had gone to bathe in the lake. From these simple tales "we advance to contrasts between town and country, between Egypt and foreign lands. Then personal adventure, and the interest in schemes and successes, become the staple material; while only in the later periods does character come in as the background. The same may be seen in English literature—first the tales of wonders and strange lands, then the novel of adventure, and lastly the novel of character."

The stories show how the belief in magic was ingrained in the Egyptian mind. The efficacy of a model like the crocodile of wax is an idea constantly met with in Egypt. There are a good many other glimpses of life among the Egyptians to be gained from this entertaining and instructive collection of tales.

*The Churches and Monasteries of Egypt and some Neighbouring Countries.* Attributed to Abû Sâlih, the Armenian. Translated from the Original Arabic. By B. T. A. EVETTS, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford. With added notes by Alfred J. Butler, M.A., F.S.A., Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. With a map. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895. 21s.

This history has been edited for the first time by the permission of the authorities of the National Library in Paris, who possess the unique MS. purchased in Egypt by Vansleb in the seventeenth century. Mr. Evetts has been fortunate enough to enlist the help of Professor Margoliouth, who has revised his translation and thrown light on many hard problems. Mr. Alfred Butler had also set his unrivalled knowledge of Coptic history and archæology at the editor's service. The result is a work that throws welcome light on the churches and monasteries of Egypt and on many points of ecclesiastical history. It makes constant reference to the relations existing between the Christians of Egypt and their Mohametan fellow-countrymen. "There were periods of disturbance, marked by outrages committed by the stronger race upon the weaker, by riots, incendiarism, murders, or even by

systematic persecution, as in the reign of the Caliph Al-Hakim. But there were also periods when the two races lived peacefully side by side, and the adherents of the two creeds were on the best of terms with one another. Sometimes the Muslim governors would authorise and even assist in the restoration of the churches, contrary as this was to the written law of Islam. Mohametans were in some places allowed to be present at the celebration of the Christian liturgy, although the stricter among the Copts regarded this as a profanation. One of the most wealthy and magnificent princes that have ever ruled Egypt, Khamârawaih, the son of Ahmad ibn Tûlûn, used to spend hours in silent admiration before the mosaics, representing the Virgin and Child attended by angels and surrounded by the Twelve Apostles, in the Melkite church at the monastery of Al-Kusair, where, moreover, he built a *loggia* in order that he might sit there with his friends to enjoy the scenery, and it must be confessed, also, to quaff the good wine prepared by the monks, and fully appreciated by the laxer followers of the Arabian prophet." The author of the history was himself not unacquainted with the Koran. His note-book, as it may be called, is often very interesting to a student of Eastern Church life. There is an extended notice of Mark the Heretic who allowed the people to wear long hair, forbade circumcision, and the burning of sandarach in the churches. He permitted only frankincense to be thus used because it was offered to the Lord with the gold and myrrh. The Caliph Al-Amir, who stayed for two nights in the monastery of Nahyâ, gave the monks large presents and granted them a piece of land to cultivate year by year. The monastery of Al-Kalamûn was much visited by pilgrims. As strangers drew near, the sentinel struck the wooden gong in such a way that the monks knew who was approaching and were ready to receive him in a way befitting his rank. One monk in this house fasted all the week. Around his cave grew many palm-trees. The wild beasts were said to be so tame that they would feed out of his hand. "The devils also appeared to him, and stood opposite to him, face to face, but could not touch him." At another place there was a hole full of white sand. People put their hands in and took what they wished, yet it never decreased in quantity. The hand of a sinner, it was said, could not enter into it, even as far as the tip of the finger. At Al-Ushonûn there was a cock on the highest point of the town, and beneath it a row of dromedaries. When a stranger approached, the cock crowed and the dromedaries came out to destroy the foe. When Christ came with His parents the five dromedaries worshipped Him and were changed to stone on the spot. At another place our Lord is said to have blessed a well so that its water afterwards cured all diseases. The story of the lovely nun Febronia who was seized by the Bashmuries and pretended that she knew of an oil which made any one invulnerable who was anointed with it, is very well told. The girl smeared her own neck and exposed it to the sword. She was thus beheaded and saved from the lust of these fierce men. The notes on Nubia are very good. We meet the old story about the way in which Moses disposed



of the adders, and gain many quaint glimpses of Eastern life. It is not easy to do justice to the amount of research and scholarship in the valuable notes attached to this history. The volume will only appeal to a limited circle of readers, but to them it will be full of interest.

*The Chronicles of Froissart.* Translated by JOHN BOURCHIER, LORD BERNERS. Edited and reduced into one volume by G. C. MACAULAY, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Globe Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895. 3s. 6d.

Froissart is now put within everybody's reach and everybody ought to study the old chronicler's story. A popular edition for English readers has been greatly needed and none could better meet the need than this. Mr. Macaulay has taken Lord Berners' translation which has long been established as an English classic and has condensed it with much judgment. He has omitted the less important gists of arms, which interfere with the flow of the main current of the story. He has also left out the history of some events that lay remote from Froissart's own field of observation, such as the chapters relating to the English expedition to Portugal and Galicia, and the events in this country in the later years of Richard II. as to which Froissart is known to be very inaccurate. The record gains by such abridgments, for here also, "the half is more than the whole." Greater continuity and vivacity is given to the narrative. Summaries have been inserted of all the matter omitted, the spelling has been modernised, misprints, errors of punctuation, and other mistakes have been corrected, proper names have been brought to an intelligible and tolerably consistent form. In this respect Mr. Macaulay's task has been made comparatively easy by the labours of modern French editors, and the invaluable index of proper names appended to Kervyn de Lettenhove's edition. Lord Berners' translation has been dealt with as tenderly as possible. "The style, with all its strange irregularity and carelessness, remains unchanged, the mistakes of translation are reproduced, to be corrected only in the notes, if they are sufficiently important." Students of this edition will, therefore, feel that they are not only studying Froissart but making themselves familiar with an old English classic. The introduction gives full details as to Lord Berners and his translation, "out of French into our maternal English tongue." He belonged to a family of great distinction and importance founded by Robert Bouchier, the first layman who held the office of Chancellor of England. The translator of Froissart was born in 1467 or 1469, educated at Oxford, travelled much abroad and became Chancellor of the Exchequer under Henry VIII. He undertook his translation at the command of the King, and though it has many blemishes the writer has "the qualities of his defects. If he is not properly speaking a man of letters, he is on that account the

more familiar with courts, embassies, and statecraft. He has seen battles and taken part in the conduct of sieges, and he knows the language of politics and of diplomacy. This, it cannot be denied, is some qualification for translating Froissart. Again, having no formed style of his own, he is more apt to follow the style of the original than to attempt to improve upon it; and this is in fact his greatest merit. He has not attempted to produce an original work in the guise of a translation; not only the matter but to a great extent the manner is that of the original, while at the same time the English is idiomatic to avoid the suggestion of a foreign source. It is true that under any exceptional stress his powers of clear expression break down, as we have seen, but ordinarily he flows along happily enough, and gives us very often no bad reproduction of the style of Froissart." The charms of the narrative soon make themselves felt as we turn to Lord Berners' story. The account of Edward III. falling in love with the Countess of Salisbury when he visited her husband's castle is wonderfully vivid, and Froissart's sketch of his own visit to England in 1395 brings the whole scene before our eyes. We feel that "we are reading the true history of the fourteenth century and breathing the very air of that age of infinite variety, in which the knight errant appears side by side with the plundering adventurer, and in which the popular movements in Flanders, France, and England sounded the first notes of alarm to feudal oppressors, while the schism of the Papacy prepared the way for religious revolution."

*Greek Studies.* A Series of Essays. By WALTER PATER.  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

This book comes to us as if *outré tombe* to remind us of the loss which English literature has sustained by the recent and sudden death of its highly cultured author. The several essays, however, which are here for the first time collected had already seen the light in various periodicals. It is almost superfluous to add that they were eminently worthy of collection. In width of knowledge, catholicity of taste, and delicacy of appreciation, Walter Pater had few rivals among æsthetic critics, and his studies of the great masters of the Renaissance, and of Winckelmann, late born, *ὀψιμαθής*, as he said of himself, but, within his limits, unerring interpreter of the Greek spirit, had furnished him with all the discipline and equipment needful for the arduous enterprise of initiating us his contemporaries into the subtler and more recondite mysteries of the imaginative genius in which Hellas lived and moved and had its being.

Though, by reason of the fatal prejudice which induces people to suppose that an author who writes elegantly must be without solid knowledge of his subject, Pater is commonly regarded as little more than an artist in words, the truth is that not only the manner but the matter of whatever he had to say was studied with the most conscientious diligence and assiduity. How hard he worked none but himself

and a very few intimate friends ever knew. "*Nulla dies sine linea*" is supposed to be the motto of laborious and dogged literary craftsmen. *Nulla linea sine die* would be more apt to denote Pater's method of composition. One almost shudders to think how many hours of anxious thought are represented by each of its smoothly-turned periods. So true is it that easy reading means hard writing.

Notwithstanding its fragmentary character the present volume has a certain unity. Three of the studies are devoted to the illustration of the pantheistic mystery latent in the myths of Demeter, Proserpine, and Dionysus; nor has anything so masterly in this kind appeared elsewhere, so far as we know, in any language. Other three essays deal with the archaic period of Greek sculpture, in connection with which much stress is laid on the Asiatic influences tending towards exuberance and richness of detail, the *ποικιλία* which Plato, as some may think, so unreasonably denounces, by which it was at first moulded and which only yielded, after a prolonged struggle, to the severe Dorian genius which, thus tempered, has come to represent for us in the works of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Myron the quintessence of the Hellenic spirit.

Another phase of Greek art, the treatment of athletic form, is the subject of a separate essay; and a learned and exquisite dissertation is devoted to the story of Hippolytus. The whole volume is full of subtle, ingenious, and original thought felicitously expressed.

*Sir Philip Sidney, Servant of God.* By ANNA M. STODDART.

Illustrated by MARGARET L. HUGGINS. Blackwood.

1894.

This is a dainty and beautiful book. England's complete and perfect knight, the gem of the Elizabethan age for culture and chivalry, the friend of Spenser, scholar, poet, statesman, warrior, the mirror of nobleness, whose death, at the age of thirty-two, was a sorrowful eclipse for the rising hopes of England, and not only filled the realm with bitter mourning but thrilled Protestant Europe with grief and almost dismay, is the subject of the volume.

His life is admirably summarised, succinctly, distinctly, and with adequate fullness. The unpretending but excellent style leaves nothing to be desired. The illustrations are charming. Besides a likeness of Sidney, they include views of Penshurst Place, of the Terrace, the Gateway Tower, the Guild-House and Lych Gate, also of Penshurst or the "Place."

*Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S.: his Personal History.* By SAMUEL

SMILES, LL.D. London: John Murray. 1894. 6s.

Mr. Smiles has had access to a large mass of material which had not been investigated by previous biographers, and has produced a

book which sets the great English potter in a singularly attractive light. The terrible attack of small-pox, which brought him to death's door at the age of eleven, left him with an agonising pain in his left knee. After many years of trouble the leg had to be amputated, and he did not even then escape the pain which wore down his strength. But physical illness only quickened Wedgwood's mental activity. As Mr. Gladstone says, it made "a cavern of his bedroom, and an oracle of his own inquiring, searching, meditative, fruitful mind." Wedgwood's early struggles and his growing mastery of the art to which he was so enthusiastically devoted, form a fine study for the Apostle of Self-Help. Even Mr. Smiles has scarcely found any finer illustration of the conquest of difficulties. Wedgwood never spared any pains to attain success. He employed the best artists of the day to enrich his work, and this volume gives some pleasing glimpses of Flaxman and other masters of sculpture and painting whom the great potter enlisted in his service. Wedgwood would never tolerate bad workmanship. The way in which he would take his stick and break to pieces any article that was not properly made, saying, "This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood!" was characteristic of the man all through his life. He won the confidence of his workpeople, and the esteem of all the distinguished artists who helped him to perfect his work. He took an active share in securing the canals and roads which contributed so largely to the wealth of Staffordshire, built up a trade which brought prosperity to the whole region, and witnessed a memorable moral uplifting of the people. His home life is beautifully and tenderly sketched. Our only complaint is that Mr. Smiles does not tell us something about his wife and children after Wedgwood's death. There are a few repetitions and literary blemishes in the book, but it is a fascinating account of one of the chief and most worthy of the inventors and manufacturers who have laid the foundations of England's commercial empire.

*John Russell Colvin.* The last Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West under the Company. By Sir AUCKLAND COLVIN, K.C.S.I. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895. 2s.6d.

John Russell Colvin was the son of a Scotch merchant in Calcutta. Before he was twenty he had passed through Haileybury, and was settled in India as a servant of the East India Company. He is described, at that time, as a frank-looking lad, over six feet high, conspicuously erect, and with a broad expanse of forehead indicative of marked capacity. His early years were spent in the routine of administration. In 1835 he became Secretary of the Land Revenue Board, and next year found his opportunity as Private Secretary to Lord Auckland. He filled this office with much distinction, and afterwards became head of the government in Tenasserim, thence he was brought to Calcutta as Judge in the Court of Appeal. In 1853 he became Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West provinces. He

improved the judiciary, reformed the police, and resettled the land revenue of the province. He was a vigorous administrator, "Impartial to the claims of all, easy of access, frank in personal address, courteous in correspondence, thoughtful of others, unsparing of himself." He died at Agra, in the midst of the Mutiny, worn out by his unsparing exertions in that time of terrible strain and trouble. The book is an unaffected record of a life of which India and England may well be proud. It is the last volume in the valuable series of *Rulers of India*. The Clarendon Press has spared neither pains nor money to form a library of biographies, which should illustrate every stage in the history of the conquest and administration of India, and they have won the hearty gratitude of all who wish to study that profoundly interesting story of our great Eastern empire.

*After Five Years in India ; or, Life and Work in a Punjaub District.* By ANNE C. WILSON. London: Blackie & Son. 1895. 6s.

Mrs. Wilson spent five years in the Punjaub, where her husband held charge as Deputy-Commissioner, Magistrate and Collector, and used well her special facilities for gaining knowledge. A better account of the daily life of our civil servants in India, of the people and their habits than she has given us it would be difficult to find. Any one who reads her book will gain a clear idea of the land tenure, the worship, and the village life of India. The sections dealing with caste and money-lenders are specially instructive, and the book is so vivacious and so full of personal experiences that the reader's interest never flags. Any one who wishes to gain some knowledge of our Indian Empire should study this volume. It has some beautiful full-page illustrations, which add considerably to its value.

*Memorials of Old Whitby ; or, Historical Gleanings from Ancient Whitby Records.* By Rev. J. C. ATKINSON, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894. 6s.

This is a really valuable study of the antiquities of Whitby. Mr. Atkinson does not cater for those who like the fabulous and the non-historic, as one writer to whom he refers frankly confessed that he did. His purpose is to throw a dry light on facts and strip them of all the accretions of ages of myth and legend. A good illustration of his method is given in the pages dealing with Caedmon, Baeda, the Abbess Hild and other historic names of the past, which every student of these times should study carefully. The most attractive part of the book is the profusely illustrated paper on "Successional Churches at Whitby and Fabric Notes." It is one of the most painstaking and instructive discussions of the kind that we have met. "Old Whitby ; its Site, Topography and Distribution," is scarcely less notable. Domesday Book shows that Whitby was an important and wealthy town

and harbour even in the days of Edward the Confessor, when it was assessed at a sum equal to at least £3500 in our modern money. The "midden-heap" of the kitchen belonging to the Anglo-Saxon monastery, which was discovered some years ago, contained upwards of four tons of bones of animals. Mr. Atkinson himself saw nearly two dozen horns of the Celtic shorthorns that had been slaughtered for the use of the monastery. On a single visit he picked out not less than twelve or fifteen boar's tusks. Oyster shells, mussels, cockles, whelks and periwinkles were also unearthed. Antiquarians will delight in this valuable volume, and all lovers of English history ought to make themselves familiar with a book which throws much light on the actual conditions of life ages ago in one of the most interesting corners of England.

*Old Bits of History: Being Short Chapters intended to fill some Blanks.* By HENRY W. WOLFF. London: Longmans. 1894. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Wolff's papers deal with the Pretender at Bar-le-duc; Richard de la Pole, White Rose; the early ancestors of our Queen; a portrait at Windsor; the Remnant of a Great Race, Voltaire and King Stanislas, the Prince Consort's University days, and Something about Beer. These varied topics are brightly discussed with much out-of-the-way learning. Perhaps that on the Remnant of a Great Race, which deals with the Wends and their customs, is the best. Their merry fairs are a delight to see and the people enjoy themselves to the full. Mr. Wolff gives some amusing sketches of the forest clergy among whom there are not a few odd characters. The Prince Consort's University days in Bonn is another pleasant paper. This is emphatically the book to beguile an historian's leisure hour.

*Jacob Behmen. An Appreciation.* By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1894. 1s.

Dr. Whyte has the gift of enthusiasm and Jacob Behmen has now at any rate received more than justice. He is here described as "the greatest of the mystics, and the Father of German philosophy." Dr. Whyte says that Wesley, Southey, and even Hallam, flout Behmen and call him names "because they have not taken the trouble to learn his language, to master his mind, and to drink in his spirit." Even the doctor, however, allows that he has found no firm footing for his own feet in Behmen's deep places, but, unlike the distinguished men to whom he refers, he is content "to wonder and worship." "Dante himself does not beat such a soaring wing as Behmen's, and all the trumpets that sound in *Paradise Lost* do not swell my heart and chase its blood like Jacob Behmen's broken syllables about the Fall." This book ought to be studied by all who wish to know more about Behmen. We admire Dr. Whyte's enthusiasm, but we cannot share it.



*A Forgotten Great Englishman ; or, The Life and Work of Peter Payne, the Wycliffite.* By JAMES BAKER. With Illustrations by HENRY WHATLEY. London : Religious Tract Society. 1894. 5s.

Mr. Baker, whose charming *Pictures from Bohemia* we noticed recently, has really re-discovered Peter Payne, so far as that reformer's birthplace is concerned. The story of Mr. Baker's wanderings in quest of some traces of Payne at Oxford and in the neighbourhood of Grantham forms quite a literary romance, whilst the ignorance of our leading historians supplies a striking comment on the way in which a worthy name may be utterly forgotten. Payne was Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, in 1410, and was driven from the University against the will of the King, Harry of Monmouth, because of his intense earnestness and persistency in spreading the teaching of his master, John Wycliffe. On February 13, 1417, he was received among the professors of Prague University. His sufferings and labours in Bohemia form an important page in the story of Reformers before the Reformation. Mr. Baker has caught the enthusiasm of his subject, and introduces his readers to some of the most memorable scenes of religious life in Bohemia.

*Heroes in Homespun. Scenes and Stories from the American Emancipation Movement.* By ASCOTT R. HOPE. London : Wilsons & Milne. 1894. 6s.

This is a history of the anti-slavery crusade in America, which will thrill every reader's heart. The sufferings of slaves, the romance of their flights and escapes, the heroism of their friends and helpers, are here painted with a wealth of vivid details which cannot fail to fascinate those who turn these pages. We do not know any book which gives in brief compass so complete and so moving a chronicle of the anti-slavery movement in all its length and breadth. The favourite hymn of John Brown, the martyr of emancipation, was Charles Wesley's Jubilee hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow." The chapters on Levi Coffin, "A Quaker Greatheart," "The Underground Railway," "White Slaves," "Harper's Ferry," and "John Brown's Body" are full of facts which bring vividly home the meaning of the great struggle for freedom.

*The Crusades. The Story of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.* By T. A. ARCHER and C. L. KINGSFORD. London : T. F. Unwin. 1894. 5s.

This valuable monograph on the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem introduces English readers to a side of crusading history which is

comparatively little known. After a useful epitome of the history of Syria up to the eve of the Crusades, Peter the Hermit's strange mission is graphically described, and the history and results of the First Crusade are well brought out. The organisation of the land, its conquest, the famous military orders, and all the stirring and tragic events of subsequent crusades are related in a series of fresh, well-written, and well-informed chapters. The most famous knights of the day figure in these pages, and readers will gain a fairly complete view of the men and the times. The book is full of information which no student of the Crusades can afford to overlook, and is crowded with illustrations of great interest.

*Curious Church Customs and Cognate Subjects.* Edited by  
WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S. Hull: W. Andrews & Co.  
1895. 6s.

This handsome volume is one of the best that Mr. Andrews has given us. The subjects are well chosen. The writers are experts who know how to discourse pleasantly on antiquarian topics, and the whole book is full of instruction for students of old Church lore. Dr. Cox's valuable paper on "Sports in Churches" is worthy of the first place in the set of papers; Mr. Andrews and Miss Peacock write on "Bells and Bell-ringers"; Mr. Reeve has a crisp little article on "Ringers' Jugs." Mr. Howlett deals with "Marriage and Burial Customs"; Mr. E. Lamplough gathers together the facts about "Bishops in Battle"; and Canon Benham contributes two good papers. We are rather surprised that Mr. Axon omits any notice of Dr. Byrom from his "Shorthand in Church"; and Mr. Tyack, in his excellent account of "Holy Day Customs," goes to Liège in Belgium for an illustration of the way in which Easter eggs are knocked together. If he would spend an Easter in Cumberland he would find all the boys along the Solway busy "dunching" their hard-boiled eggs, and rows of gaily coloured eggs set across the windows in almost every cottage.

*Studies in Oriental Social Life, and Gleams from the East on the Sacred Page.* By H. CLAY TRUMBULL, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1895.

Dr. Trumbull has set himself to furnish "a classified treatment of certain phases of Oriental life and methods of thought, vivified by personal experiences in the East." He has gleaned many particulars from other travellers, but has been guided in the selection by personal travel and observation in the East. The subjects with which he deals are betrothals and weddings, hospitality, funerals and mourning; the voice of the forerunner, primitive idea of "the way," the Oriental idea of father, prayers and praying, food in the desert, calls for

healing, gold and silver in the desert, the pilgrimage idea in the East, an outlook from Jacob's Well, the Samaritan passover, lessons of the wilderness. There is not one of these subjects in which Bible students will not be interested, and Dr. Trumbull has much that is both fresh and suggestive to tell his readers. In the section on Prayer there are some striking illustrations of our Lord's warnings against pharisaic ostentation. The book is beautifully printed and has some excellent illustrations. It is well written, though at times it is a little too much like a Bible cyclopædia.

*Samuel Rutherford and some of his Correspondents.* Lectures delivered in St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1894.

No man is so steeped in Rutherford's writings and in Rutherford's spirit as the Minister of Free St. George's. His natural tastes have led him to make himself profoundly familiar with Bunyan, with William Law, and with Jacob Behmen; but no one attracts him more than the great saint of Anwoth. Dr. Whyte has explored every nook and lived through every day of Rutherford's life. Beside the intimate knowledge of the man and his times which they display, these sketches are full of beautiful touches and applications to the life and work of our own times. Lovers of the saintly confessor of Scotland will delight in this brilliant series of portraits.

1. *Women in the Mission Field.* Glimpses of Christian Women among the Heathen.
2. *Makers of our Missions.* Pages from the Lives of Methodist Missionaries.

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1895.

These charming volumes are written in Mr. Telford's best style, and cannot fail to be very popular. The first includes the names of missionary women of different churches—not all equally famous, but all worthy of association with the most devoted and famous pioneer women of the Mission Churches of Christendom. The stories of Mary Moffat, Mary Livingstone, the two Judsons, wives of the same devoted missionary to Burma, of Mrs. Cargill, Mrs. Cryer, and Dorothy Jones, among Methodist missionary heroines, of Miss Whately, among the Moslems, are intensely interesting, and, at a time when women, more than ever, are devoting themselves to mission work, will be eagerly read.

The companion volume records the history, briefly but effectively, of some of the most famous among Methodist missionaries, men of [No. CLXVII.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XXIV. No. 1. M

wide and high renown among the world's Evangelists. The mission work of Coke, the two Shaws, of the African field, Shepstone and Boyce, of the same field; Leigh, Turner, Thomas, Hunt, Calvert, of the Pacific Missions; Hoole, Gogerly, Spence Hardy, of the East Indian field; and Moister, of several mission fields, is here described. The portraits of the women are good; of the men, mostly bad. The other illustrations are appropriate and pleasing.

Lovers of missionary literature, especially books in which the story of a new and perilous missionary enterprise, and of new and strange geographical and ethnological discoveries are interwoven, will welcome two handsome volumes lately published by Hodder & Stoughton as among the most attractive of this class of books. One is *Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides*, by Maggie Whitecross Paton (Mrs. Dr. John G. Paton, of Aniwa), which is edited by the Rev. James Paton, B.A. The editor has proved his quality in his former work, and the mission and missionary are among the most famous and favourite of our times. Mrs. Paton will not want eager readers for her plain and touching record, which is given in the form of letters.

The other volume, at this moment, will command most sympathetic and anxious attraction. It is entitled *The Chronicles of Uganda*, and its author is the Rev. R. P. Ashe, M.A., F.R.G.S., already known by his book on the *Two Kings of Uganda*. The volume is dedicated to Archdeacon Walker. Its special feature is that it presents, as a continuous story, the chief events which led up to Uganda becoming an English Protectorate, and thus supplies a present and pressing need. Both these volumes are beautifully got up and finely illustrated, and the price of each is six shillings.

*Foreign Missions after a Century.* By Rev. JAMES S. DENNIS, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Beirut, Syria. Second Edition. New York: Fleming H. Revell.

In 1893 Dr. Dennis was chosen to deliver the first course of Students' Lectures on Missions at Princeton Theological Seminary. His six lectures deal with "The Present-day Message of Foreign Missions to the Church"; "The Present-day Meaning of the Macedonian Vision"; "The Present-day Conflicts of the Foreign Field"; "The Present-day Problems of Theory and Method in Missions"; "The Present-day Controversies of Christianity with Opposing Religions"; "The Present-day Summary of Success." The first lecture treats of topics on which most Christian people are agreed, so that its interest is considerably discounted, nor do we admire the way in which each country pleads its own cause as the Man of Macedonia might have done. This arrangement is too artificial, though a careful and graphic resumé of the needs and hopes of each field is given. The lecture on present problems is instructive and judicious. "It seems

more than likely," Dr. Dennis says, "that the time has not yet come for a larger organic union of the historic Christian denominations, even on the foreign field. Perhaps at the present stage of missions more effective work and more vigorous administration can be attained through denominational agencies; but certainly a strict minimum of denominational distinctions should be observed in all our foreign missionary operations." The lectures on present controversies and success are specially valuable. The whole volume is judicious, and is manifestly the outcome of ample knowledge and wide experience. The young men who listened to these lectures cannot fail to have been stimulated and helped by them in many ways. We hope the book will be widely read by all friends of Missions.

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### BELLES LETTRES.

*The Ralstons.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Two Vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Mr. Crawford has found a new vein to work. He has parted company with his Italian aristocracy, and has introduced his readers to the millionaires of New York. *The Ralstons* is a distinct success. We are not sure that some of the situations are not considerably exaggerated. We question whether a mother who loves her daughter as Mrs. Lauderdale did can feel so jealous of her beauty that she determines to marry her in order that her own charms may no longer be eclipsed. Does avarice get hold of a man as it did of Alexander Lauderdale, junior, and is the Crowdie interior over-coloured? These are questions which affect the verisimilitude of the story, and Mr. Crawford lays down a true canon when he says (I. 282), "Good fiction is very like reality. Bad fiction is generally made up of fragments of reality, unskilfully patched together." We must add that the discussions of modern problems are at times somewhat wearisome. But *The Ralstons* is such a story as only Marion Crawford could have given us. As a study of the upper classes of New York it is almost without a rival, and there are passages which one turns to again and again with fresh interest. Katherine Lauderdale, the great-niece of the famous millionaire, Robert Lauderdale, is secretly married to her cousin, Jack Ralston. Her miserly father had objected to any engagement with this young fellow, and openly favours the suit of Mr. Wingfield, a perfect gentleman, and a splendid specimen of the American athlete. The girl's ingenuity is sorely taxed to ward off her lovers, but her loyalty to Jack Ralston is absolute. The chief interest of the tale lies in the struggle for Robert Lauderdale's

millions. Katharine is wholly noble in her relations to her lovers, but, despite all her father's and mother's failings, there is a hardness in her attitude towards them that is far from becoming. It is in her relations to her old uncle that the girl is seen to the greatest advantage. Summoned hastily to his bed-side, when it is thought that he is at the point of death, Katharine has much confidential communication with the millionaire. He describes to her the way in which he had gathered together his vast wealth. "I worked hard at first, and I saved small things for a purpose. My father was rich in those days. He left us each 150,000 dollars. Your uncle Alexander gave it to the poor—as much of it as the poor did not take without asking his leave. Ralph spent some of it, and left the rest to Katharine Ralston, when he was killed in the war. I saved mine. It seemed good to have money. And then it came—it came—somehow. I was lucky—fortunate investments in land. I ran after it till I was forty-five; then it began to run after me, and it's outrun me, every time. But I wasn't a miser, Katharine. I don't want you to think that I was mean and miserly when I was young. You don't, do you, my dear?"

The reference to his lonely bachelor life is very pathetic, and there is a lovely tribute to his niece's loveliness. "Oh, I could have married, if I had liked. Queens would have married me—queer, little, divorced queens from out-of-the-way little kingdoms, you know. But I didn't want to be married for my money, and there were no Katharine Lauderdale's when I was young." The old man's talk on life is worth quoting: "So long as I cared for things—money, principally, I suppose—it didn't puzzle me at all. It seemed quite natural. But when I got worn out inside—used up with the wear and tear of having too much—well, then I couldn't care for things any more, and I began to think. And it's all a puzzle, Katharine, it's all a puzzle. We find it all in bits when we come, taken to pieces by the people who have just gone; we spend all our lives in trying to put the thing together on some theory of our own, and in the end we give it up, and go to sleep—'perchance to dream'—that's Hamlet, isn't it? But I never dreamt much. If it's anything, it isn't a dream? Well, then, what is it?" The girl's revolt against those who talked airily of moral right and wrong, after denying that there was any ground for morality is suggestive. "I've talked with a great many people this winter. It's very funny, if you listen to them from any one point of view, no matter which. Then they all seem to be mad. But if one listens inside—with one's self, I mean—it's different. It hurts, then. It would break my heart to believe that I had no soul, as some people do. Better believe that one has one's own to begin with, and the fragments of a dozen others clinging to it besides, than to have none at all?"

Alexander Lauderdale, senior, the harebrained philanthropist, is one of the best minor studies in the book. He was an inveterate smoker, and bolted his food that he might get to the cheap cigarettes



which his miserly son allowed him. "He was a cheerful old soul when he was not dreaming, an optimist and a professed maker of happiness by the ton, so to say, for those who had been forgotten in the distribution. The Lauderdale tribe regarded him as a harmless member who had something wrong in his head, while his heart was almost too much in the right place."

Jack Ralston is a fine fellow, and Katharine's love brings out all his true manliness. He is not fond of words. "I can't go about with a dictionary in my pocket," he says, "looking up new suits of clothes for my feelings every time I want to air them." Bright's description of the way that the cowboys would treat Griggs and his metaphysical stuff (II. 53) is very neat; and the painter, Crowdie, gives a humorous sketch of the way Griggs had fallen in love. "If he's in love, he's picked out a soul, and then a face, and then a set of ideas out of his extensive collection, and he's sublimated the whole in that old retort of a brain of his, and he's living on the perfume of the essence." *The Ralstons* might be described as a study of the shady side of millionaire life. It is not always pleasant reading. The struggle between Katharine and her father is a pitiful revelation of the worst side of human nature. We think one or two pages of metaphysical discussion might have been omitted with advantage, but we have scarcely read one even of Mr. Crawford's books with more pleasure.

1. *The Golden Pomp.* A Procession of English Lyrics from Surrey to Shelley. Arranged by A. T. QUILLER COUCH. 6s.
2. *Lyra Sacra.* A Book of Religious Verse. Selected and Arranged by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Rector of Yattenden. 6s.

London: Methuen & Co. 1895.

Mr. Quiller Couch defines the lyric as "a short poem—essentially melodious in rhythm and structure—treating summarily of a single thought, feeling, or situation." He thus includes the sonnet and excludes the ballad and ode in which the treatment is sustained, and progressive rather than summary. He says in his Introduction that "The epoch of Italian influence upon English song—of that influence which first made itself felt in the verses of Surrey and Wyatt, and was not fairly quenched by the influence of France until the Restoration—falls naturally into two parts; two great creative days, with no night between—for the twilight in which Shelley sung was already trembling with the dawn of Milton. The lyrics in this volume are flowers of the first and incomparably brighter of these two creative days; and at the risk of failing to follow it quite to its close, I have stopped short with those poets—with Herrick, and Herbert, and Shirley—who were born before Elizabeth died." Mr. Couch laid down two rules to guide him

in his selection. He resolved to choose only the best lyrics of the period, to gather up flowers with a single eye to

“Beauty making beautiful old rhyme”

and to make no effort to distinguish his anthology from others by including verses for their rarity rather than their worth. In the next place he sought to arrange this garland, as far as he could, “so that each flower should do its best by its neighbours, either as a foil or by reflection of its colour in thought and style. With this object a piece has here and there been included which, on its own merits, had fallen below the general standard. An instance occurs on page 256, where Herrick’s ‘Born was I to be old,’ follows the two famous and much more exalted anacreontics of Shakespeare and Fletcher. As a foil to these it exemplifies that earthliness of Herrick, which is the defect of his fine quality of concreteness. But he is amply vindicated on other pages.” The compiler has woven a continuous chain of thought and feeling “from the beginning, which treats of morning, and youth, and spring :

‘Flower of the season, season of the flowers,  
Son of the sun, sweet spring,’

to Raleigh’s noble conclusion of the whole matter” :

“Even such is Time.”

Shakespeare’s :

“Hark, hark ! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,”

ushers us into Mr. Couch’s enchanted realm of song. Old friends and favourites, without which no such collection could be complete, meet us on almost every page, but there are many delightful lyrics which are not so widely known. N. Breton’s praise of *The Happy Countryman* is a lovely transcript of rustic life :

“Who can live in heart so glad  
As the merry country lad ?  
Who upon a fair green balk  
May at pleasure sit and walk,  
And amid the azure skies  
See the morning sun arise,  
While he hears in every spring  
How the birds do chirp and sing :  
Or before the hounds in cry  
See the hare go stealing by ? ”

Green’s *Sweet Content* and Dekker’s

“Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?  
O sweet content ! ”

form a beautiful pair of companion lyrics. Lovers of the best poetry will find themselves drawn on from page to page and will know how to prize a volume which gathers together some of the choicest gems in our literature. Phineas Fletcher's exquisite Litany which comes in the later pages of the volume is one of the finest sacred lyrics in the anthology :

" Drop, drop, slow tears,  
And bathe those beauteous feet  
Which brought from Heaven  
The news and Prince of Peace  
Cease not, wet eyes,  
His mercy to entreat :  
To cry for Vengeance  
Sin doth never cease.  
In your deep floods  
Drown all my faults and fears ;  
Nor let His eye  
See Sin, but through my tears."

Students will find some helpful notes at the end of the book which deal briefly with difficult points of authorship, or indicate where a poem is to be found. There is an index to first lines, and a list of authors, but we are sorry that there is not a table of contents showing at a glance the arrangement of the poems. But this is only a slight blemish in a book which justifies its proud title and gives us in compact form such a view of the wealth of our lyrical poetry as we can get nowhere else.

2. Mr. Beeching's *Lyra Sacra* may almost be regarded as a companion volume to *The Golden Pomp*. He has sought to represent the whole current of our religious verse, and has not admitted any piece that lacked a genuine ring of poetry. Milton's *Nativity Ode* and Southwell's *Burning Babe* have been shut out because they dealt with religious subjects picturesquely rather than devotionally. Hymns and paraphrases of the Psalms are also excluded. The last century, therefore, rich though it was in hymn-writers, has only twenty pages in this collection as against 150 allotted to the seventeenth. Mr. Beeching says, "The standard of excellence has been kept as high as possible, but the very circumstances of the case prevent its being uniform. The high-water mark of the religious lyric in England is fixed by Herbert; Vaughan in one or two pieces reaches as high; so in another style do Crashaw and Marvell; but an anthology restricted to the best work of these few poets, and the one or two of our own day who might rank with them, would lack variety, which is its chief essential. An anthology must, by its nature, admit excellence in many degrees and in many styles. In pursuit of this various excellence the editor has cast his net as wide as possible. He has opened the book with the anonymous poets of the fifteenth century, now first restored from their honourable limbo in the reprints of learned

societies to the full light and warmth of English homes." He claims to have exhibited Donne, Giles, Fletcher, and Crashaw for the first time in their proper greatness. Twenty pages have been given to a selection of George Herbert's finest passages or best poems and ten pages to Keble. Charles Wesley is represented solely by his *Wrestling Jacob*, which Dr. Watts so greatly admired. From Watts himself we have a single poem, *A Sight of Heaven in Sickness*, from which we may quote one or two verses :

"My cheerful soul now all the day  
Sits waiting here, and sings ;  
Looks through the ruins of her clay,  
And practises her wings.

The shines of heaven rush sweetly in  
At all the gaping flaws ;  
Visions of endless bliss are seen  
And native air she draws."

Faber's poetry is often spoiled by sentimentality, but his *Sunday* is so beautiful a tribute to the Day of Rest that we are glad to find it included in this collection. That is a fine thought with which it opens :

"Though heaven's above and earth's below  
Yet are they but one state,  
And each the other with sweet skill  
Doth interpenetrate."

How suggestive also are the verses,

"We own no gloomy ordinance,  
No weary Jewish day,  
But weekly Easters, ever bright  
With pure domestic ray.

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,  
A feast of joyous sound,  
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,  
From labour's wheel unbound ;

A day of such home-keeping bliss  
As on the poor may wait,  
With all such lower joys as best  
Befit his human state."

Some beautiful selections are given from Crashaw, notably his glowing tribute to Saint Teresa and that exquisite little poem,

" Christ when He died  
Deceived the cross,  
And on Death's side  
Threw all the loss.

The captive world awaked and found  
The prisoners loose, the jailer bound."

Dr. Donne receives fully more space than his poetic merits warrant, yet we are not sorry to have such a full selection as this from the good dean's poems. Quarles, Drummond, Campion, Sir Henry Wotton, Giles Fletcher, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other of the old masters have contributed some lovely pieces. We are glad that Archbishop Trench, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Dora Greenwell, and Christina Rossetti are so fitly represented. The quality of the notes may be seen from that on Donne, which says, "His memory is preserved to this generation, more by Walton's *Life* than by his own writings, though these will never lack a few devoted admirers. Among the fragments preserved by Drummond of Ben Jonson's talk are one or two judgments about Donne which are worth quoting: 'He esteemeth John Donne the first poet in the world in some things. . . . That Donne for not keeping of accent deserved hanging . . . that Donne himself for not being understood, would perish.' There is a characteristic flavour about everything Donne wrote, but there are very few pieces on which one would care to stake his reputation; commonly either the thought bolts round the corner after some conceit, or the verse grows halting. Perhaps his most perfect religious piece is the *Hymn to God the Father*. The reader, however, who studies Donne attentively will not lose or regret his labour; the thought is worth digging for, and the expression, if recondite, often singularly telling and beautiful."

*The Doom of Saul.* Fragments of an Epic and other Poems.

By ALFRED H. VINE. London: Horace Marshall & Son.

1895. 3s. net.

That Mr. Vine has the true poetic gift, has been abundantly shown in the fugitive pieces which he has too rarely contributed to some of the magazines. In this volume both his genius and its limitations are revealed on a large scale. It contains fragments of an epic from which the book takes its title, and at the other extreme a poem in dialect and a couple of imitations of the *Miracle Plays* of mediæval times, whilst between these are several inspired by the aspects of nature, by the perplexities of thought, and even by incidents of modern life. This variety of theme is accompanied by an almost equal variety in method. There is no straining after novelty or complexity of metre; but in the use of the more conventional forms, there is great freedom and success. Reverence for everything that is holy or sweet appears upon every page; and the writer knows many moods, of

aspiration and of regret, and knows, too, how to speak a word in season. "Bezaleel" is a beautiful setting of the comfortable thought that good work, though the worker can see or do it no more, is ever to the glory of God; and in "Solomon Senescens," the old king's moral declension is traced with perfect fidelity to nature, through the quickly checked remorse, to the wearied and half-hopeless substitution of artificial modes of tranquillity for the lost assurances. "Balaam's Dream" is a flight of fancy; and, on the other hand, "A London Artizan" is a realistic sketch, life-like and unsparing. But with this versatility in subject and in form, our author's range of feeling stops short of the sublime and the majestic on the one hand, nor are the doors of pure pathos always open to it. With rhythm he is less successful than with rhyme, and in the latter he occasionally halts. There are few poets, none below the highest rank, for whom complete mastery of their counters would be claimed. And there are few readers of Mr. Vine's graceful and often vigorous verses, misty neither in thought nor in expression, who will not cherish the hope that he will without long waiting give the world more.

*Summer Studies of Birds and Books.* By W. WARDE FOWLER.  
London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

Mr. Fowler has found time, during the last eight or nine long vacations, to write a lecture for a Natural History Society, or a paper for *Macmillan's Magazine*. The present volume is made up of a selection from these papers altered and re-written where necessary. They represent the delights of many a country holiday, and bring a reader into such close touch with nature that they deserve a place on the library-shelf, beside the books of John Burroughs, and "A Son of the Marshes." After a brief paper, "Getting Ready," which deals with the revival of nature, and of bird life in the month of March, we follow Mr. Fowler in his rambles to the Engstlen Alp, to a quiet corner in Wales, and to many other haunts of our feathered songsters. The discussion of the "Songs of Birds" pleases us as much as anything in the volume. This chapter is a singularly instructive treatment of the whole subject. The comparison between the simplest form of oboe and the normal type of vocal instrument in a bird will greatly assist those who wish to understand the production of a bird's notes. Mr. Fowler differs from Darwin, who thinks that the song of the male bird was developed as a charm to the female, in time of nesting, and regards it mainly as an adjunct to courtship and marriage. He prefers Mr. Wallace's explanation that song is "an outlet for superabundant nervous energy." And we are certainly disposed to agree with him. The closing paragraphs of the paper in which Mr. Fowler gives his own estimate of the relative merits of the feathered choir are beautifully written. He says it is "hardly possible to dissociate a bird's song from its surroundings; and the robin in November, the blackbird in February, the dipper by a trout-stream, or the chiffchaff's ringing



notes in March, all have a special charm of their own, which is not derived solely from the melody of the bird. But, apart from such associations, I should unhesitatingly endorse the general verdict of mankind, and place the nightingale at the head of all songsters. There are, indeed, nightingales and nightingales; but when I listen, whether by day or night, to a grand singer in the height of his powers, with his heart full and his health perfect, I feel a sense of wonder, nay, of awe, with which no other bird inspires me. That long sweet crescendo, unique among all birds, that liquid trill of marvellous sweetness, that swift and sudden cadence, followed by a long mysterious pause—what a mind, what a love of art, one might almost say, must a creature have who can invent and delight in such sounds, such startling effects as these! The robin is one of our most beautiful singers, and in point of variety I doubt if any bird can rival him; but when once I heard a robin try his song in a tree above a thicket where a nightingale was singing, his whole tone paled before the fire and intensity of his master, and he seemed to recognise it himself, for he almost immediately departed." Many place the blackcap next to the nightingale; but Mr. Fowler accords this rank to the skylark. The woodlark's song is hardly less delightful though not so familiar. The blackbird is unrivalled in beauty of tone, but he has never learnt to use his instrument with perfect finish; the song-thrush is a finer artist; the robin is the great master of variety. You may listen intently to his song for a quarter of an-hour, and yet you will hardly hear the same phrase twice over. *Aristotle on Birds* is a survey of ancient ornithology which will be of special value to students. The chapter on "Gilbert White" will be eagerly read. Mr. Fowler says that he has often been exasperated because White had nothing to say of his occupations at the University and the bird life surrounding him there. "But he was White of Selborne, not White of Oxford. If natural history has lost anything by his want of adventure, it has, after all, gained more; for the unique value of his book is mainly due to the persistence with which he followed his own instinct, and to the complete ease and isolation in which his acute mind worked at home. To this ease and isolation—the complete absence of hurry and worry—we may attribute indeed not only the scientific value of his observations, but the perfection of the form in which he was able to record them. How leisurely his life was we may see if we consider the fact that he did not publish his book until he was close upon seventy, and that the letters which compose it were spread over a long period of years. During the last forty years of his life he did not often leave home, and when he did leave it, never went far or for long. There was a definite work for him to do at Selborne; and though he could hardly have realised the importance of the lesson he was giving to English naturalists, he could justify this gratification of his natural instincts on excellent grounds." Mr. Fowler's book will send many readers out into the fields and hedgerows with open ears and eyes, and will add greatly to the delight of every true lover of nature.

*The Student's Chaucer.* Being a Complete Edition of his works, edited from various manuscripts. By the Rev. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt.D., LL.D., Ph.D., M.A., Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. 7s. 6d.

*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Complete Edition with the Author's Introductions and Notes. Edited by J. LOGIE ROBERTSON, M.A. 3s. 6d.

Oxford : Clarendon Press.

This edition of Chaucer is a marvel of scholarly editing and of University printing. It is a crown octavo volume, with 906 pages, packed with the results of lifelong research, and containing all Chaucer's writings, even his translation of Boethius, and other prose pieces. This treasure can be had for seven and sixpence. The Clarendon Press deserves the gratitude of every student of Chaucer for this wonderful volume. Professor Skeat arranges the facts of Chaucer's life in chronological order, brings out the chief points of the poet's character, arranges his works in the order that they were written, describes the chief editions of his poems, and supplies hints on grammar, metre, versification and pronunciation. Variations and emendations are given in the Appendix, and there is a Glossarial Index covering 132 double-columned pages. The type is very clear, and by using thin paper the volume is made exceedingly compact and convenient for use. Professor Skeat has finished his six-volume edition of Chaucer, and will shortly publish a supplementary volume containing the Testament of Love in prose, and the chief poems which have been attributed to Chaucer, and published with his genuine works in old editions.

Mr. Robertson's complete edition of Sir Walter Scott's poems is based on Lockhart's editions of 1833 and 1841. Some obvious misprints have been detected and a good many omissions and mistakes have been discovered and set right. The longer poems have been comparatively easy to edit. It is the mottoes and lyrical fragments in the novels that tax the resources of the editor. "It was," says Mr. Robertson, "a simple deception when Scott attributed these fabrications to 'Old Play,' or 'New Play,' or some anonymous son of the Muses; but the artifice was bolder when he advanced to the invention of verse for Dr. Isaac Watts, and Sir David Lindsay, and even practised upon Byron by quoting from an unwritten Canto of *Don Juan*. Even here his invention did not end: he found at least a score of titles for non-existent poems from which he pretended to quote, and there is some suspicion that he also created a poet or two upon whom to father his fabrications." Mr. Robertson has spent infinite pains on this part of his work, and his edition will, therefore, possess special

interest for all lovers of Sir Walter Scott. Besides the white-paper edition at three shillings and sixpence, there is an edition on India paper at seven shillings and sixpence, and a miniature edition in five volumes at eighteen shillings.

*Dante: his Times and his Work.* By ARTHUR JOHN BUTLER, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Innes & Co. 1895. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Butler's book is mainly composed of papers prepared for the magazine of the Home Reading Union. It is, therefore, written in the style best suited to the needs of young students, and may be recommended as one of the most useful handbooks to Dante that we have. After two chapters on the poet's century and the famous struggles between Guelfs and Ghibelins, we have three sections dealing with Dante's early days, and Florentine affairs till his exile; then come two chapters on Dante's works, which give young students just the thread they need to track their way through the "Commedia" and the minor works. Mr. Butler is familiar with the whole subject, and supplies some valuable hints to beginners in his Appendix. As a stylist, he cannot compare with John Addington Symonds, but his book will be far more useful to a young student than Mr. Symonds's brilliant "Introduction to the Study of Dante."

*Verse Translations from Greek and Latin Poets.* Chiefly of passages chosen for translation at sight. Rendered by ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., some time Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. London: A. D. Innes & Co. 1895. 5s.

Mr. Innes prepared these translations "for schoolmasters who wished to help their pupils to realise that poetry may lurk concealed behind difficulties of grammar and vocabulary," and now issues them for a larger circle. The extracts cover a wide range, and Mr. Innes not only shows a scholarly grasp of their shades of meaning but throws much brightness and force into his renderings. The only fault we could find with them is that they sit rather too lightly to the original. Horace's famous passage on "The Vanity of Riches" strikes us as specially well handled. Scholars will find much pleasure in this volume. The binder and printer have done their work with great taste.

*Pure Pleasures.* By the Rev. R. P. DOWNES, LL.D. London: C. H. Kelly. 1894. 2s. 6d.

A beautiful book, full of wise counsel, clothed in winsome and persuasive words. "Believing that the quest of pleasure is natural

and right" the author "desires to direct it into proper channels, so as to save men from degradation and loss." The work is not merely "a charming book for young people": it is a charming and instructive guide for old and young alike. In searching out the sources of pure pleasures, the writer has not been content to travel in a narrow round of interest and enjoyment. "His eye seeth every precious thing" in Nature, Art and Home, in Books and Holidays, and Music, in Love and Friendship, and Congenial Occupation, in Duty, Service, and Religion. The longest and best-written chapter is the one on holidays, in which the author takes the reader on a personally-conducted tour in search of the delights of scenery, and, with his eye on the object, pictures for him all the loveliness and grandeur he himself has seen in Britain, Ireland, Norway, Switzerland, and Italy. This chapter, whether as a travelling companion, or as a *souvenir* of travel through the scenes described, is well worth the "extremely moderate" price of the book. But most of the other chapters are full of attractions. They are laden with the spoil of many a land in the wide realm of literature. Things new as well as old abound in them. Several of them are enriched by extracts from a work so recent as *The Ascent of Man*. Our only regret is that the number of quotations should so often interrupt the flow of Dr. Downes's eloquence. The years that bring the philosophic mind are having their effect in chastening the author's style. Here and there we meet with purple patches, and once or twice a few unusual and inelegant locutions have crept in, but these momentary lapses from good taste do not detract from our enjoyment of the author's sterling work. His remarkable descriptive powers have much impressed us, and, although we have not space for more than one example, we feel bound to add another to the average specimen with which we thought to close this necessarily brief fragmentary review of a book abounding in attractions of a healthy and an elevating kind. "The Lotos Land of England," the dreamy Norfolk Broads, have never, to our knowledge, been more graphically pictured than by Dr. Downes: "See how the heavens look down into the waters with every pile of sunset-tinted cloud as rich, and every gulf of blue as deep, as in the sky above. This is the land of white wings and pulsing oars, and dreaming lovers. It is the land of the patient angler, and the shy student, and the musing poet. It is the land where reeds curtsy gently to the wash of the stream, and king-cups lift their golden heads into the golden air, and the iris sways obedient to the breeze, and the water-lilies sleep on the quiet pool, and the farmsteads nestle in the shady dell, and the cattle stand meekly in the lush grass, lifting their dreamy eyes in wonder as the yacht glides by." Nor could a lesser artist in the use of words have painted for us such a picture of a few of our cathedrals as that which Dr. Downes has crowded for us into such a literary cameo as this: "Durham, with its rounded wealth of early Norman; York, with its lancet lights and carven traceries; Wells, with its west front thronged with saints and martyrs; Salisbury, the lady of the cathedrals, with

its delicate and faultless beauty; Ely, with its quaint lantern enriched by the crumbling touches of Old Time; Lincoln, with its grey towers kissed by many a wandering cloud; Lichfield, with its soaring spires which melt into heaven like a sigh of worship; Westminster, through whose lofty aisle 'the lights like glories fall, while the dust of kings and senators, and poets, waits the summons of the resurrection morn.'"

From Messrs. Blackie we continue to receive more and more of their admirable and amazingly cheap reprints of old favourite books, suitable especially, but by no means exclusively, for young people. Here is *Ivanhoe*, in two volumes, a capital edition; the *Vicar of Wakefield*; *Tom Cringle's Log*, a famous old story; and Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. In the case of the last delightful volume only must we qualify our commendation of the edition, not, indeed, as to its print or style or get-up, but as to its editing. Where the *Preface* comes from we know not, but it is ill-written and altogether unworthy of the book to which it is prefixed. Then we notice on page 14 an unhappy fault in printing. White is speaking of two streams from one well-head (so named) which flow into different seas. "The one to the south," it is explained, after running past Arundel, "falls into the British Channel; the other to the north." So the sentence ends—absurdly. Then the next sentence proceeds; "The Selborne stream makes one branch of the Wey," &c. Of course the former sentence should end with "Channel," and the latter begin, "The other to the north, the Selborne stream," &c. Such carelessness rarely disfigures any of this series of volumes; but it seems as if the *Natural History of Selborne* had not fallen into competent editorial hands.

1. *Achan's Ghost*. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. 2s.
2. *Oowikapun; or, How the Gospel Reached the Nelson River Indians*. By EGERTON R. YOUNG. 2s. 6d.  
London: C. H. Kelly.

1. Mr. Bamford's new book is an allegorical story. Captain Memory, the splendid officer who works such a reformation in Thrivingtown, disappears suddenly, leaving his helmet behind him, and as one and another dons it the past appears in a new light. The publican pulls down his sign; Sammy Sexton gives up his pipe and glass; the parson becomes a new man. The book is rich in quaint sayings and glimpses of rustic life. The Methodist blacksmith and the parson's noble daughter are happy creations. The allegory is not allowed to become too obtrusive, and the story holds the reader's attention from first to last.

2. Mr. Young has woven into this story many thrilling experiences of Indian life in the forest and the wigwam. Oowikapun and the Indian maiden who leads him into the light will greatly attract young

people; and whilst the book makes us familiar with the perils of the Indian hunter, it shows the wonderful transformation wrought by the Gospel among these savages. It is a volume full of delights for any one who has a soul for adventure.

*Bianca.* By Mrs. BAGOT HARTE. London: T. F. Unwin.  
1894. 1s.

*Bianca* is the daughter of an Italian Marchese, who has squandered away a princely fortune and is compelled to gain his living as a sculptor. The proud and lovely girl contracts a secret marriage with a young doctor, who goes to sea and is thought to have been drowned. The girl yields to her father's persuasion and marries a rich neighbour. Dr. Gordon returns just as the second husband dies, and after a trying interval the young people are made happy. *Bianca* is a girl of spirit, and the story is well told. The little book is a distinct success.

1. *The Life of Thomas Wanless, Peasant.* New and cheaper edition. 3s. 6d.

2. *Nicol Thain, Materialist.* 5s.

London: Wilsons & Milne. 1894.

1. This is a powerful book. It deals with the hardships of the peasant and his family in a style that burns itself into the memory, and is scathing in its denunciation of the Established Church. Wanless himself is a fine character, a lover of his Bible, a thrifty, noble-spirited man, who makes a brave fight against adverse circumstances.

2. *Nicol Thain*, by the same author, sketches the course of a clever, but unprincipled Scotch lad, who becomes tutor in an earl's family, and worms himself into the affections of the countess. It exhibits the worst side of human nature so persistently that it is really very painful reading. A foil is found in Mabel Hughes, the noble-hearted daughter of the curate-in-charge. The book is a powerful exposure of Materialism.

*The Secret of Wardale Court, and other Stories.* By ANDRÉE HOPE. London: Wilsons & Milne. 1894. 6s.

These are blood-curdling stories, written with much vivacity, but somewhat crude both in style and in the working out of the plot. "Lady Loraine" is in a different vein from the rest, but here also the painful side of life is uppermost.

*Heart's Ease; or, Poems of Rest and Unrest.* By Theodore Tilton. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894. 6s.

Mr. Tilton has long had a certain reputation in his own country as



a writer for the magazines, in particular as a writer of verse. He keeps tune and time in his *Poems of Rest and Unrest*, and he has evidently tried hard to produce poetry, having, to quote the motto of his title-page, "immortal longings in" him. But he does not succeed: "poeta nascitur, non fit." The subjects chosen are seldom inspiring, and even when they might have been, there is no inspiration in the verses. Rarely is there anything like pathos; of humour we find none, though there are attempts at it such as "The Pedagogue of Tipperary," which aims at being both humorous and pathetic, and is a complete failure. Perhaps the most respectable as well as elaborate effort in the volume is "The Silver Bell of Stuttgart," but it is wholly without real passion or the weird power which alone could make poetry out of such a theme. What merits the verses possess are rather academic than poetic. They show culture and do not offend in point of taste. But they are wanting in soul, and show no fire or flashes of genius.

*Mother and Son; or, "I Will."* By EMMA MARSHALL.  
London: Home Words Office. 1s. 6d.

A story that it will do every boy good to read. It is well written, thoroughly interesting, and full of capital lessons. We should like every boy and girl to have it as their own.

We have received Newman Hall's *Lyrics of a Long Life* from Messrs Nisbet & Co. (3s. 6d.) It is a devout volume, but Mr. Hall's quality and style as a hymn-writer are too well known to need comment from us.

From Messrs. Macmillan we receive a charming *half-crown* edition of the *Christian Year*, as one of the Golden Treasury Series.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Apparitions and Thought Transference: An Examination of the Evidence for Telepathy.* By FRANK PODMORE, M.A.  
With numerous illustrations. London: Walter Scott.  
1894. 3s. 6d.

This is distinctly the best book that has appeared on the subject of thought transference, or telepathy. Mr. Podmore has not only made free use of the two ponderous volumes on *Phantasms of the Living*, published about eight years ago by Mr. Gurney, Mr. Myers and himself, but he has had free access to the not inconsiderable mass of unpub-

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lished records in the possession of the Psychical Society. His volume covers a wider area than *Phantasms of the Living*, for it includes accounts of telepathic clairvoyance and other phenomena on which those volumes did not touch. Its illustrative cases have been taken from more recent records, and the whole subject is brought carefully down to date. The results reached through Mrs. Henry Sidgwick's experiments at Brighton and other important investigations are clearly stated. Mr. Podmore is unwilling to allow the forces of superstition and charlatancy to hold undisputed sway over the realm of occult phenomena. He gives an instructive account of the frauds which have found so wide a field for development here. One conjurer at Prince's Hall stood in the middle of the room with a coin or some other object in his hand, of which he communicated a description to his confederate on the platform by a series of breathings deep enough to move his dress-coat up and down on the surface of his white collar. This breathing he punctuated by slight movements of head or hand. Mr. Podmore acknowledges that there are few records of successful experiments in telepathy at a distance. In most of the cases relied on to establish the theory agent and percipient have been, if not actually in the same room, within twenty-five or thirty feet of each other. But he brings forward much evidence to show that a simple sensation or idea may be transferred from one mind to another and that this transference may take place alike in the normal state and in the hypnotic trance. Sometimes this will cause vague distress or terror, sometimes it may induce sleep or even move deep-seated organic effects. These various results may be obtained either by deliberate experiment or as the result of some crisis affecting another mind, or lastly they may follow on some peculiar state of receptivity established, under conditions not yet clearly ascertained, in the percipient's mind. We dwelt largely on the subject in an article which appeared in October last. Though we are not able to accept Mr. Podmore's theory, it is very hard to explain such a case as that of Mrs. Arthur Severn, given on page 163, in any other way. Mr. Podmore's book is full of varied interest.

*Corea of To-day.* London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1894.

No one need be ignorant about Corea when such a book as this is to be had for sixpence. It is brightly written, well illustrated, and packed with information. Mr. Gilmore's *Corea from Its Capital* has supplied much of the matter, but everything has been added that may help a reader to gain some light as to the struggle between China and Japan. In Corea "faces appear dull; costumes repeating each other grow monotonous; houses are poor and without adornment; agriculture is neglected, and landscape gardening is unknown, excepting crude attempts at the graves of the nobility, while the people look dull and uninteresting, gazing with open mouths at any unusual sight, and seeming at times bereft even of mother wit."

## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

**R**EVUE DES DEUX MONDES (December 15).—An anonymous article, "Rome and Russia," reviews the relations between the Greek and the Latin Churches. The writer stoutly upholds the Romanist theory of one visible Church based on the primacy of Peter and his successors. After referring to the separation of the Greek Church, the article deals with the case of Russia. "That great and noble Slavonic nation was converted to the Orthodox and Catholic faith by missionaries from Constantinople more than a century before the definite breach of that patriarchate with the Roman See. It received from Constantinople, yet Roman Catholic, the true faith with the Greek liturgy." Constantinople had many centuries of grievances against Rome, but Russia, then just emerging from barbarism, was involved in the separation almost unawares. Peter the Great seriously contemplated union with the Roman Church, but the Pope of the time did not see his way to grant Peter the title of Emperor, on which he had set his heart. The government of the Russian Church was altered. The Patriarch of Moscow had grown too powerful for the Czar's comfort, so that Peter transferred the chief authority to the Holy Synod. The critic says that the independence of the Russian Church was maintained in principle, but the measure was undoubtedly prejudicial to its interests. "The Czar had broken the equilibrium, which, in a well-organised Christian State, where the Church is linked to the State without risk of being made subservient to it, ought to exist between the temporal and spiritual powers. He made the balance incline too much to his own side, and sensibly reduced the legitimate influence of the Church, which forms a moral counterpoise so salutary to a force purely material. Peter the Great committed the great error of founding a State Church." Some of his people were too enlightened to accept his scheme, and hence sprang the *Raskol*, or schism, which has ever since caused such serious trouble to the government. The writer regards the Roman Church as the mother and mistress of all other churches. The condition of those who are not joined to her is truly miserable, although they may have preserved the true faith and the use of the sacraments. "During long ages ignorance might save many individuals in the bosom of these nations. Thanks to their good faith, they have formed part of the soul of the Church, if not of the Church properly so called, and therefore they will be saved." But now that the light is spreading everywhere ignorance must inevitably disappear. "Already the knowledge of the real state of the case has given rise to a vague disquiet among the better instructed members of the Oriental Churches, especially in Russia; and this disquiet will not be slow to transform itself into a desire for reunion with the true centre of the Church." The writer discusses the terms of union. The Eastern churches would be allowed to maintain their own rites, their priesthood, their time-honoured usages. Only they must acknowledge the rights of the successors of Peter to the supreme rule. He thinks there are signs that the reconciliation will come in due time. The notable progress made in the diplomatic relations between Rome and St. Petersburg during the reign of the late Czar, the union of hearts between Russians and Frenchmen, and, above all, the large and conciliatory views of Leo XIII. Rome has renounced her old policy of the Latinisation of the Oriental liturgies, so that here also a great barrier is removed. The paper will interest those who dissent most sharply from its positions.

(January 1).—M. Boissier's studies on "Roman Africa" deal with some important questions. The reason usually assigned for the survival of the common tongue in North Africa is that the Roman conquest was never really complete. But this reason does not explain all the facts of the case. If

these people have preserved their own customs and language better than others, this is not merely due to outward circumstances, but to the temperament and character of the people. Under all the transformations of the country the national spirit was preserved. Those people, apparently so fickle, so mobile, so ready to take the impress of all civilisations with which they came in contact, were yet conspicuous for the tenacity with which they maintained their primitive character and their own nature. There was in that race a mixture of qualities which no other has united in the same degree. Whilst appearing to give up its own habits it did not do so entirely; it accommodated itself to the ways of its conquerors, but guarded its own—in a word, it had little power of resistance, but great power of persistence. The Vicomte d'Avenel's article on "The Establishments of Credit" is a capital introduction to what we may call the French "Lombard Street." It is full of valuable information as to Continental banking, and is brightened by some good stories which deal with the more romantic side of the subject. The little paper on "Count Caprivi; his Enemies and his Fall," does ample justice to the integrity and loyalty of a man who, having neither wife, children, nor territorial possessions, and being without love of pleasure or personal vanity, gave up his own peaceful retirement and congenial life to take upon him the laborious functions of Imperial Chancellor.

(January 15).—M. Doumic's little paper on Benjamin Constant, which is based on a private journal, sets the French philosopher in anything but a pleasing light. Constant was not a man of heroic mould. Raillery was the habitual tone of his conversation. He avowed that he was not able to talk seriously. He irritated many people who did not like to be made game of, but the perpetual pleasantry helped him to cover his thoughts, and preserve for himself that independence of which he was so jealous. Having begun with railing at others he finished by railing at himself. He wrote: "There are in me two persons, of whom one observes the other. I amuse myself at all the dilemmas in which I find myself, as though they were those of another person. I am furious; I am enraged; but at bottom it is all one. The best quality which heaven has given me is that of amusing myself at my own expense." To Constant this seemed very philosophic, and a sign of a superior intelligence. That penetrating moralist did not know that faith in ourselves is the last illusion we have the right to renounce. His ardent sensibility disenchanted of itself, and his ironical wit combined to make him the most irresolute and inconsistent of men. He seemed incapable of holding to any resolution. He hesitated, lost the time for action, and formed a project only to abandon it at the moment of execution. After having taken all steps for a night journey, his room seemed too comfortable, his bed too pleasant to be left, and so he remained. That, he says, had been the case with all his projects. It was the temper of his whole life. When people branded it as indecision Constant was able to make ingenious excuses for himself, but his specious arguments do not affect our calm judgment of his conduct. He was cruelly deficient in energy—incapable of holding a firm purpose. His relations to women form a pitiful record. The defects of Benjamin Constant are defects of character. M. Doumic shows how the defects of the man's character affect his philosophy, and rob it of strength. His eloquence is cold, his arguments are lucid rather than convincing. He is indifferent to the rights of humanity, which is a bad preparation for defending them with warmth. The way in which he despises men robs him of his power to champion their rights.

(February 1).—M. Bazin contributes some good notes of a visit to Spain. He stayed at San Sebastian in September 1894, and watched the Queen of Spain and her children enjoying their seaside holiday. Her Majesty seemed to like the freedom of the place and to appreciate the good will shown her on every hand, but M. Bazin thought that she seemed unhappy. Her sad look appeared to say, "I am alone." The little King was very lively and wide-awake—quite different from what the visitor had fancied. He was much amused by many little things, and full of gay good-humour. It was a

wise step for the Queen to fix her summer quarters at San Sebastian. There were ten royal palaces, consecrated by tradition, and situated in provinces thoroughly loyal, but she preferred to break with the past, and come into a Carlist region. The Basques may not have changed their political views, but the Queen is everywhere respected, and the peasants and sailors are proud indeed at the honour shown to their province. A description is given of the palace of Miramar, which was built in 1893. It is in the style of an Elizabethan cottage—comfort not grandeur has been aimed at in all the arrangements. Alfonso's regiment of boys—the Infantine battalion, as it is called—has been a great success, and the Basque people are delighted to see their children figuring thus. M. Bazin visited the monastery consecrated to the memory of Ignatius Loyola, and then passed on to Bilbao, which has become a great seaport. A manufacturer, who pointed out to the visitor the extent of the town, reminded him that its growth was the fruit of the last twenty years. Bilbao in the north and Barcelona in the east proved, he said, that Spain is capable of rapid industrial progress, and that her people make not only agriculturists, but miners and artisans. Another article which ought to be studied is M. Moireau's, on "The Economical Movement." He brings out the gravity of the agricultural crisis. He holds that the solution of the crisis is to be found in the perfecting of agricultural methods, and shows how zealously M. Viger, as Minister of Agriculture, has been working towards this end.

(February 15).—M. Ritter's study of the ancestors and parents of Jean Jacques Rousseau gives some interesting glimpses of life in general when Calvinism was in the ascendant. At the time of Rousseau's birth the family had been established in Switzerland for five generations. Didier Rousseau, of Paris, one of the persecuted Protestants, had been received as an inhabitant of Geneva in 1550. His descendants were chiefly engaged as watchmakers, and some of them formed alliances with very good and ancient families. The four great-grandfathers of Jean Jacques were a watchmaker, a master tanner, a draper, and a lawyer. Some of the more remote ancestors were peasants, whilst other branches of the genealogical tree bring us into contact with the high aristocracy of Geneva who filled its chief magistracy during the fifteenth and three following centuries. The wild blood which ran in Rousseau's veins was inherited from other members of the family. There are pages in the life of his mother which caused grave scandal in Geneva, and her father was a man whose liaisons were notorious. Four times he had to do penance before the Consistory and the Council, but, though punished, he was not cured. The whole article is an instructive study of heredity, and the paternal government of Geneva supplies some interesting paragraphs. The most pleasing feature of the history is the nights devoted to reading by Rousseau's father and his precocious boy.

(March 1).—M. Bazin's "Land of Spain" describes visits to Santander, Burgos, Valladolid, Salamanca. The best route from Bilbao to Santander is by sea, as the railway makes a long detour. During the summer months a line of steamers runs between the two cities, making the voyage in five hours. Santander is not so active as its rival Bilbao, but it has long quays and good houses, occupied by artists and wealthy merchants. Benito Perez Galdos, the Spanish novelist, lives in a house which commands a marvellous view of the whole bay. He is a man of about fifty, with a grave and rather cold look. In a French street he would be taken for an officer of cavalry dressed in plain clothes. He has travelled a good deal, and has often visited France and Madrid. He was born in the Canaries, but is greatly attached to the country of his adoption, whose beauty has cast its spell upon him. He is not a painter of provincial life, but has taken a wider field. M. Bazin thinks that he is a Liberal, and a Voltairean who began by writing patriotic stories in the style of Erckmann-Chatrian, and then turned to the painting of manners and of the comedy of life. His style is remarkable for its composition, its qualities of plan and of method. He belongs to the school of satirists who only allow their emotion to be seen by chance. Galdos spoke to M. Bazin of M. de Pereda

whom he described as his master—a great poet in prose, the most classical and the most modern of Spanish writers. Galdos described how he first met Pereda, whom he had already learned to admire greatly from his works. The two men soon became warm friends, and their friendship stood the test of many sharp differences of opinion. Pereda is an ardent partisan of absolutism, but his firmness, pure and disinterested, his inflexibility, and the noble sincerity with which he set forth and maintained his opinions, soon won Galdos' heart. One of the greatest difficulties of the Spanish novelist consists in the lack of mobility in the language. It is very hard to express in it the shades of current conversation. Pereda has taken great pains to conquer these difficulties, and has met with great success. When M. Bazin visited him at Polanco, he found him busy directing the workmen on his estate. It almost seemed as though Cervantes himself had appeared again on the scene. His pure Spanish type was exactly that of the Hidalgo of history and legend. The two men talked much about the literature of France and Spain. Pereda said that the Santander of his youth, which he had painted thirty years before, had disappeared. The peculiar manners which gave a cast of their own to sailors and peasants had vanished. Scarcely a trace was left of what was itself a veritable poem. Pereda had set himself to paint the local ways which were quickly dying out. The whole article is full of interest. Count Benedetti's "English Ambassador in the East" is a rather severe critique of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who is said to have possessed all the fine qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, mixed with its defects and feebleness—a profound sense of the greatness of his country, an invincible desire to serve it well, and an immense pride. His special aptitudes, his constant application, and his long experience had given him a remarkable power of penetration, and if Nature had only given him another character, he would have been an accomplished ambassador. An English reader will understand the reason of such strictures without comment from us.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (January 1).—M. Montarde refers gratefully to the generous appreciations of the good qualities and virtues of the French in Mr. Hamerton's essay on "French and English." He quotes some tributes to French Protestantism from Miss Betham Edwards' book, *France of To-day*. That lady refers to the touching tenacity with which Protestantism has taken root in certain districts. She witnessed the installation of a pastor at Saint-Georges de Didonne, which appeared very suggestive to her in its lovely simplicity. The faithful united in their temple to receive their new minister formed an interesting subject for study. One old man in particular was truly sublime in his attitude. His bronzed face was framed by snowy locks, and his profile seemed worthy of Coligny. Miss Edwards found a lack of zeal among the country Churches. The pastor performed his duties much as though he were a simple justice of the peace. He celebrated worship on Sundays not without a certain coldness; he conducts baptisms, marriages, and funerals—that is all the people require of him. The Protestant pastor will not compare in zeal and devotion to his work with a London curate or an officer of the Salvation Army. She has seen churches which were not swept for several weeks in succession, and, though this is only a detail, it is not without significance. Yet, notwithstanding these strictures, Miss Edwards says that Protestantism is still a force spiritual, intellectual, and social in France, and she cherishes a firm hope that a brilliant future awaits it on the day when a new Wesley shall arise to arouse the Churches.

(February 1).—M. Puaux comments rather severely on some recent utterances of M. Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as to the relations between "Rome and Russia." M. Puaux is vexed to find the poor arguments of provincial preachers dressed up by the laborious commentator of Bossuet. M. Brunetière regards the Reformation as the origin of all the seditions and a never failing fomentor of the spirit of revolt. It is from Rome that society, menaced by many evils, is to look for salvation, because Rome is a doctrine, a government, a sociology—Rome is everything. What can one reply to a man who does not know, or does not wish to know, that the classic lands of



revolution are those where Romish absolutism is unchecked, and that the Catholic republics of Central America are less disturbed by their volcanoes which are always in activity than by their civil wars?

(March 1).—André Mailhet writes a history of the "Protestant Academy of Die." That city early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. The regents, or "preceptors of youth," taught the children to read from the Epistle of St. James, and the parents were so much delighted with the principles in which the boys and girls were trained that, under cover of going to seek their young children, they came to the classes, and took part in the lessons, which finished by resembling very much a religious service. The Vicar-General of the Bishop complained bitterly several times to the consular authorities that his flock only listened to him with a distracted ear. They found that the regents were honest and intelligent, and did their duty well. In the spring of 1562, when Farel came to Die, he received the best reception. His moving and convincing eloquence led the people, a few days later, by a unanimous vote to decide to embrace the pure Gospel. On June 2 the city passed over to the Protestant camp. A Reformed Church was formed under the direction of the Pastors Mercure and Bermen. Then a political council was formed, and, after the wars of religion were over, the people were able to occupy themselves in peace with the foundation of their Academy. On September 23, 1601, they held an assembly general in the Temple—the old church of Notre-Dame—to hear the report of the envoys who had been sent to the High Constable of Lesdiguières. The noble duke had promised to help with the influence of himself and his friends. The city made generous contributions towards the expenses of the new enterprise, and in February 1604 letters patent were obtained from the King authorising its foundation. The little college of the city was now transformed into an academy. Some months later the buildings were finished, and six regents and one professor were at their posts. An interesting account is given of the early struggles of the academy, of its regulations, its studies, its pastors and professors, and its finances. The academy did good work for eighty years, but in 1693-4, the year after the Edict of Nantes was revoked, all the possessions of the Protestant consistories, of the Protestant churches and refugees, were taken away and handed over to Roman Catholic hospitals. In Die the Jesuits opened a college to replace the Protestant academy.

REVUE CATHOLIQUE DES REVUES (January).—This is the first number of a journal which seeks to keep its readers abreast of the general state of public opinion and of doctrine in their relations to the Roman Catholic Church. The need of reviews for every intelligent man who wishes to participate fully in the intellectual life of his epoch is insisted on in the programme issued by the directors, and reference is made to the success of the *Review of Reviews* and the little Italian monthly, *Minerva*. The subjects dealt with in this number appeal especially to theologians. The first, on the Biblical mistranslations of preachers, will be of considerable service; "The Last Judgment in Art" is a good paper; while the study of "English Ordinations," based on various reviews, brings out the significance of Archbishop Vaughan's recent deliverance. This article cannot be pleasant reading for High Anglicans. The various papers are not mere excerpts such as *Minerva* provides for Italian readers, but careful and reasoned summaries which will be of considerable service to Romanist students, and will be instructive reading for Protestants.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (December 15).—Signor Baccelli contributes some traveller's notes on "Gressoney and Monte Rosa." He says that Switzerland does not possess a monopoly of fresh and balmy mountain air, with views of valleys, mountain peaks, torrents, and glaciers. The Italian Alps, though less frequented and less amply provided with hostels, furnish bracing breezes and lovely views which restore the strength and revive the spirits of visitors. Among these Italian resorts two owe their popularity chiefly to the fine taste of the Queen of Italy, whose constant visits to Courmayeur and Gressoney have called public attention to these lovely places. It used to be impossible to reach Gressoney without a six hours' journey on the back of a mule, but

last July a carriage reached it for the first time. There are two villages—Gressoney S. Giovanni, the larger of the two, is 1385 metres above the sea; Gressoney Trinità is 1627. The first stands in the midst of a green plain, through which flows the river Lys. Groups of trees are scattered about, and the hill-sides are covered with pines; the loftier village also stands on a verdant plain, but it has few trees, is more confined and more straitly hemmed in by mountain-sides. Those who like a milder climate and want to have some of the attractions of town life resort to Gressoney S. Giovanni, where the hotels have papers and pianos, and where people dress with care and enjoy a dance. Those who love mountains more than men, and are not afraid of sharp mountain air, turn to the upper village, where there is a good hotel under the care of Signor Thedy. The villagers are quiet and kindly. They are tall and strongly built. The women wear scarlet petticoats, which look like red spots on the green meadows, and give a singular gaiety to the appearance of the country. Neat and graceful, the cottages need fear no rivals in any other part of the Alps. The climber will find some of the most beautiful peaks in Europe rising all around. The article gives such an attractive account of the district that many readers will want to spend a summer holiday at Gressoney.

(January 1).—Signor Bonghi deals with the recent events in the Italian Parliament, and the situation of the country. He says the administration and the finances of the country have fallen into disorder; the people have lost faith in the magistracy; the army, though not too large for the needs of the country, is too great for it to maintain; credit is impaired; business has decreased, though the last few months have seen some improvement; the industries of the country have suffered, though some are healthy. Discontent is widespread. The condition of the poor has become harder, because the rise in the prices of necessities caused by recent taxation has fallen most heavily on them. Education in the Lyceum, the University, and the Gymnasium is pinched and inefficacious; the public schools are "without God, who is the archetype of all human ideals." The relations between Church and State are not unworthy of the consideration of Italian statesmen, and the condition of the Church itself ought to be studied. The real moral education of the country is not being attended to by either Church or State. Signor Bonghi closes his timely article by showing what a wide field of action lies open to the Minister of broad views and broad intelligence. The State needs to be transformed in its administrative, scholastic, commercial, and economic relations.

(January 15).—Carlo de Stefani finishes his interesting account of the struggle of nationalities in the Balkan peninsula. He dwells upon the influence which the various people have had on one another, the consequences of their differing qualities, and the varying measure of vitality which they have shown in their struggles with one another. Greece has a population of 2,187,208, but only a small number of these are descended from the ancient Greeks. Perhaps one third, specially in the islands and in the Peloponnesus, are Greeks; one-third are Slavs, who settled here in the Middle Ages, and have become completely fused with the Greeks; one-third are Albanians, with a certain number of Wallachians. The Albanians are found in the north of Eubœa and in other islands; in Attica, away from Athens and the Piræus, nearly all the people are Albanians, many of whom are completely fused with the Greeks. The Wallachians, who are nomads and shepherds, are numerous in the Peloponnesus, but specially in the mountain range of Pindus. Greece exercises a fascination on the Ottoman countries which surround it. The Wallachians of Macedonia, the Slavs in the west and north of the same region, and the Albanians of Epirus have by degrees adopted the Greek tongue in their schools. They call themselves Greeks, and desire to enjoy the Greek citizenship. Signor de Stefani gives some interesting details as to the various nationalities, and thinks that the day is not far distant when Turkey will be driven out of Europe. A strong Austria-Hungary is the chief desideratum from an Italian point of view.

(February 1).—Giulio Salvadori writes the first of a series of sketches of St. Francis of Assisi based on Paul Sabatier's now famous biography, which he describes as "not only useful, but in many parts very beautiful." He says that the saint is brought near to us, but is scarcely present with us, because something is lacking which ought to be the very perfume of his life. M. Sabatier refers very well in one point of his book to the cyclamens *pudiquement blotties* at the feet of the great pines of Verna, but the small and sweet Alpine gilliflowers, with their profound sweetness, their sweet splendour, which flourish on the side of the mountain, have escaped the French biographer. His critic does not presume to supply this lack, but he has set himself to reconsider the life of the saint, guided by the new book, but following the facts also as they are given in the manuscripts and the old biographies. We shall follow his papers with considerable interest. Certainly Francis of Assisi is the saint of the hour. His sweetness of disposition, his renunciation of wealth and ease, his effort to spread religion among the common people, give never-failing charm to his history.

(February 15).—Signor Salvadori concludes his study of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. He describes the formation of the Franciscan Order, and dwells on the anxieties which Francis felt as he saw that his brethren were not disposed to imitate his poverty and self-renunciation. In the Chapter held during the Pentecost of 1224 the new rule took upon itself the work of preaching. It had begun its mission to England. The lovely story about the healing of strife at Assisi is not forgotten. Francis sent his brethren to sing a verse which he added to his famous song of praise, and soon learned that angry feeling had died out of the hearts of magistrates and bishop as those lovely lines were sung by the brethren. Signor Salvadori thinks that the most important matter in which Sabatier has altered a little the natural disposition of St. Francis is in speaking of his humility and obedience. There he makes him appear dead, not alive, and ascribes to force what was really second nature. The writer of this article says that Italian Catholicism has always possessed the secret of joining a wonderful liberty with its very obedience. It has always felt the need not so much of discussing as of meditating and acting. It has been anxious not to disturb the peace nor to break the unity of the Church, because it has felt that only in unity and peace is the force of religious action, and, above all, the security of the internal feeling and the spirit of association. It is in this very point that St. Francis must be recognised as the greatest and most truly Italian reformer of whom history has any record. He had learned the secret of perfect obedience joined to perfect liberty. Such is Signor Salvadori's verdict.

METHODIST REVIEW (January-February).—The Rev. V. S. Collins deals with "The Conference Course of Study," which is intended to be "a mental drill for a working Methodist preacher." He objects to the appointment of examiners by the bishops, which means that the presiding elders practically appoint. No committee that could be appointed by the Chair or the Conference would be likely to nominate a better set of examiners, but Mr. Collins holds that the board of examiners ought to nominate, and the Conference elect. Examiners should not be changed without good reason, as their efficiency grows with practice. Mr. Collins also strongly contends that all examinations ought to be conducted in writing. Another suggestion seems rather strange: "Let there be a mid-year meeting at some central place of all examiners and examined, at which a part of the course shall be completed and passed upon, and at which the examiner shall tell the class what he sees in the books of his department." Men who are going in for examination would no doubt be thankful if they could thus measure the examiner's foot. The "editorial departments" in this number are very instructive, and cover a wide range of subject.

METHODIST REVIEW, SOUTH (January-February).—Dr. Tigert is to be congratulated on this bright and varied number. He himself contributes a good article on Dr. Summers, one of the former professors at Vanderbilt University. Mr. Maurice Thompson writes pleasantly about the catbird.

Professor Baskerville's paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes is one of the best we have seen. The short notices are vigorous, and the whole magazine is full of life and spirit.

CANADIAN METHODIST REVIEW (November-December).—Mr. Mounteer tells a good story of H. W. Beecher in his paper on "Truthfulness in Expression." Once when Beecher was in London he went to hear Henry Irving. Irving and Miss Terry returned the compliment by going to hear the American preacher. As Beecher described the way in which our Lord stilled the tempest Irving turned to Miss Terry and said: "I would give all I am worth to be able to produce a scene equal to that." He told the preacher afterwards: "That was the best acting I ever heard in the pulpit." Beecher rejoined: "Well, Mr. Irving, yours was the best preaching I ever heard on the stage." Mr. Salton gives some good jottings from his notes of a vacation spent at Chautauqua. Horace Bushnell preached one gloomy Sunday a sermon which his wife advised him to burn. A year or two later he delivered it again, exactly as before. The day, however, was bright and warm, and Mrs. Bushnell said to her husband: "Be sure you mark that sermon for exchange; it is the most lovely thing I ever heard you preach."

THE CENTURY (January, February, March).—Florence O'Driscoll's "Scenes in Canton" should not be overlooked by students of Chinese life. The barbarities of the courts of justice in the Flowery Empire are terrible. The glimpses of "Festivals in American Colleges for Women" will be welcomed by English readers. The fiction is unusually good. Mrs. Fields' personal recollections and unpublished letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes are a feature of the February number. Holmes was filled with righteous indignation, in reading Carlyle, to find that one morning, when the door bell rang, the Chelsea sage, who was burdened with work, exclaimed that he was afraid it was "the man Emerson." "Yet Dr. Holmes was himself one of the most carefully guarded men, through his years of actual production, who ever lived and wrote. His wife absorbed her life in his, and mounted guard to make sure that interruption was impossible." But "when the moment came to meet men face to face, what unrivalled gaiety and good cheer possessed him! He was king of the dinner-table during a large part of the century. He loved to talk, but he was eager to be quickened by the conversation of others, and reverence was never absent from his nature." He was a warm admirer of Dickens. "He is the greatest of all of them," he loved to say. "Such fertility, such Shakesperian breadth—there is enough of him; you feel as you do when you see the ocean." Mr. Mohun gives a pathetic description of the death of Emin Pasha. Marion Crawford's story, "Casa Braccio," and Mrs. Harrison's "Errant Wooing," are notable features of the *Century* for this year, and they grow in interest as the plot is developed. "Jean Carriès: Sculptor and Potter," is a most readable study of the young Lyons artist who leaped into popularity at the Salon of the Champ de Mars in 1892. "No talent which has risen in France during the last generation is rarer or more interesting than that of this admirable artist, exquisitely and variously gifted; none is so absolutely without parallel in contemporaneous art. For Carriès belongs to a departed race; he is, above all, a great workman in an age which has lost the sense of consummate workmanship; a pure medievalist in a country saturated with the classical traditions of the Renaissance; a spontaneous creative imagination in the midst of academical mannerism; and in pottery an inventor second only to the great Japanese masters of the past." The illustrations of the article show that even such praise is deserved.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Miss Rowland's paper on "The Fortunes of the Bourbons" is followed by an editor's note, which describes two interviews between the late Comte de Paris and a distinguished American gentleman. The first meeting was at an English breakfast-table in 1863. The Count had just returned from service on McClellan's staff. His whole soul seemed to be in the triumph of the Union cause. In the winter of 1891 this gentleman met the Count again in Havana. "The middle-aged prince was the perfect outgrowth of the modest, well-mannered young man

left thirty years before in England." The February number has some instructive papers. Mr. Poulteney Bigelow, in his "French Fighters in Algeria," gives a description of a Spahi private whose magnificence almost took away Mr. Bigelow's breath. He wore untold yards of camel's-hair fabric of the most delicate texture. Underneath was a gauzy sheet with gold-thread run through it. His red burnoose was thrown back over his shoulders, showing another delicate native fabric fit for a bridal-veil. He had red morocco boots which reached to his knees, stirrups of silver elaborately carved, a sword with a handle worthy of a field-marshal, a dispatch-bag of costly red leather, embroidered in gold and silver. "Down the West Coast," by Mr. Lummis, is an introduction to wonderland, and so is Lord Weeks' article on Oudneyport. John Bigelow deals trenchantly with gambling in a high-toned paper. He says: "No one probably fully realises how completely he is capable of being reduced to the level of a beast of prey till he has contracted this passion." The lives of Cavour and William Wilberforce supply illustrations which are used with great force in this timely article. "Princess Aline," which closes in the March number, is one of Richard Harding Davis's best pieces of work. The impressionable artist, who travels across the Atlantic to see the princess, gradually falls a victim to the charms of the lovely American girl whom he had made his confidante. Mr. Ralph writes on "The Industrial Region of Northern Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia." He says that Tennessee has more resources that can be utilised in manufactures than any other of the Southern States, and has more manufacturing towns than any of them. "She is the largest grain-producer among the Southern States, and the output of her flour and grist mills is so great as to amount to one-fifth of the total of her manufactured products. Cotton and woollen manufacturing grows there so rapidly that one mill now turns out more than the whole State produced ten years ago. Three millions of dollars are invested in twenty cotton mills, and the woollen industry is sufficient to produce \$1,250,000 worth of goods, or half as much as the manufactured cotton product of the State. Of tobacco and cotton-seed oil production there is a great deal, and the iron industry near Chattanooga has an importance that is dwelt upon elsewhere. The State is famous for the manufacture of waggons, which brought in \$2,395,000 in 1892. Its cotton goods fetched a little more. No less than \$4,617,000 was brought by its cotton-seed oil and other cotton-seed products. Its distilling and brewing, its furniture making, and its slaughtering and packing, each was worth \$2,000,000 in 1892." The same year tinware, manufactured tobacco and cigars, woollen goods, brick and tile, marble, clothing, saddlery and harness-making, printing and publishing, and blacksmithing and wheelwright work were each worth \$1,000,000 or more. Lumber yielded \$10,000,000, flour and grist-mill products \$17,000,000, foundry and machine shop work \$6,000,000, iron and steel \$5,000,000, leather \$3,000,000.

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March).—"Rogue Elephants," in the January number, is a good paper, and the illustrations of the elephant crossing a river and elephant toboggans will give young people a capital idea of some exciting passages in elephant life. Mr. Brander Matthews's sketch of Emerson's life work is very instructive. We have not seen a better account of the mole than Mr. Hornaday gives in a little paper in the February number. He turned one of these little fellows loose in a clover-field, and in five seconds it had burrowed out of sight. In seven hours it had dug 23 feet in a zigzag line, and in 25 hours it had made 104 feet of tunnels. In the issue for March we have another of Rudyard Kipling's wonderful jungle stories. Mr. Hornaday's natural history notes on hares and rabbits will instruct and delight young and old. Professor Brander Matthews contributes a valuable paper on Nathaniel Hawthorne. He says that, "With the striking exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, no American work of fiction has had the quick and lasting popularity of *The Scarlet Letter*; and while Mrs. Stowe's story owed much of its success to the public interest in the slavery question, Hawthorne's romance had no such outside aid. Hawthorne's study of the Puritan life in New England is superior to Mrs. Stowe's novel. It is a masterpiece of narrative,

every incident being so aptly chosen, so skilfully prepared, so well placed, that it seems a necessary result of the situation. Since *The Scarlet Letter* was written nearly half a century has passed, and many books highly praised when it was first published are now left unread; but Hawthorne's great story stands to-day higher than ever before in the esteem of those best fitted to judge. The author thought that the romance was too sombre, and he relieved it with a humorous sketch of his life in the Salem custom-house. The reading public gave the book so hearty a welcome that Hawthorne was warmed out of his chilly solitude. For the first time he tasted popularity, and it did him good. He moved to Lennox, and there he wrote a second long story, less solemn than the first, brisker and brighter, and yet not without the same solid and serious merits. *The House of the Seven Gables* was published in 1851. It is rather a romance than a novel; and in it the author allows his humour more play than had been becoming in *The Scarlet Letter*. Like that, the new story was a study of the life the author best knew. How well he knew it may be judged from Lowell's declaration that *The House of Seven Gables* is 'the most valuable contribution to New England history that has yet been made.'"



